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THE LIFE

OF

FREDERICK FROEBEL,

Founder of the Kindergarten.

BY

DENTON J. SNIDER,

Co-founder of the Chicago Kindergarden College.

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To

Miss Elizabeth Harrison

and

Mrs. J. N. Crouse,

My associates in founding and carrying forward the Chicago Kindergarden College.

The Author.

Chicago,
10 Van Buren St.,
Aug., 1900.

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INTRODUCTORY.

Not long before the close of his days, Froebel expressed himself thus to his most intimate friend, Middendorf: "I recognize my life to be a unity through and through; it has been long since any such life has appeared among men; only under unusual circumstances has it been able to work itself out to its completeness." One great whole he conceives it to be with each part joined to the other by a line of inner connection; thus his principle of education was the deep underlying principle of his life, which he drew out of himself and made real in his vocation.

Moreover, he holds strongly to the idea of development, the self-unfolding of the human spirit into or toward perfection. The doctrine which he applies to the child is to be applied to his own biography, for that doctrine is at bottom the true movement of his own soul, as it realizes itself in the events of his career. His life will not only illustrate his principle of the unfolding of the child but will be seen to be the very center and source of that principle; from beginning to end it shows a man's own spiritual evolution projecting itself into his educational work. Inner unity, inner development, and inner connection—

the trinity of Froebel's spirit — will reveal themselves in his biography, which thereby becomes the best commentary on all that he has done.

For the purpose of keeping this fundamental fact before the reader's mind, we shall throw his life into three grand sweeps or masses which indicate the chief stages of his own development as well as of his work.

I. The Youth Froebel. This period lies between his birth and his first teaching at Frankfort on the Main (1782–1805). It is a time of elementary training, of seeking a vocation, of wandering from place to place, and of trying many things. Also it is a time of strong, often of harsh discipline; a time of inner fermentation and change; an epoch of all sorts of possibilities floating into and out of his life — we may call him now the potential Froebel.

II. The Schoolmaster Froebel. This period embraces the years in which he is of the school, as instructor, tutor, principal (1805–1835). His vocation is now clear, he knows himself to be an educator. It is the middle period, preparing him for the kindergarden. His school will succeed, then fail; he will have to leave it, and to leave Germany, till he be completely separated from it and from all his former work. A period of development, yet of separation and estrangement from what he had been and had

done; he is shaken off from the school-idea and made ready for the kindergarden.

III. The Kindergardner Froebel. In Switzerland the kindergarden is conceived, the idea is begotten and born there, but is realized in Germany at Blankenburg. This period extends from 1835 to 1852, to the end of Froebel's life, and it may be called the evolution of the kindergarden, which, however, in a wider sense, was evolving all his days.

Many heroisms we witness on his part and that of his followers. A strange thread of persecution, with counter-strokes of destiny, runs through his career, often giving to it an Æschylean tragic tinge. A man of suffering and of perverse fatalities, yet of courage and enthusiasm unparalleled; he has the extraordinary power of imparting to his disciples a religious fervor of faith and a sacred devotion to his cause. While here, his life was of the humblest; no station, no great place in the public eye, no patronage of the mighty fell to his lot; still it looks now as if his may turn out the most important life in the history of modern education.

My purpose is to show Froebel the educator, and specially Froebel the founder of the kindergarden. But at the same time I shall try to reveal Froebel the man, in all his strength and weakness — an ideal soul of transcendent insight and consecration to a noble cause, yet burdened

with his full share of foibles, follies, wrongs, and even sins. Only thus can I bring to light his truly human greatness, which must be seen in his rising above his own limits. No man was ever smitten more frequently or more remorselessly by the fates of his own deed than Froebel, and no man ever rose oftener to his feet again after the blow. Nothing could put him down, not even himself. Thus his life will have its lesson parallel with his educational doctrine.

Book First.

The Youth Froebel (1782-1805).

CHAPTER FIRST.

EARLY SCHOOLING.

A very important school Froebel deemed his own life, to whose past course he often returned to take his bearings for the future. In writing his autobiography, he says his aim was "to trace the connection between my earlier and later life," in which connection he firmly believed as the inner bond of all his days. This return upon himself showed that "my earlier life was for me the means of understanding my later" — he had always to go back in order to go forward. And

more deeply still, "my own individual life became to me the key of the universal life" in man, in humanity. (1)

Life, then, has been his true university, to which he has often to come back for a course of study in himself — the very hardest lesson to learn, and sometimes never learned at all. With this brief overture faintly sounding in our ears, we may catch the key-note of all that follows.

The present chapter carries the youth Froebel forward till he enters Jena University when he was seventeen years old. Infancy, childhood, boyhood are here set forth, with their possibilities, which become realities in later life. The first stage of the potential Froebel, as we have named him in this Book; it shows the far-off unconscious preparation of the child for the work of the old man.

I.

The Child at Home.

Friedrich Wilhelm August Froebel has recorded that he was born on the 21st day of April, 1782, in Oberweissbach, a village of the Thuringian Forest, belonging to the small principality of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, Germany. His father was pastor of a district containing 5,000 souls, scattered among six or seven villages, the care of which kept him very busy, without much

time to look after his own children, had he been so inclined. His family is said to have originally come from Holland, though it seems to have lost all connection with that country. (2)

Frederick (thus we shall call him henceforth) at the age of nine months lost his mother, an event which had an important influence upon his whole life. The man who above all others has glorified the calling of motherhood, had no mother himself, even in the farthest reach of his memory; once only in an early letter he speaks of her "last loving look." But her real absence caused him to create her presence in an ideal mother who is the central figure of his greatest book, the Mother Play-songs, where she undergoes a kind of saintly canonization, while the father in that same book appears twice or thrice just to show his superfluity. The picture of the mother often returned to Froebel in later years; in fact, she becomes the educational center of the last period of his life, in which he, an old man, goes back to his infancy and erects the greatest of all monuments to the mother whom he never knew.

Having no mother and almost no father, he falls to the care of servants and of his brothers who are older. Four of these brothers are mentioned, two of whom, August (who died early) and Traugott (who became a physician), have little to do with his career; but the other two,

Christian and Christoph, are deeply woven into his life. Especially did he love Christoph who both brothered him and mothered him, protecting him outwardly and comforting him inwardly amid his trials. These trials culminated in a new person entering the household — the step-mother. The pastor took a second wife, who soon had a son of her own, and who became not only indifferent but averse to her little step-son. Such were the circumstances of the child Froebel as he entered the kindergarden age, which he will never forget, and which will impel him, as his final terrestrial work, to come to the rescue of those suffering as he did, whereby he becomes a kind of redeemer for the little child.

Frederick was now about four years old, and often quite alone in the world. Through his step-mother's conduct he was isolated from the family, and made to feel that he was a stranger in his own home. Apparently his older brothers were absent a good deal from the new household, so that he had no longer their sympathy and protection. So he early turned inward and kept company with himself, whence came the habit of introspection which went with him through life. The proverbial character of the step-mother was repeated in Froebel's experience, he was the boy Cinderella of the German fairy-tale. Still, while almost driven from the home, he was strictly forbidden to go beyond the yard and garden,

inclosed by fences, hedges and houses, of the parental dwelling. Not only alone, but also in a prison the child has to occupy his young days.

Thus his expanding life seemed to be shut in on all sides by lofty mountain-walls, which he could not climb over. An inner protest against all limitation and prescription could not help rising within him, a tendency which will leave its strong mark on his future thought and life. Moreover, in the last period of his activity he will return to his own kindergarden age, and will do his share toward rendering impossible forever such treatment as he received during his childhood. The isolation and suffering of these early years had no small part in calling forth his grand remedial deed, the kindergarden. So even as a little child we see Froebel in training for the work of his old age, and furthermore we catch a glimpse of that thread of "connection between my earlier and later life" on which he puts so much stress.

The child grew forward to school age. The religious character of the family was of the strict old-German orthodox Protestant type, and was in accordance with all the other restraints put upon the boy. Here too rose a secret protest, against the pastor as well as against the father — a protest which we can trace winding through his future career in his relations to the established church. One thing is certain: not for the world

will he follow the calling of his parent and be a clergyman; still he will choose an allied vocation, for him the deeper and more compelling, that of educator. Moreover, we shall see later that under his influence his two great friends and co-workers, Middendorf and Langethal, had their careers deflected from theology into pedagogy.

The father, however, taught him to read, though with great difficulty, for the one was not a good teacher and the other was not a good pupil. One result was that the father regarded Frederick as a hopelessly stupid boy, totally unworthy of an university education, and the son for a time shrank back into himself with a disbelief in his own talent. Froebel confesses that it was hard work for him to learn to read, and this comports with what we know of him later. Human speech was his stumbling block, in his own mother-tongue he never could utter himself adequately, his best was another kind of expression. Over and over again he tried his hand at Latin without success; grammar, the organization of speech, he could never make his own fully, as we see from his frequent tirades about this study, as well as from many a peculiar turn in writings.

From his father's instruction young Frederick passed to the village schools where he acquired not very thoroughly the rudiments of an ordinary education. From his own account we have

to infer that he belonged to the class of bad boys. He was defiant, disobedient, and told falsehoods to get out of scrapes; he claims, however, that he was made naughty by being always misjudged and mistreated. As he had the name of an imp, he was determined to have the game. His was a destructive nature: "I destroyed everything around me, whatever I wished to investigate." Very significant too is it to observe by what means he sought afterwards to overcome just this destructive spirit in the child through the kindergarden.

So we see the boy in a secret rebellion against the established order in home, school, and church; the step-mother ruled his world, and his business was to thwart her in every possible way. She was the Law and the Gospel; could the child help turning against the Law and the Gospel? Still he had love in his heart for his brother Christoph, in whom he seemed to see reembodied his true mother. He records that this brother, explaining to him once the sexual difference in plant-life, opened the door of the great temple of Nature, into which his longing spirit entered and found peace, remaining there with few interruptions to the end of his days.

But what means this noise of hot discussion which the child hears between father and brother Christoph? The latter has just returned from the University of Jena, where he has been study-

ing theology, and has brought back new views which the old pastor deems the quintessence of heresy and damnable innovation. Of course the boy listens with intense eagerness and understands the general bearing of the dispute, since it lay just in the line of his deepest experience. He cannot help taking sides with his brother, whom he loves, and who in addition now voices the secret protest and aspiration of his own soul. And that University of Jena — what a wonderful ideal place it must be, with its freedom in contrast to this cramped existence! Dimly a hope has been born in his heart that he, the dull boy, will yet see Jena, in spite of father and stepmother, who have thrust him down into the limbo of everlasting stupidity.

Meanwhile he has reached the age of ten years, and his prisoned spirit is longing for some release. "I wished to escape from this unhappy state of things, my elder brothers I considered fortunate in being away from home." Christoph again appears at the right moment and gives to the despairing boy consolation and protection — a providential appearance vividly recalling their common mother as the guardian angel over both of them.

Still another providential appearance on the maternal side comes down into Frederick's life at this time, that of uncle Hoffman, a clergyman of Stadt-Ilm, and brother of the deceased

mother. This kind-hearted man, on a visit to Oberweissbach, evidently saw the whole situation; when he returns home, he begs by letter that the boy Frederick be sent to him for an indefinite stay. The father readily consented, and the step-mother surely would not object. And now we may see with sympathetic glance the youth springing across the paternal threshold in unconcealed joy, and leaving behind him that whole step-motherly world with eager face turned toward a new home.

And yet we cannot leave the step-mother without a sympathetic glance. Poor woman! what an immortality for that simple Thuringian country-girl who could not get along with her step-son! For he happened to be Frederick Froebel, the greatest benefactor of the little child that ever lived, and he has fully reported her ill treatment of him as a little child. The result is her name has gone through the wide world, and has descended thus far through time, and is destined to go down through untold ages, leaving behind it a line of sighs and tears and low maledictions from thousands upon thousands of tender-hearted kindergardners who read his story. Dear me! what a destiny for a woman, who violates the trust given her, neglecting to obey the call, when it has come to her, to be a mother to a motherless child!

Still let us in fairness think of her difficulties.

Not an easy position is hers; the child has neighbors, and relatives, and elder brothers, who cannot quite let him forget that he has a step-mother. Every word and act of hers are sure to be prejudged, and her every correction of the child, though deserved, is apt to be ascribed to her want of maternal feeling for her ward. And thou, my reader, who art some gentle kinder-gardner probably, wilt do well to feel a throb of sympathy with that step-mother, for thou mayst some time have to stand in her place.

Now we can turn to our boy Frederick, who has by this time arrived at his uncle's in Stadt-Ilm, out of the reach of his step-mother, which event took place toward the end of the year 1792.

II.

The Boy at Uncle Hoffmann's.

Very different was the atmosphere of the two households; in the one was severity, in the other kindness; the father misunderstood and distrusted his son, the uncle recognized and trusted his nephew. There restraint, here freedom; there a step-mother spurned him from her presence, here a motherly spirit for the first time took him up into its bosom. When he passed outside of his new home, the mountain-walls which before penned him in had vanished as in a dream; "I could go into my uncle's gardens if

I liked, but I was also at liberty to roam all over the neighborhood." Great indeed was the difference between here and there, so great that the boy at once began to pass from protest and the deepest tension of spirit into harmony with his environing world.

Of course he must go to school, that was probably a chief object of the uncle in taking the boy to himself. He had always been a solitary youth, depending on himself chiefly for society; but now he is suddenly plumped into a living roistering mass of school-boys, forty in number, of his own age. He must henceforth associate with his fellows and take part in their sports. He was deeply humiliated to find that he was physically unable to cope with the rest in strength or agility. But he bravely began to overcome his defects, and made the most of his opportunities. Confidence in himself he was getting after long suppression; surely there is something in the lad, if he can thus struggle with and mount above his limits. And all his life he will give great prominence to the physical development of the pupil, remembering his own insufficient training in this respect.

Reconciliation seems now to be the trend of our Frederick under the loving care of uncle Hoffmann; reconciled he is becoming with the home, with the school, — yes, with the church. "I especially enjoyed the hours devoted to re-

ligious instruction;" he delighted in the sermons of his uncle, which were "mild, gentle and full of sweet charity;" somewhat different, evidently, from those of his father. His heart would melt and he would burst into tears when the lesson "touched upon the life, the work, and the character of Jesus." He resolved to lead a similar life.

Very deep run these notes of harmony with the established order around him, in striking contrast to the discords of his previous life. He is now becoming truly ethical, drinking in from his surroundings those virtues which form the tissue of all character, and which mount up for their highest source to the institutional world.

He gives an account of the school training at Stadt-Ilm, the residence of uncle Hoffmann. Reading, writing, arithmetic and religion (the four Rs, in this case), were "the subjects best taught;" but Latin comes in for censure, "being miserably taught and worse learned." Still, from its study he got something, namely, that he could get nothing "by such a method of teaching." So he blames the method, but Latin grammar is Latin grammar under any instruction, and will not put down its carefully adjusted bars to let Froebel jump in with a little playful leap. But "arithmetic was a favorite study of mine," and in general he had a quantitive or mathematical bent in his mind. Music lessons, too, he

had, in singing and in playing the piano, "but without result." We are, however, inclined to think that the musical side of his nature received a very considerable development at this time; his own mood and his environment fostered it, expressed it in a way, though he may not have learned much about the theory of music. Certainly a musical accompaniment runs through his life and his work to the very close, which harmonious attunement naturally belongs to his uncle's, and not to his father's, surroundings.

As to discipline, he claims that he and his school-fellows lived "without control," yet none of us were ever "guilty of a really culpable action." Good boys, indeed, good by nature, not made bad by man: a note having a sound like that of *The Education of Man*, which indeed belongs, in its composition, to the same period as the Autobiography.

On a similar line note the following contrast: "We had two teachers, one of whom was strict and pedantic, the other was kind-hearted and free," i. e. he let us do as we pleased. Result: "the first never had any influence over us," though he sought to make us accomplish something, while "the second could do with us whatever he pleased," though he did not please to make us do anything. Then note another contrast, not between teachers now, but between preachers: "My uncle, the principal minister of

Stadt-Ilm, was gentle and soft-hearted," never reproving anybody; but "the other minister was rigid even to harshness, often scolding and ordering us about," just like my father at Oberweissbach — let him be confounded (the minister of course, not the father).

Such was the spirit of re-action in the boy against authority, which had been, no doubt, formal, and sometimes harsh. This spirit will remain long with Froebel, he will carry it into his school at Keilhau, where it will give rise to one of the deepest contradictions of his life, under which indeed that school will sink till it passes out of his hands. For Froebel as principal will assert his authority in the most absolute, yea, tyrranical manner, but will resent all authority and prescription when exercised by the subordinate teacher over the pupil. The hardest lesson of his life will be to find out what to do with the established and the prescribed, and how to make them not only agree with, but to contribute to, freedom. But this is a chapter which lies far ahead, though it has its roots in the period which we are considering just now.

The time of his school education drew to a close, which was fitly celebrated and rounded out by his Confirmation. For this impressive ceremony he was prepared by his uncle, who thus brought him into union with the Church, from which he never afterward formally separated.

Still this institution had in him from now onward two representatives, quite opposite, yet both his kindred, both of them pastors, his father and his uncle. Thus the religious dualism of his life lay in his blood, coming to him by inheritance from both parents, of whom his heart leaned unswervingly to his mother, who had now become to him a definite ideal image through his uncle Hoffmann as well as through his brother Christoph. But the other strand of his nature, the paternal, claimed him as heir too; he could be rigid, imperious, yea, despotic almost to the sacrifice of the person. Whereof much hereafter.

But he has now finished, the seal of manhood is given by the rite of Confirmation, which is acknowledged to have a natural connection with the period of adolescence. Out of home and the school into the battle of the world is the transition, for which battle, however, he must be prepared. Accordingly we are now to see Froebel beginning his search for a vocation, and going through his first trial therein.

III.

What Shall be Done with the Boy?

Such is the difficult question now presenting itself to Frederick and his father. After five years' absence he is home again for the purpose of making a new start in a new direction. Away

from parent and from uncle he is to grapple with the practical world; he must learn some business — What?

It is settled that he is not to study at the University and follow one of the learned professions — settled it was, he declares, by his step-mother, who was afraid that her own boy, Carl Poppo, might not otherwise have the means from the paternal estate for a University education. Carl Poppo, now a lad of eleven (born in 1786), had shown decided ability, at least to the eye of his mother, and was an emphatic contrast to his older half-brother, Frederick, whom all knew to be a stupid boy, unworthy and really unsusceptible of any higher training than he had already attained.

Here again rose a secret protest, and the dim resolution to thwart the step-mother's plan of keeping him away from the University. For the thought of Jena had entered deep into his mind, he had heard of it and the great men there all his life; he loved to pore over the learned books of his brother Christoph with a vague longing for knowledge. He too was going to be a student of Jena some day — but how? At present no road seemed to lead thitherward, but let us work and wait for the future in one of her auspicious moods; perhaps she may give us a surprise in this matter, as is her way oftentimes.

But meanwhile something must be tried, for the father is urgent to get the boy settled and be done with him. Various positions were suggested, till one was found acceptable to all parties. Frederick in 1797, being fifteen years and a half old, was apprenticed to a forester, with whom he was to stay two years.

The great fact during this period is the eagerness with which he prosecuted his studies. He worked especially at botany, as a good opportunity offered; but mathematics and languages were not neglected. He was left to himself a good deal, and used his spare time profitably; living in the forest and contemplating plant-life, he entered into a religious communion with Nature, which displaced the religion of the Church, in part at least.

Froebel puts stress upon the fact that during this time he first saw a drama, which was given by a company of strolling actors. The performance took strong hold upon him, for a while he seems to have been stage-struck. He sought the acquaintance of the actors, and talked with them about their glorious profession; "perhaps I expressed a wish that I might become a member of such a company." But one of the actors told the misery of their life, and quite disillusioned him. Still the dramatic element was roused in him, and satisfied a certain need of his soul. It will remain with him in some form to

the last; he will employ action for the purpose of education, and in the play-song he will create a little drama for the child.

The period elapsed, the apprenticeship came to an end. The forester wished to retain him, but he would not stay, having outgrown the business. Then came some trouble, the forester complained to the father, the step-mother echoing his bad opinion of the boy. But Frederick was able to clear himself of all charges, and to bring home a counter accusation against the forester, by invoking the help of brother Christoph. The outcome is that our Frederick, now seventeen years old, is again under the paternal roof, where he could not, however, feel very comfortable. For that father had sent him off to the forester two years before with the following farewell: "Never come back to me with any complaint, for I shall not listen to you, but consider you in the wrong beforehand."

Again the question springs up in that household: What shall be done with the boy, the naughty, superfluous boy? Parents are determined not to do the right thing, for he is just the one of all the sons who ought to be sent to the University, having in himself the deepest aspiration for learning. But he is set down as the family dunce by the father, and besides, as the bad boy by the step-mother. Incapable and unworthy of the University, declare the parents;

so let the other sons be educated at Jena, not Frederick the blockhead and general nuisance. But where now are those other sons, Traugott and Christoph, and bright little Carl Poppo? All have vanished into the night of oblivion except when their names are passingly read in the flare of light flashed from the illuminated fame of their stupid brother.

Such is the ironical game which Fate has started to play in that household, where just now reigns the grand puzzle: What shall be done with the boy? He has come back again on our hands, that impossible boy, Fritz Froebel, a juvenile superfluity, if there ever was one. Wait; as the parents are at their wits' end, doing nothing, or bent on doing the wrong thing, Providence who has work for the boy will take him in hand, and by the little turn of a petty event will suddenly whisk him forthright into the world — whither? To the University of Jena.

CHAPTER SECOND.

FROEBEL AT JENA.

In the present chapter the object is to set forth, as fully as is now possible, the most important period in Froebel's earlier life, namely his stay at the University of Jena. It was truly his germinal epoch; he received here more seed-thoughts for his future development than at any other time. He was young, being but seventeen years old when he first arrived, and he remained two years. Young, but very receptive and impressionable; he seems not to have fully known how much he did take up into himself out of that Jena abode.

At this time Jena with its University was the very center of the intellectual life of Germany. Nay, we may go further and say that it stood in

the heart of the mightiest spiritual movement of the last two centuries. The most splendid sunburst in philosophy which the ages have witnessed, with the possible exception of that ancient one in Athens, was then taking place at Jena. A few miles across the country lay Weimar, governed by the same ruler and controlled by the same spirit; there the greatest literary movement of our modern era was in the process of fulfillment. Art and science felt the same regenerating breath of a new epoch.

Into this marvelous creative energy of the time the boy Frederick Froebel is suddenly plunged at its fountain-head. Now we hold that he absorbed much of this spirit by living in its atmosphere and associating with the students. It was at Jena that he became deeply inoculated with the Teutonic renascence which produced Goethe and Schiller in poetry; Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel in philosophy; Mozart and Beethoven in music. More truly was his the educational soul of this movement than that of any other man; the spirit of Jena at this time was indeed the guiding principle, more or less unconscious, of his whole life, undoubtedly with many fluctuations.

Froebel has not told us in his autobiographical writings, with any degree of completeness, what he obtained at Jena. For reasons to be hereafter stated, the University was a very unpleasant memory. Nor has any writer on Froebel within

our knowledge adequately appreciated the importance of this period in his spirit's history. (3)

Accordingly it becomes the duty of the present biography at this point to reproduce Jena during the years 1799–1801, at least in a brief outline. For the spiritual nineteenth century opened just there more fully and brilliantly than at any other spot on the earth, and the youth Froebel was present during these two years. Yes, the simple-hearted Thuringian country-boy is there, an infant as it were, a very suckling on the breast of the Time-Spirit, whose mother's milk he is drawing in quite unconsciously, taking it up into the fiber of his being that he become the educator of the new epoch, especially of the infants thereof. For such work is she rearing him with a peculiar maternal nurture, truly that of the creative genius, which she alone can foster; not to be a learned man simply, not to be an erudite professor at the University delving in the library-dust of the past, is she training him, but to be a soldier of the future standing courageously in the front rank of the coming battle with the Powers of Darkness, the much-suffering man! So, when the moment comes, she flings him from her breast at Jena with what seems an unmotherly harshness, such being usually her way of training her favored baby to his approaching task. But enough of this prologueing, let the youth himself now step forward.

I.

Arrival at Jena.

Frederick, having returned to the parental roof, was again in deep despondency. The wings of his spirit which had been for five years fluttering in the genial sunshine of his uncle's house and had spread out in free though solitary flight at the forester's, drooped and fell when he came into the presence of his father and his step-mother. But soon the unseen hand was extended to him in his gloom; he was sent on an errand to that place to which, above any other, he wished to go, and ought to go.

His brother Traugott was studying medicine at Jena and needed money. Frederick, who had nothing special to do at home, was sent with the funds. Great must have been his relief as he passed out of the door of his father's house bound for the University of which he had heard so much in the family.

His favorite brother Christoph had studied there several years before this time, finishing his course in theology. This brother shared in the new spirit which had risen at Jena, and which was transforming the old ecclesiastical edifice. Hot discussions between the brother and the father — the latter clung to the old school of theology — Froebel had heard in his early boyhood. The

names of Jena and Weimar and their famous men must have been known to him. With what an uplifted heart did he now walk into that University town to his brother's quarters!

From the first he felt the quickened intellectual life of the place, and longed to remain for awhile. His brother interceded with the father: only eight weeks till the close of the summer term; let the boy stay, he is so eager, and he can employ the time profitably. The father gave his consent. Frederick took lessons in map-drawing, with a practical outlook upon his future calling. The time passed, he returned home with his brother. His step-mother sneeringly said: Now you can say that you have gone through the University. Somewhat similar was her remark to that of an American youth who had gone through College: I went in at the front door, and was shown out at the back door.

But the boy was not to be deterred by a sneer; he was determined to go back where "my spirit had been stimulated on many lines." He conferred with his father, who gave his consent if he were not called on for the means. Frederick possessed a small inheritance from his mother; a portion of this, after some negotiation, he succeeded in getting. So he is off once more for Jena, helped again, be it noted, to his true destiny by the secret outstretched hand of his mother bearing a little gift of money.

A testimonial from his father attesting his capacity for a certain course of studies procured him matriculation without trouble. His certificate called him "student of philosophy," which title produced upon his dreamy receptive nature a great impression, and gave "to my studies a higher relation not before imagined." Often as a boy in his home he had heard from his elders that magic word *philosophy*, now the cardinal term and fact at Jena, and he had obtained a lofty though vague conception of its meaning. The great Kantian movement was in full swing, and Fichte at Jena was its chief expositor, whom brother Christoph must have often heard and mentioned. And he, the cast-off boy, hitherto not deemed worthy of a University education, was now a "student of philosophy" at the University, in spite of father, step-mother, and seemingly of Fate itself. Very miraculous did it all seem to him.

Still he did not attend the course on philosophy. He was to be a practical man, a forester, or farmer, or builder; he was regarded as less talented than his brothers, and so was not allowed to think of one of the learned professions. The lectures which he heard were chiefly on Mathematics and Physics; also he took a course on Architecture and Surveying. No theoretical training was given him except a little in pure Mathematics.

Such was his formal, direct instruction at Jena; but at the same time he was taking an informal, indirect course of instruction of far deeper importance. "Of philosophical doctrines only so much came to me," says he, "as the intercourse of life brought;" but the Jena air was full of philosophy, and the students at the dinner-table and in the beer-house discussed the great epoch making Idea. Froebel himself confesses: "Just through this intercourse (with students) a stimulus in many directions was imparted to me." Really just this was the important part of his instruction, though not laid down in the University curriculum, the part which determined his future.

Some of his observations on his studies at Jena are interesting, as they indicate the later Froebel. "Always I had the power of seeing into geometric relations and those of planes with ease and vividness; it seemed to me inexplicable that every peasant should not understand them at once." Suggestive of his geometric bent which comes out so strongly in his kindergarden Gifts is this passage. The future mineralogist peeps forth in the following: "I *loved* minerals, and I took great pains to comprehend their nature," though without much result at this time. Whatever had unity or connection laid hold of him; Chemistry fascinated him through its doctrine of affinities, and Botany gave him

much satisfaction, when ordered by his teacher's "natural system of plants."

Two ideas which this same teacher, whose name was Batsch, advanced, took strong hold of Froebel. The one was "the net-like interrelation of animals on all sides;" the second was that "the skeleton of the fish, of the bird, and of man is one and the same — that of man being the more developed type which all the lower forms are striving to realize." In this statement we hear an echo of Goethe's osteological studies which had penetrated the University, and which were one of the most significant and prophetic preludes of the Darwinian doctrine of evolution. In the scientific circles of Germany the question has been much discussed: Was Goethe a Darwinist? So Froebel, apparently ignorant of its source, gives his response to the Weimar poet's insight, and is thus brought into secret touch with Goethe.

Still Froebel has his sharp criticism of the University teaching. He complains that a good deal of it was disconnected, without inner relation. He tests all by that one deepest standard of his own soul: unity, internal connection, the ordered Whole. He claims that he already as a boy perceived the defect in this respect at Jena. "Everywhere, if I only saw the inner connection and unity, I felt the longing of my spirit and of my heart satisfied." But if he did not get this, the entire subject fell to naught.

And now he sets down with joy the first real mark of recognition that he ever received, with one slight exception. His own father had belittled his talent, and trampled upon his aspiration; dreamy, absent-minded, fantastic, he was regarded as moon-struck if not exactly a moon-calf. But now he is recognized to have some talent, he is invited to become a member of a scientific society, composed chiefly of meritorious students at the University. Very encouraging was this independent mark of esteem for the spirit-suppressed youth who had not at home been deemed worthy an University education.

"I received much at Jena," he says, "but I ought to have gotten much more." Discontent he shows with his training there, when this statement was written (1827); but the fact must be emphasized that he received far more than he was aware of or perhaps was willing to acknowledge. He was drinking in the spirit which then was at work especially in that locality.

So the question comes up: what was going on at Jena in those days, enveloping the young Froebel in its atmosphere? To such a question the answer must now be set forth with some degree of fullness. (4)

II.

Philosophy at Jena.

During the years 1799–1801, the period of Froebel's stay, the atmosphere of Jena University was above all things philosophical. In fact these two years show the culmination and turning-point of a mighty movement of speculative thought, which to-day, one hundred years later, has not by any means spent itself. Philosophy, the coolest if not the coldest of disciplines, began actually to grow hot, to turn flaming red, and to set on fire its flabbiest adherents with a divine enthusiasm.

The man who started this philosophic blaze was Johann Gottlieb Fichte, who came to Jena in 1793 and stirred up a great interest through his development of the Kantian system, one side of which, that of the Self, he unfolded and pushed to its last consequences in what is called subjective idealism, or the grand nullification of the external world. This puts the supreme emphasis upon the individual Ego, making it a kind of creator of the universe at first hand, and in its own immediate right. Prodigious was the response of the German Ego to such a flattering doctrine of itself; it began to seethe, to break forth eruptively in volcanic upheaval, and to assert its original divine right of world-making, which seemed just now to have been discovered.

A most stimulating spirit was this Fichte, and preached a most stimulating gospel to his people, already charged to the full with all sorts of electrical possibilities. And he was an electrical man, with a battery in his Ego full of lightning, which gave a shock to all existing things, struck and singed, and burned a good many people, and finally himself.

But his philosophy brought no peace, no unity to the seeking soul; it called forth a universe full of struggling individuals without any objective order; infinite microcosms infinitely stimulated, but no macrocosm to hold them in its law. A moral ideal was the highest which man could strive for — an ideal wholly internal and personal.

Here gapes wide the deepest chasm in the Teutonic soul, the chasm between the Real and the Ideal. It existed before, but Fichte hunted it up, pointed it out, pried it open, saying, "Look, there it is, that is you, my dear countrymen." He proclaims that the Ego builds its own house, the outer environment is what we make it; Self is the distinctive, the only true thing in existence. Every man lives in his own world, being not only world-governor but world-maker. But what if these worlds get to colliding, as they are sure to do? Well, just that is the trouble which is now upon him.

It is no wonder that tumult followed the foot-

steps of Fichte, tumult of disciples, and of opponents. Wherever he went, he bore with him a whirlwind — which seemed a part of his personality. A great strife arose concerning his atheism, for God himself seemed to vanish into the philosopher's Ego, which out of itself could create everything. In the summer of 1799 he had to quit Jena and went to Berlin. Earlier in the same year young Froebel had come to the University, and he must have heard the din of the conflict rising from hot discussion among the students, and he may have witnessed the departure of Fichte himself amid the huzzahs of friends, and the hisses of foes.

So it came that the electrical philosopher was struck by his own lightning, which he had engendered out of his Ego, and which whirled him from the scene of his early triumph. A headstrong uncompromising man, defiant of Heaven and Earth, which indeed he had reduced to a mere excretion of his own brain; he had a Self which accepted nothing but itself in this universe, and which to be true to its own doctrine, had to assert itself against any and all others. He rose to the point of daring authority and adding a menace, that authority which gave him his place and supported him. Olympian Goethe, minister of the Duke of Weimar, sought to calm him, to protect him in his place, and so winked at his outbreaks, wishing to retain such

an electrical genius at the University — very rare in such places. But Fichte became more reckless, and giving way to his fiery temper, made a threat against the government; then the Zeus of Weimar, rising in majesty and voicing the authority of the Gods, spoke the memorable words: "The State cannot let itself be threatened" — and Fichte had to go.

From Jena he went to Berlin, having strongly experienced that there was something valid in the world besides his own Ego. Considerably softened, yet carrying his whirlwind with him, he enters upon a new career at the Prussian capital, lecturing, writing books, rousing with patriotic addresses the sleeping Teutonic folk-spirit to resist Napoleon. This influence Froebel will feel when he comes to Berlin a dozen years later, and will march forth as a soldier to help put down the Latin aggressor. His two chief companions and friends, Middendorf and Langethal, both of whom went with him to Keilhau, were students of Fichte, and were deeply tinged with this philosopher's idealism. Nor must we omit to note the record which has been handed down, that Wilhelmine Hoffmeister, Froebel's future spouse, was "a pupil of Fichte and Schleiermacher." Thus all of the members of the company hereafter assembled in the school of Keilhau, have a line of spiritual descent reaching back to Fichte.

In a number of ways, therefore, Froebel is

connected with this philosopher. One more educational fact may be noted: Fichte will be among the first and strongest promulgators of universal education, and will lend all the might of his stimulating eloquence to scatter the seeds of Pestalozzi's great reform of instruction. Hereafter we shall see Froebel drinking from the same fountain, and making himself the spiritual successor of the noble Swiss educator. Then, too, the Romantic movement, which had a profound and lasting influence over Froebel and his work, has its roots in Fichte's philosophy.

Still it is another Jena philosopher with whom Froebel shows the deepest kinship. This is Schelling, who succeeded Fichte's influence at Jena and even surpassed it, in a new philosophical development. Schelling had come to Jena in the year 1798, a young man whose genius ripened early; he was at this time only 23 years old, but had already shown the stuff he was made of by his writings. This same year he had published his book *On the World-Soul*, in which he seeks to explain philosophically the organism of Nature. A young man of great promise; Goethe, always spying out from his Weimar Olympus some gifted professor for his University, has gone to Tübingen and secured him.

Schelling in his earlier writings had been an ardent disciple of Fichte, but now he begins to strike out into a path of his own. Alongside of

Fichte's Ego he places Nature, which has also a right to be considered as a portion of the universe, though it was neglected if not despised by Fichte. So to the subject Schelling joins the object, the physical world, which he sees to be everywhere interpenetrated by a Self, and ordered by a Self, which order it is the philosopher's function to set forth. Thus Schelling becomes the founder of a philosophy of Nature, which is the strong sympathetic bond between him and Froebel.

In the year 1800 Schelling published his chief work called *The System of Transcendental Idealism*, the most complete and best organized of all his writings, which are, in general, a sudden, spontaneous gathering of disconnected insights, often of great beauty and depth. Like Froebel he shows but little organic power in unfolding his theme. The mentioned book was the fruit of his lectures which were given during the preceding years, and produced an extraordinary ferment among the Jena students, who were heard discussing them on all sides. The aspiring rustic youth, our Frederick, listened eagerly to these discussions, took their meaning into his very soul, though he did not regularly attend Schelling's lectures.

Without wading into metaphysical depths over our heads, let us see if we cannot grasp Schelling's fundamental thought, as it influenced

Froebel. In general, Schelling beholds the process of the Ego moving through and organizing all the forms of Nature. Says he: "The System of Nature is at the same time the System of our own Mind." More subtly he declares that "Nature is visible Spirit, and Spirit is invisible Nature." From Schelling comes the Romantic idea that Nature is a vast work of art, and that God is supremely the artist or creative genius, whose function is to produce the beautiful world. God is the prototype of the mundane artist, who is the highest worker on Earth, as the Lord is in Heaven. Hence Art, in Schelling's system, is the supreme spiritual attainment of man.

The reader of Froebel is aware of his persistent pounding on the inner connection of things, which indeed is his primal standard of judging every work and every person. Very like him sounds the following passage from Schelling: "Our spirit strives for unity in the system of its knowledge; it cannot endure to have a special principle forced upon itself for every single phenomenon, and it believes itself only to behold Nature there where in the greatest variety of appearances it finds the greatest simplicity of law, and in the most lavish display of effects the most careful economy of means." Likewise Froebel's well-known law of the union of opposites may have been first suggested by Schelling's Philosophy of Identity (*Identitäts-*

Philosophie), though found long since in many philosophies, especially among the old Greeks. (5)

Incessant was the buzz of talk in Jena town about Schelling's new revelation of Nature. During the two years of Froebel's stay this excitement was at its height, always roused anew by some fresh lecture, article or booklet of the master. In such an atmosphere lived our eager Frederick, impressionable youth that he was, and drank down, quite unconsciously, its spiritual contents. Later we shall see his own construction of Nature, undoubtedly derived from Schelling, which he sets forth in *The Education of Man*. But chiefly here is the origin of that symbolism of Nature, which is so conspicuous in Froebel throughout his whole career, which others will employ in Science, Art, Poetry, Literature, but which he will turn to its highest use in Education, even the Education of the Little Child.

Froebel, therefore, shows one line of development out of Schelling at the time when the latter held the doctrine of the identity of Nature and Spirit, or, as it is sometimes expressed, the indifference of subject and object. Schelling unfolded afterwards into mysticism, and him we need not further follow. But another line of development out of Schelling, the supremely philosophic one, we must mention, none other than

Hegel, who, once the disciple, now breaks loose from the master and begins to construct his own system of thought, the most colossal and compact which the world has yet seen. Hegel was far longer in maturing than Schelling, was five years older in age, yet a good ten years younger in development. In fact, Schelling never ripened in the sense Hegel did, the former being the youthful prodigy in philosophy and remaining such all his life, full of sudden, marvelous, brilliant metamorphoses, but not well-ordered.

In 1801, the year in which Froebel left, Hegel (born in 1770), also appeared at Jena, drawn from a distance into the marvelous creative maelstrom, which had the power of sucking into itself every intellectual germ of the future. But Hegel never produced any direct influence upon Froebel whose cast of mind was far more sympathetic with Schelling, though the latter's influence and doctrines were chiefly imbibed by Froebel through the electrical atmosphere of Jena, so that he hardly knew himself what he was getting. Not through books so much as through daily intercourse and conversation — which is the old way and in many respects the best way — did Froebel grow and become inwardly transformed into his fundamental view of the world.

Such was the vigorous, philosophic life which was stirring in Jena when our country boy walked into town one day. Let us note again the sweep

of his two years' stay: he saw Fichte depart in a tempest, saw the rise and culmination of Schelling in his greatest epoch, saw the quiet entrance of Hegel, the supreme architect of Thought, who was then 31 years old, and still slowly maturing. For Hegel had to wait till his architectonic genius had ripened, whose function it was to gather all the scattered ideas of a richly creative age, to bring them into an ordered harmony and build them into one vast Parthenon temple of philosophy, thus saving that world of brilliant fragments by housing them in an edifice destined not soon to perish. Or we may regard these two years at Jena as the time when the very arch of the lofty, philosophic bridge which rises out of Medievalism, or, in its farthest reach, out of Antiquity, and bends over into the modern world, down into our days, was constructed — and Froebel was present and saw the keystone put in. To be sure, he never did, and never could, formulate its principle in full; but he absorbed its meaning instinctively, he was baptized in its creative spirit, and it became the unconscious foundation of all his work. He was flung as it were into the fountain-head of the originality of a great epoch, in whose productive energy he shares, and of which his call is to become, not the philosopher, not the artist, not the poet, but the educator.

I have probably wearied thee already, my for-

bearing reader, with an excess of metaphysics in this chapter, but may I not without offense summon thee once more to think? Just for one moment let us key ourselves up to the act of thought and recapitulate in brief dialogue the movement out of Fichte into Schelling, inasmuch as it has entered deep into the unconscious life of Froebel at this time, and will hereafter show itself in his work and in his writings.

"The external world has no true being; only Self has that," says Fichte.

"Right," says Schelling, "but your external world is, too, a Self, God's Self manifested. Hence, I shall turn to Nature and show it as a revelation of the Divine Ego."

Here is the point at which Schelling took hold of the soul of young Froebel and kept it through life, yet with many ups and downs, with many fluctuations and modifications. For it is plain that in this view Nature is a symbol revealing to the senses of men the divinely creative spirit at work in the world, and hence may be the means of lifting the sensuous being, even the little child in the kindergarden, up toward the Godlike.

Herewith education begins, whose supreme end is the unfolding of the human soul into its Divine portion, the return to God. The educator, therefore, has a priestly function; he is through employing rightly Nature as a symbol of the Spirit to develop the human being into unity

with its Creator, who is also the Creator of Nature. Thus Froebel is applying Schelling's Philosophy of Nature to education, transforming it into a grand pedagogical instrumentality for bringing man back to God.

This doctrine is particularly brought out in Froebel's introduction to the *Education of Man*, from which we transcribe the following passage, though a dozen like it might be added: —

"Education should lead and direct man to clearness concerning and in himself, to peace with Nature, and to union with God; hence it should elevate man to the knowledge of himself and of mankind, to the knowledge of God and Nature, and to the pure and holy life conditioned through these."

So much for this dip into German philosophy, which we, as the thoroughgoing students of Froebel, have to take, for without it there is no adequate understanding of him as an educator, or of the age which produced him, or indeed of the great modern educational movement, in the midst of which we are all now whirled onward.

III.

The Romantic School at Jena.

During the years 1799–1801, the period of Froebel's sojourn, we find at Jena the beginnings of a movement, which, grounding itself upon

philosophy, is destined to reach far beyond it and to embrace Literature, Art and Religion, and to extend even into the field of Education, in which last work Froebel will have a part. This is the so-called Romantic movement, very famous in its day, into whose fermentation our susceptible country boy makes another plunge head foremost by the very fact of his coming to Jena at this time. (6)

The Romantic movement springs confessedly out of Fichte's doctrine of the Ego, which has asserted itself as the creator of the world inner and outer. The unlimited Self is now free, nay is enthroned, and is bound to rule, even in a despotic way. What is to restrain its caprice? Social and institutional life is as nothing, you can make your own institutions and change them at will; you need have nothing to do with what is established. So Fichte in his *Science of Knowledge* broke the shackles of the Ego, especially of the German Ego, and mighty was its response to his word of emancipation. Now it is loose, see it run and careen and curvet unbridled in its new freedom, going through all sorts of fantastic evolutions and contortions. Romantic it has become, or is sweeping rapidly in that direction.

But even Fichte has his limits which must be transcended by Romanticism; he has no outer world of Nature which the artist must have, and

he has in his inner world the Moral Law which is an obstacle not to be tolerated by the Romanticist, whose Ego is to show itself in all its phases, as fancy, imagination, caprice, mood, even as dream. Deep is the break with all reality, the deeper the better, even with morality there is a rupture. Genius is the supreme act of the Self, whose expression is Art, not Morals. God is the first artist, and Nature is His work of Art, everywhere manifesting the Divine Ego in all its wild, untameable luxuriance. In fact God is the supreme Romantic genius, whom the Romanticist alone can rightly appreciate through that vast artistic masterpiece of His, called Nature.

It is manifest that Schelling is the philosopher of Romanticism, he who traced the Divine Ego manifesting itself through all the shapes of Nature. The Romantic School had as its highest end the complete union of Philosophy and Poetry, and its supreme poem was to be on Nature, like that of Roman Lucretius. Even Goethe carried about with him the idea of such a poem for several years, but it was never written. The nearest to any result of this sort is Schelling's philosophication of Nature, which certainly has also a poetic strand.

Marvelous was the spread of the new gospel, which was in fact an outgrowth of the deepest needs of the time. It taught the chafing spirit

to look within and there construct a world of romance, into which it could flee out of the miserable reality existing in state and society. It could live in an ideal realm of its own creation, and thus get rid of the present, this wretched Serbonian bog into which not only whole armies, but the whole world had sunk.

Hence Romanticism had a tendency to drop back into former periods of history supposed to be more ideal. Especially did it revert to the Middle Ages in Art, Poetry, Religion; it catholicized, and in the person of its chief founder, Frederick Schlegel, it joined the Church of Rome, though originating in Protestant Germany. But even beyond the medieval world it penetrated, yea beyond Europe; it sped to the Orient, to India, from which this same Schlegel in his world-wide wanderings brought back the basic stone of Comparative Philology in his Sanscrit studies.

Romanticism accordingly gave expression to a deep need of the nation and of the time, in which there was a profound but helpless dissatisfaction with State, Church, and the Social Order. Let us flee from this slough of reality any whither, to Shakespeare's England, to Calderon's Spain, to Italy, to Greece, aye to the valley of the Ganges. So the Romanticists with marvelous learning and skill sought out and worked up in translation and imitation old geniuses of far-off

countries and distant ages, finding in them a spirit kindred to their own.

Thus Romanticism showed a vast fresh gathering of strength, with which, however, was coupled prodigious weakness, in fact the deepest weakness of the Teutonic spirit, which is the inability to realize itself adequately in institutions. Herein lies its strong contrast with the Anglo-Saxon spirit, which is supremely institutional and the maker of institutions. The German has never founded a State or Social System in which he feels quite at home. He is or has been thinker for Europe, and idealist for the whole world, only rivaled by the Oriental Hindoo. The German can tell more about Anglo-Saxon institutions than the Anglo-Saxon himself knows. The best books on the State are written in German by Germans, but these people have never produced the best State even in their own opinion.

What is the result? Through rigid necessity the German comes to the conclusion that there is an impassable chasm between the Real and Ideal, and there is — for him. How this distinction winds through all German Literature in one form or other — here is the Real, yonder is the Ideal, absolutely separated, opposed, and indeed irreconcilable! In English Literature it hardly exists, unless by importation. But it is just that which is painted by the German artist,

sung by the German poet, and formulated by the German philosopher; all are seeking to express the innermost scission of their people's spirit, which is also their own.

Emphatically is this the theme of Romanticism, the fundamental tone or key-note running through all its productions — life's grand dualism into Real and Ideal. So it came that the Romantic School of writers and artists gave utterance and relief to the cleft Teutonic folk-soul, with its infinite sighings and longings, pegged fast like Ariel in the remorseless fissure of a wooden universe. All felt the throes of the distracted situation in some form, and responded to the consoling word which might help sustain the burden. Even our country-boy Froebel had known the bitter reality in the shape of a harsh father and a jealous step-mother, and had in a sense fled to Jena where was the rising ideal world of Romanticism ready to receive him and all like him.

The Romantic School may be said to have been born in the years 1799–1800, and the birth took place at Jena. Its chief founders were the brothers Schlegel, of whom the elder, August Wilhelm, left the University of Jena in the summer of 1800, where he had been active as professor and critic for the preceding four years. His brother, Frederick Schlegel, appeared at Jena in 1799 and remained a year, a very stimulating yet disappointing man, the most restless

spirit in Germany at this restless epoch, with wonderful flashes of genius which never failed to go out in a flash, the very incarnation of Romanticism with all its power of unsteadiness. The third great Romantic light was Ludwig Tieck who likewise moved to Jena in 1799, coming to town at the same time with our country-boy, who had in his heart any quantity of Romantic fuel ready for ignition. Then the fourth of this high company was Novalis, who was a frequent visitor at Jena during this time. Upon the same ground dwelt Professor Schelling, already known to us as the philosopher of Romanticism. So completely united and localized with ideas scintillating from one glowing center of creative energy, the band of Romanticists could never be again, each one of whom had his own central Ego radi ating its light in a strongly centrifugal fashion. Once more behold them all together at Jena in the year 1799, which was the flowering season of Romanticism; and then behold the receptive rural youth from Oberweissbach coming along and gazing at the wonderful century-plant, a kind of night-blooming Cereus, with deep wonder and sympathy, for it has some inner bond of connection with his darkly struggling and as yet formless soul.

It is our opinion that this youth, who is our Frederick, took up the spirit of Romanticism into his own at its very source, catching the ear-

liest fragrance of it during the process of its blossoming. The two Schlegels and Tieck were there at Jena, lecturing and writing upon Poetry, Archeology, Romance (*Wilhelm Meister*, for instance) with all the enthusiasm of a new-born faith. The contagion was in the air which Froebel was then breathing, and he was ready to be inoculated.

Yes, he was ready, his young soul was a most promising seed-field for a crop of Romanticism. His whole life had been one inner protest against its environment, one deep feeling of wrong done him by those who ought to love him and foster his talent. His own home, his own father, just the authority over him, was the most crushing fact to his spirit; then the step-mother — but the whole world seemed to him a step-mother. How he longed to flee from the existent order above and around him! In fact, his coming to Jena may be considered a flight from the Real to the Ideal, from slavery to freedom. For in Jena he was living a free life, fulfilling his aspiration; he was dwelling in a realm of Ideas, which he was sucking in like an infant at the breast, in the full delight of growth without knowing it, away from church and pastor, from family and father, wholly out of reach of a step-motherly world.

Now this Romantic strand will be woven through Froebel's life and work. Later, during more mature years, he will again come upon it in

Berlin. His two chief friends there, his companions in arms, as well as his fellow-workers in Keilhau afterwards — Middendorf and Langethal — may be fairly called Romanticists. Both were students of theology, pupils of Schleiermacher who belonged to the Romantic School, and who, though a Christian minister in real Prussia, fled to ideal Greece, and lived there with the ancient idealist Plato, whom he translated and interpreted to his own age. Then Froebel's wife, Wilhelmine Hoffmeister, was a Romanticist, highly cultured and refined, and her marriage to the poor, rustic Thuringian schoolmaster must be called romantic in a double sense.

A word may be said here about these female Romanticists, who have an important place in the movement. Indeed, the rank and file of the Romantic army, the great body of devotees, disciples, readers of Romantic Literature, were women, to whom this view of life very strongly appealed. And they have their supreme representative, the woman Romanticist above all others, Caroline Michaelis-Böhmer-Schliegel-Schelling the woman of many husbands, each of whom may be considered to represent a stepping-stone of progress or a stage of her Romantic career, culminating in philosophy, which she finally wedded in the person of the philosopher of Romanticism himself, our well-known Schelling. Her previous Romantic husband, the

famous A. W. Schlegel, she simply dropped when she was done with him, seemingly to his joy, and, obtaining largely through his intercession, an easy divorce from the obliging Duke of Weimar, she was ready to marry a new stage of Romantic progress illustrated by a husband. But, we must add, she never got to Hegel, for she never got him, the mighty thought-builder, inasmuch as Caroline did not like system; hers were insights, moods, intuitions, caprices, emotions, coruscations of the genius of disorder; in fine, that woman had in her and could play on occasion the whole gamut of Romantic subjectivity from the bottom note to its highest, all of them taking shape at last in a line of Romantic lovers.

And we must remember that from the Romantic female atmosphere of Berlin Froebel will take the Hoffmeister, who, by the by, was also a divorced woman (without any blame of hers, be it added), and will carry her off to his ideal world in the Thuringian Forest, of course with her own consent.

The school founded by Froebel at Keilhau had many elements of Romanticism, which were directed, in accord with the bent of his genius, to the education of the people. In that little village there was a simple, idyllic life, to which a flight had taken place from a more complex social condition; there was the return to Nature, to Paradise; there was a going back to Medieval cus-

tom and costume, to the Medieval romance (the *Magic Ring*, for instance) which was read by the students, and talked of by the teachers; in the long tours and wanderings of the Keilhau boys one feels a touch of knight-errantry, adventurous, fantastic, almost Quixotic at times; surely, here was a pronounced vein of Romanticism.

Another significant and far-reaching fact must be noted in this connection: there was also an inner withdrawal from the institutional reality, from State and Church, though there was an outward conformity to both. Patriotism and religion, genuine and abundant, were found at Keilhau, but their institutional embodiments were not specially cultivated, were not so very acceptable, in the form they showed themselves in Germany at this period. As we see Froebel, we find this inner breach with the institutions of his land running through his life, and causing him no small trouble, and making him suspected and even persecuted by the authorities down to his dying day.

In some such fashion we may bring before ourselves the influence of Romanticism upon Froebel's thought and work. He drank of it first at Jena, having brought thither the feeling of deep discord between the Real and Ideal in his own life. He hears of the doctrine of the subjective Ego, and its supreme right of freedom.

He as educator will assert that not only the grown man, but the Ego of youth, yea, of infancy, has the right to make its own world; the boy must be trained to be a Romantic genius — that is Keilhau. Even the baby in the cradle must be permitted to affirm its Ego, and from this starting-point to be educated — the baby is a Romantic being and must be treated romantically. Child-study may spurn its origin, but a good part of its ancestry can be traced back to the Romantic movement, which, in the order of nature, could only have Romantic infants, and was compelled by its own principle to exploit all the wonders and profundities of babydom.

IV.

Jena and Weimar.

Who is that tall, majestic man alighting from his vehicle yonder, with the mien of supreme authority, yet with every line melting into mildness? Already several of the professors, the most distinguished at Jena, have gathered about him, and are saluting him reverentially, yet in the equality of friendship. He looks a great man, every inch of him. Homer, would say, a God had descended to Earth from his Olympian seat, and had taken human shape, to speak some divine word unto mortals.

Our Thuringian country-boy, recently arrived

at Jena, comes down the street taking a stroll, and beholds that awe-inspiring human presence; he stops and gazes for a moment, then eagerly asks brother Traugott at his side: "Who is that?" Traugott, having been a student for many months, knows the face and answers: "That is Goethe, he has just come over from Weimar on one of his frequent visits to the University."

Such is the scene in which the reader is to imagine the susceptible youth looking upon the visible human appearance of the greatest man his nation has produced — no insignificant event in the life of the boy. He must have had the same opportunity frequently during his two years' stay, as the University was under the direct personal supervision of Goethe at this time.

"Did you see him?" asked Goethe eagerly of Eckermann on a certain occasion, "did you see him?" See whom? See Wellington, the hero, who was passing through Weimar on his way to the Congress of Vienna. A great thing to look upon the visible incarnation of the heroic in any form — so thought Goethe. But really at that moment Eckermann was looking upon a hero greater than Wellington, greater than Napoleon, the hero of Culture, yes, the highest living embodiment of our modern Culture, namely, Goethe himself.

A few miles across the country from Jena lies

the little city of Weimar, seat of government and home of Goethe, the Zeus of this new Olympian world, supreme poet on the one hand and chief minister of State on the other. He had gathered round himself the chief singers, philosophers, scientists of this fertile epoch. The little river Ilm running past Weimar saw wonders and heard melodies loftiest and sweetest of our modern era. Goethe's garden house stands in the little valley near the bend of the stream, and seems to be lingering still to strains whose singers have long since vanished.

What, then, was going on at Weimar during these years 1799–1801? Marvelous creations of the Muse; Schiller and Goethe had produced in rivalry some of their finest ballads, as 1797 was the famous ballad-year; *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* had been printed and was doing its work, especially in the Romantic School; Goethe was busy, among other things, with *Faust*. The grand modern literary epoch of Germany was just in the height of its creative energy.

But the chief poetic outburst of Weimar during these years lay in the line of the drama, and Schiller was in the supremacy of his genius. His *Wallenstein* was produced on the boards in 1799, his *Maria Stuart* in 1800, his *Maid of Orleans* in 1801. German criticism to-day still assigns to these three works the highest rank in German dramatic literature, with the exception of *Faust*,

which is considered to be a universal poem rather than a stage-drama.

Great excitement these plays produced among the students of Jena, who were zealous theater-goers. Was Froebel among them? We catch something in the following intimation: "I lived in a very retired, economical way during my stay at the University; I appeared seldom in public places. Only the drama, of which I was still passionately fond, did I visit now and then." The question rises: What did he see at the theater during those years? Naturally the new plays which were creating the most excitement, and which were the talk everywhere in University circles. So Froebel must have seen and felt the finest bloom and the highest creative activity of Schiller, who had been a professor at Jena, leaving there in 1799, and going to Weimar to devote himself entirely to literary work.

It was the habit of groups of students to walk over from Jena and fill the Weimar theater on special occasions and then walk back. Assuredly Froebel took this trip, easy and not expensive, with his comrades. He does not say that he did so in his own autobiography, but if he visited the theater, this was certainly the thing for him to do. And we must recollect that a certain dramatic element was never absent from his instruction; the boys at Keilhau had their little theater, and their puppet play; they acted the medieval

knight as well as warlike operations in their games. So we may well imagine Froebel tramping across the country to see *Wallenstein* the first year of its production, with a merry band of students.

At Weimar lived the great originative spirit who, more than any other man, was the incarnation of this creative period. Goethe was not only the protector and fosterer of these manifold activities, philosophical, literary, scientific, but largely their generating source; their primitive fountain lay in his soul. He certainly studied philosophy and carefully looked after his philosophers at Jena, though he claims that he had "no philosophical organ," and often shows himself averse to metaphysical speculation. But in Poetry, Art, Science, Literature he was the creative center. The darling of Nature he was, upon whom she bestowed her choicest gifts, not one but many; she would play upon his soul all her hidden harmonies, and he could respond to her softest and subtlest breathings in the music of his verse.

But not merely the unconscious child of Nature he was; he had to know the sources of his own genius, so he studied Nature with the keen, careful, temperate eye of science, and many were the secrets which he made her tell in that way. His great aim was to behold the unity of Nature in all its variations; says he, "every creature is

but one note of a vast harmony which we have to study in its totality."

Out of Goethe's soul really flowed that thought of unity and harmony which dominated Jena and Weimar in their diverse tendencies and pursuits, and it came to Froebel in various ways, unrecognized and recognized, during his stay. It was really the chief thing which he carried away with him from the University.

Such was the man now in supreme authority over this world — truly the Zeus of Weimar. He could foster every talent, however different from his own; he sought to give to every individual a true field for development, he tried to bring every displaced genius to its proper environment, where it could fully unfold according to its law. If he saw a talent out of position, his immediate impulse was to transplant it into its right surroundings. He was a kind of second Providence to many dislocated abilities. What a time did he not have with his capricious recalcitrant geniuses gathered around him at Jena and Weimar! All Olympians, it is true, with the divine spark burning in them; but like those other deities on old Olympus, jealous, headstrong, irritable, even conspiring against the father and protector of them all, Zeus himself. Much he had to suffer, even as Zeus; think of the eternal irritations of sensitive Herder and that wife of his, the high-strung Caroline; think how he tried

to save and protect Fichte from his own Titanic folly, till at last the Titan revolted and defied Zeus and all his thunderbolts, when the Titan had to be whisked out of Olympus.

This divinely providential element in Goethe, exercised towards the lesser divinities as well as toward poor mortals, was a greatness equal to his divinely poetical genius, indeed brother to it, both sprung of one insight into the divine order of the world. (7)

Still we cannot say that the direct influence of Goethe upon Froebel was very great either at Jena or afterwards. Yet their educational ideas often ran upon parallel lines; both followed the spirit of their age in seeking to show forth what the school ought to be. Froebel made his experiments actual at Keilhau, Goethe kept his experiment ideal in the pedagogic province as portrayed in the Second Part of *Meister*. Probably Goethe knew little of Keilhau, though it was not so very far from Weimar; Froebel never heard or read of Goethe's pedagogic province till twenty years or more after its publication, when his attention was called to it by the Baroness von Marenholtz-Bülow. (8)

Far more direct and important was the influence of Schiller upon Froebel and Keilhau for a number of reasons. Schiller is the poet of the Real and Ideal, that is, of the German dualism in all its intensity, and hence he is the national

poet, by virtue of his limitation as well as of his excellence. Goethe rises above this dualism and so is the universal poet. Characteristic it is that he did not like the Romantic School. But Schiller's genius is essentially Romantic, sometimes in spite of himself. Chivalry, knighthood, the medieval world make the setting and the theme of many of his ballads, which were praised and sung and recited by the men and boys of Keilhau as they tramped over the hills and through the valleys of Germany in a kind of educational knight-errantry.

V.

Finale at Jena.

Froebel had felt great joy in coming to Jena, he had escaped from tyranny and uncongenial life at home into a free and harmonious world. For once he had entered paradise. "I seemed transported into a garden full of all sorts of ripe and excellent fruits," and great was his delight at the prospect.

But into this paradise too the demon enters. His father had given him a bank draft to meet his expenses for the whole time of his stay. His brother Traugott, who was still at Jena studying medicine, asked him for a loan, promising to return it soon. But he did not, and the second year he seems to have quit the University,

and left his young brother in financial straits. This appears to have produced an alienation between the two brothers, which was never afterwards healed.

The prudent thing for Frederick was to retire for the present from the University, as at the end of the year he had spent all his money. But he could not bring himself to quit his studies so great was his thirst for knowledge; he would not abandon paradise for a want of funds. He thought his father would help him out for another term, but he was mistaken; the father stubbornly refused to aid his son, instigated in his opposition by the step-mother, as Froebel thinks.

Then the eager youth appealed to his guardian for the remaining portion of a small inheritance from his mother still due him, but the guardian refused also, taking refuge behind a legal technicality. Meantime Frederick has to eat, and the boarding-house keeper becomes importunate and hard-hearted. The outcome is that Frederick Froebel is compelled to go to prison for debt, where he stays nine weeks. (9)

A most harsh, painful set of actions all around, from brother, father, guardian, step-mother and boarding-house keeper; really the prison seems almost to have been a relief. He had fallen into a state of utter misery and despondency; he had ceased attending the lectures of the teachers who

had not been paid. Then in his sensitiveness he shunned people on the street to whom he owed nothing, as he imagined they saw in him the moneyless debtor. Thus his Paradise has turned into an Inferno from which he found release in the prison of the University. There he was fed at least, though on prison fare, and was rid of those pitiless bloodhounds — the dunners for debts which a man cannot pay. Certainly that prison was a release. Moreover, he could study there, as it was a University prison, just made for students. Feeling his need of Latin, he began to take lessons in that tongue, — not the first of many unsuccessful attempts. Really he could not learn grammar, which he called dead and disjointed. He took a glimpse into the Orient through the Zendavesta, the Persian Bible. Then he studied Winkelmann's "Letters on Art," he is going to expand the artistic element of his nature. Both these books show the impulse to widen his horizon, which he had received at Jena. Then he prepared also in prison a thesis on geometry, really his favorite study. Quite a little curriculum in that University prison.

At last the father consented to advance the money necessary for his son's freedom, if the latter would renounce before the University Court all claims to inheritance on the paternal estate. A harsh provision; one thinks again of

that jealous step-mother looking out for her own son. But he has gotten his freedom and he steps out of his prison-door with a dislike for Jena and all memory of it, from which he never recovers.

Such is the account which Froebel has left us of the unhappy conclusion of his Jena career. He was certainly treated with a spirit of malignity by those who ought to have loved him and helped him. But has he not softened his own share of responsibility? Certainly he persisted in staying when his money was gone; he took the chances, and the chances went against him heavily. Then another thought will come up in the mind of the person who surveys the whole life of Froebel: from beginning to end he was a bad debt-payer. Any amount of trouble he caused to himself and friends on account of this trait. He did not squander the money on himself, but in the pursuit of the Idea he was remorseless with his own and other people's property, if he could get hold of it. He often made promises which he would not or could not fulfill, not, however, with any design of defrauding for the sake of gain. Still this fact has been the cause of some of the most serious charges brought against his character. At Jena he was excusable, being a mere youth, inexperienced of the world; still the youth Froebel throws a shadow in this business which calls up the man Froebel, particularly at Keilhau.

The outcome of the Jena experiment was very disagreeable — shame, humiliation, disappointment. Later in life, when he resolved on going again to the University, he thought of Heidelberg, Göttingen, Berlin, but not of Jena. He has left us an account of his stay at Jena in three different letters. In all of them is a vein of sharp criticism verging on bitterness, a sense of having suffered deep wrong. Not without some justification, we say; but, on the other hand it must be confessed that there is no adequate acknowledgment of the great things he obtained there. He mentions what he studied in a kind of dry critical way, but he shows no recognition of the enormous stimulus he received at Jena, and which determined his life. Froebel really makes there his connection with the great German, we might say, the great European spiritual renascence of our modern age. To be sure, he was not conscious of this at the time, and afterwards he may never have been fully aware of what Jena did for him. But what he did know, he was loth to acknowledge.

At last, however, he has his freedom, and now what is he going to do with it? Again he has to make the choice between Scylla and Charybdis, or steer his life-boat between the demon and the deep sea. Paradisaical Jena has become an Inferno, where he can not stay. If he before ran and hid in his room to keep from people who

might call him a debtor — and probably some teasing students did twit him with this disagreeable fact — what now would he have to suffer from them, tormenting him as a jail-bird? He knew and probably had experienced that students in their unbridled pranks can be the most heartless tormentors in this world — worse than bloodthirsty, actually pain-thirsty, lovers of agony, sometimes torturing their own associates even unto death. Rather than meet this carnivorous pack, he preferred to return home to his stepmother, to his father, bad as it was there. Such a cup of life's bitterness the youth had to drain in these days, and the reality was, in appearance at least, diabolic.

Still in all this we may see the training of Frederick Froebel for the severe life-task which lies before him. Steeled he must become to the hardest blows of Fate, nay, be crushed by them into the earth, and then rise again to his feet out of the very dust, ready for another onset. He, that rural Thuringian infant, has been suckled at Jena by the Time-Spirit with her mother's milk, for two long years has this lactation lasted, and it is high time that the baby be weaned. For he is not to be an erudite professional Dry-as-dust in the University halls of learning, but a soldier of the new Crusade against the Hosts of Night. Tough must be his sides and perdurable his heart; so the All-Mother takes him and flings

him from her breast, with his mouth still clinging to her nipple, so sweet to him is the draught of knowledge. Not without a rude shock will the youngster let go, and then he will remain in a fit of sullenness all his days over the event, deeming *Alma Mater*, who took him at first so lovingly to her bosom, to have turned stepmother, and to be no better than the one at Oberweissbach, unto whose mercies he has to flee from Jena.

CHAPTER THIRD.

IN PURSUIT OF A VOCATION.

We now come to the most changeful, wandering, uncertain part of Froebel's changeful life. Having quit Jena and been thrown back upon his father's house, which he had hoped to have left forever, he does not know what to do with himself. He has no means, having spent his mother's and renounced his father's inheritance. He has no trade, no vocation by which to earn his bread. Evidently the grand question now is: What can be made out of him?

This is supremely the problem with Froebel himself. Conscious of something within him which will not let him stop, he is driven about from one pursuit to another, from one employer to another, from one place to another, in a state

of absolute unrest. What is that hidden driving energy which goads him pitilessly, till he finds the thing which he is to do in this world? Some unrealized talent is prodding him forward — but what is it? He cannot tell himself. Some unfulfilled destiny hovers vaguely before him, but he cannot overtake it and seize it, and make it give up its secret.

As formerly we heard the question from his parents, "What shall be done with the boy?" — so now he hears from his own soul the much more intricate and far-reaching question, "What shall I do with myself?" Nineteen years old, just the age for stranding; quite isolated from everything and alone; separated from my parents on the one hand and from the University on the other; with a world to be conquered outside of me, and what is harder, with a world to be conquered inside of me; pray, what shall I do with myself?

So we may imagine young Froebel interrogating just now the Oracle of Life, and getting a very ambiguous response. He must believe, after his Jena experience, more than ever in the grand chasm between the Real and the Ideal, in their complete and irreconcilable separation, illustrated so remorselessly in his own case. Clearly a new discipline has to begin at this point, to the end that he may discover himself and his calling.

Now he is to wander four years (1801–5) through the fleeting shadows of existence which dance around him and lure him to grasp them till he finds that they are shadows, testing them one after another in a long line of delusive appearances. At last his weary discipline ends, and one day the voice speaks from heaven: "Be a teacher." Of a sudden the shadows vanish forever and forever, he seizes the reality of his life at its very heart, and finds his grand terrestrial vocation. Whereof now to the record.

I.

Wanderings.

Very naturally our young Frederick entered his father's house with a sad heart, gloomy forebodings, and a downcast spirit. Could he help remembering with what joy and hope he had quit there two years before for the ideal end of his striving, the University of Jena? Now the latter had violently hurled him back upon his first miserable condition and worse. But it was spring, and loving Nature began to caress him with sunshine, and to warm him, and to stir him with fresh life and effort.

Very soon Jena starts to make itself felt again, at present in its literary influence. "I had just recently (namely at Jena) become acquainted with the names of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland and

others (of the Weimar celebrities)." In his present leisure he evidently began to read these authors, obeying that impulse received at the University. But it must be confessed that Froebel never knew much about literature, its great heroes were never his, he never was able to weave it into his inner life. His expression was not literary, at least his best expression was not.

More attractive to him was "a survey of the total field of human knowledge," from a work called *Mappe du Monde literaire*, a book of general information duly classified under certain heads which gave "an abstract of all the sciences and arts in their ramifications." By this he was led to make a scrap-book of his own, composed of all sorts of extracts from periodicals to which he had access in his father's house. Such a collection young people of a studious turn are usually inclined to make at Froebel's time of life.

In a remote part of the house he occupied a little room whose windows were latticed with iron rods; he had again fled to his ideal world and was happy at his task, when his father walked in upon him one day. The old man looked at the work and then branded it as a "foolish waste of time and paper." No encouragement for the youth's aspiration, on the contrary downright smothering and suppression; but at this moment

his brother Christoph steps in on a visit from his parish, sympathizes, intercedes, wards off the father, and rescues Frederick, as he had often done before, "seeing in him the image of the mother."

Clearly something must be done with this idle fellow wasting time and paper in making scrap-books of universal knowledge. He must be put to work, and that too, solid work.

Accordingly the father sends him to some relatives who had a farm at Hilburghhausen, where he cultivates the soil for a while, "without, however, being enchanted by the occupation."

At this time he begins to regret his misunderstanding with his father, and resolves to take the first step toward reconciliation by writing a penitential letter. He knew that his father was near the grave, and he could not endure to have him pass beyond without being reconciled. But before the letter was written, he was called home by the father, who also seems to have wished to see his cast-off son near him in his last days. The latter came and assisted his weak, bed-ridden parent in writing and otherwise, and they appear to have found one another at the final parting. The father soon died (1802); both were softened in their views of each other, and the step-mother apparently vanished out of these closing scenes between father and son.

Froebel now felt himself a free man, he could direct his own life as he chose. No longer under the control of father and step-mother, he feels his new liberty and proposes to enjoy it. Still he has to do something for his bread. He obtains the position of actuary in the administrative department of the bishopric of Bamberg. At first he took pleasure in his new place; his duties were not heavy, the surrounding scenery delightful, and so he again "lived in and with Nature." His position seems to have been hardly more than a clerkship, and at last he grew tired of "the everlasting scribbling" which was required of him by the place.

Here his chief acquisition was a friend whose name he does not mention, and who will afterwards serve him many a good turn. This friend was a domestic tutor, highly educated, while "my school-training was defective." Note this confession on the part of Froebel himself, as the fact was important through his whole life. This friend had also "grand plans of education," of which he was fond of talking, and thereby was watered a little unconscious germ in Froebel's own soul.

Another point of his inner culture must not be passed over. In the library of the head official, to which he had access, he found some collections of aphorisms, "sayings, thoughts, observations on life, culled from ancient and modern

thinkers." This proverbial philosophy he "wove into his living and thinking," and he made extracts of the most appropriate ones which he always carried about in his pocket. This aphoristic tendency will show itself in Froebel's method of expression and of his thought; he will write his own Book of Aphorisms (1821), and the aphoristic style will show itself decidedly in the *Education of Man* (1826). Truly does he say of this time, "My whole inner life grew and entwined itself in and around these aphorisms." (10)

In a year's time or less he finds that this "everlasting scribbling" of a clerkship is not his vocation. So in the spring of 1803 he throws up his situation and resolves to try his hand at land-surveying in which he had become interested. He had already heard lectures on this subject at Jena, and before that time seems to have had a little experience. He made application at Bamberg, and received some temporary employment, but no permanent position.

During one of these engagements he meets a young Doctor of Philosophy who had been at Jena, and who was imbued with the doctrines of Schelling. Froebel had seen him already at Jena, and of course they talked over and discussed the greatest influence in their University. The young man gave him Schelling's *Bruno* to read which had not long before appeared.

Froebel says, "this book aroused me mightily, I believed I understood it." This sounds as if he had come to the conclusion that he did not understand the book at the date of the cited letter (1827). But we note again that the unrecognized Jena influence is making itself felt.

The young Doctor, however, completely befogged Froebel by his final advice: "Be on your guard against philosophy, it leads to doubt and night. Devote yourself to art, it gives life, and peace and delight." Art is the supreme matter in one stage of Schelling's philosophizing, and the young Doctor was literally following his master, but Froebel was badly upset, for he regarded philosophy as something belonging to the life of man, and specially to the inner life, while art lay far away in his horizon.

Amid many little fluctuations, outer and inner, we find Froebel early in 1804 accepting the position of private secretary to an important official, Von Dewitz, who was then living on one of his estates called Gross Milchow. In the meantime Froebel goes to another man and performs the duties of bookkeeper and accountant. With this work too he soon becomes dissatisfied, he feels his vocation is not that of a bookkeeper or private secretary, and so meditates another change.

In this period too, he was not without mental stimulation, and he had a good deal of intellectual

companionship. He mentions books which he read and which produced a strong influence upon him. One of these was the writings of Novalis, with which he felt great sympathy. "The book revealed to me my own soul laid bare in its most hidden impulse and aspiration, the innermost striving and struggling of my spirit. I seemed to walk with that book in me, and if anything happened to that book, I felt as if it would happen to me, and even more deeply and painfully."

Very congenial is Novalis to Froebel, indeed they are in a number of traits spiritual brothers. Novalis was one of the leading Romanticists, he has been called the prophet of Romanticism. He often visited Jena in 1799–1801, hovering about the house of the Schlegels, of whom Frederick Schlegel was his chief friend and admirer. Young Froebel may have seen the tall, consumptive, dreamy young fellow (he died in 1801) with Tieck and the other members of the Romantic School which had its bloom at Jena in 1799. Novalis' chief doctrine was that all Nature was a symbol of spirit, which doctrine Froebel imbibed with untold joy and will hereafter apply in marvelous ways. (11)

So Froebel must again change, and he must now find his real vocation. His nameless friend, the private tutor of Bamberg, urges him by letter to go to Frankfort, and there to study architec-

ture, which he had settled upon. But the poor fellow had no money, and he writes to his brother, whose answer he fears, since another of these changes indicating his unchangeable changefulness, is contemplated. But his brother is sympathetic, and announces to him that he has received a small legacy through the death of his uncle Hoffmann.

Thus Providence again flings a little cash into the empty hands of Frederick Froebel at a turning-point of his life, as had before been the case when he went to Jena. And again this help comes from his mother's side, as if she were still maintaining an unseen guardianship over the son whom she left in the cradle.

Still at this time he had gleams of a premonition of what was to be his future calling. He wrote in the album of a friend the following sentences: "Be thy aim to give bread to men; let my striving be to give men to themselves."

One thinks, in this expression, of the mystical prophetic manner of Novalis, whom Froebel had just been absorbing. A remote unconscious aspiration to be an educator of men lies in the words.

But his conscious purpose at present is to become an architect. Accordingly in May, 1805, he leaves his position, and visits his elder brother Christoph and imparts his new plans, and the strong desire of his heart. Somewhat unexpect-

edly the brother spoke with approval, and revealed a secret bit of his own history. He too in his youth had high ambitions, but the iron will of the father chained him down to his present vocation which he could not now change. So he bids the aspiring Frederick to follow the inner call faithfully and without flinching.

The young man went forth, elevated in mood and strengthened in resolution by the strong, sympathetic words of the brother. His road led him over the Wartburg, Germany's Holy Mountain, which Froebel now beheld thinking of Luther, the valiant soldier of truth, yet also thinking that Luther had still left much to be done, that is, much for Froebel to do. And so in a few days he reaches Frankfort.

On looking back at these four years which we have briefly summarized from the Autobiography, the notable matter is the instability of Froebel, whose outer and inner life appear in total discord. He changes six times at least, not counting the smaller shiftings, going from place to place, from employer to employer, from one occupation to another.

Very billowy and mutable was this outer life, but underneath we note a continuous influence of Jena, that is, of the unmentioned Jena. He still is working at philosophy and specially at Schelling; then, too, he develops the literary impulse which came from Weimar and Jena; also

he keeps up the acquaintance with the Romantic School through its prophet Novalis, and shows the strongest sympathy. Thus the three unrecognized influences of Jena, as set forth in the preceding chapter, are what are now perpetuating themselves in his life, and are more completely connecting him with the great spiritual renascence of Europe, which had its chief seat in Germany and created modern German Literature, as its highest expression.

Strangely, the practical studies of Jena are what he is changing, he passes from one to another, such as surveying, drawing of maps, accounts, etc. But he cannot content himself with a vocation, which simply gives him a physical existence.

Accordingly, we behold in this chapter two strands, an outer and inner; one of practical life, of occupation, yet producing unrest and discontent; the other shows his aspiration, his desire for culture, his steady pursuit of self-development. Thus his real and his ideal worlds are discordant, opposed, strifeful. The grand question with him is: How can they be harmonized? The outer strand is money-making, or bread-winning, a necessity like fate; the inner is man-making, soul-building, and its end is freedom.

But let us glance at him in his new situation and see whether this long-continued travail is

going to bring forth his vocation, whereby his tormenting demonic world-pain (*Weltschmerz*) may be gotten out of him, and thus ended, to his and our great relief.

II.

Be a Teacher.

Froebel has now arrived at Frankfort in the course of his restless meanderings of body and soul. It was midsummer 1805, when he reached that city, which lies in the heart of Germany and is ever memorable as the birth-place of the greatest of Germans, Goethe. An important, social and political center Frankfort was then, with a good deal of civic pride and independence, though overshadowed by the despotic power of Napoleon.

The object of Froebel was to study architecture. His resolution seemed fixed, he had done something already in that line, and now he will settle down to a vocation, having made his final choice. Much has he fluctuated, drifting from this thing to that; twenty-three years of existence have circled over him, surely it is time for him to anchor his bark on something stable.

Scarcely has the project taken shape, when an inner protest again begins surging mightily within him. He questions himself: "Is this new vocation my true business in life? Can I use it for the betterment of man?" Thus the inner

genius rises in secret revolt, and the soul becomes a fresh battle-ground of contending powers.

Still Froebel keeps firm to his resolution, for this unsettled, fluctuating, wandering vagabondage must be brought to an end. So he begins his study under an architect; with a kind of violence he flings himself upon his work. Yet every pulse within him was throbbing backward in rebellion.

These architectural studies, present and past, have, notwithstanding, left their mark upon Froebel and his scheme of education. Ever afterwards we shall find him employing construction as a means of training. He loved to build the house, but far better, he loved to build the soul, which indeed was just his true vocation, of which he is now in search. So he is destined to use house-building, not for its own sake, but for soul-building; it is to become a grand educative means in his hands, whereof the great example is seen in the Building Gifts of the Kindergarden, through which the little child is led to build within by building without.

No wonder, then, that the young man was unhappy at Frankfort. He was carrying around within himself the deepest sort of inner scission. That which he was called to do in this life he was not doing, he had chosen a vocation in which he could not realize his best self, and great was the tumult thereof.

And now enters the unforeseen outer circumstance which interweaves itself just at the turning-point into the uncertain, vacillating human spirit, and makes it conscious of its destiny, determining its course ever afterward. The total universe in its providential ordering seems to bring forth a small, apparently insignificant event and to give to it a voice which speaks exactly the right word to the struggling soul at the critical moment of its new birth or of its new career. If Homer were singing this epic of Froebel, a God, or perchance a Goddess, would now appear and say the divine thing to the doubting youth, who would therein find the solution of all his difficulties. Let it be Pallas Athena as she once came down from Olympus to the young Telemachus in sunny Ithaca, when he stood hesitating at the cross-roads of his career, and spoke to him her heavenly word of hope and direction, pointing out the way he should henceforth go.

But instead of a grand divine epiphany at this point, the modern biographer can simply record that our young man, Froebel, was introduced one day not long after his arrival to Doctor Anton Gruner, head of the Model School of Frankfort, an enthusiastic pedagogue and a fervent disciple of the great Swiss educator Pestalozzi whose pupil he had been, and whose methods he followed in his school. Other teachers were there, aspiring, full of joy in their calling; among them Froebel

found congenial conversation. One of these talks turned upon life and its object; with frankness Froebel gave utterance to himself, letting the company take a peep into his heart just now tossing between hope and doubt, and he showed them some shadowy outlines of that vague ideal end of his with its dreamy yet persistent beckonings.

Gruner listened, threw a glance into the seething depths of that chaotic soul before him, and spoke these winged words:

"Be a teacher; give up architecture, it is not your vocation."

Such was the voice which came from Heaven to the struggling youth, and at once he knew (like Telemachus of old) that it was the voice of a God. Yet he is at first overwhelmed at the proposal, and hesitates, though his friend at his side urges him to accept on the spot. But Froebel had never taught, had never entertained consciously the idea of becoming a teacher. No preparation, no position; where, how shall I begin?

Gruner again speaks, being verily the divine voice incarnate for Froebel in this conjuncture. He adds to his former statement: "We need a teacher in our school just now; if you consent, the place shall be yours." Inspired Gruner (for so we must deem him in the present affair) thus gives the golden opportunity to Froebel, after speaking the God-sent word of destiny.

Still the young man hesitates, asks time to think the matter over. Well he may, for it seems a complete upsetting of all his plans. Soon, however, he hears that his testimonials, which were to be sent to him, and which he held to be very necessary to his success in the prosecution of his intended calling, had been lost. Listen to him now: "I interpreted this mishap to signify that Providence Himself had broken down the bridge behind me and cut off my retreat. Willingly, joyfully I seized the offered hand, and soon was teacher in the Model School at Frankfort-on-the-Main."

Such is his own record of his second birth, the birth into the work which he has to do in this life, after many pains of parturition. Yes, the child is actually born, and the sympathetic reader will greet the new appearance with a hearty salutation:

Ich salutire dich zum neuen Lebenslauf.

III.

Transition.

So we have made the great transition from the youth Froebel to the schoolmaster Froebel — from the uncertain, fluctuating youth with all that inner sea of possibilities, fermenting, generating, seeking to give birth to something, into the grand reality of his life, his God-sent voca-

tion, which is to call into activity every good and noble germ in his soul, with a weed or two sprouting in between now and then, it must be confessed. A great event for him, and interesting to the interested reader of this book, who has had or will have, or perchance even now has just such a crisis in life.

Quite a discipline the youth has passed through with father, step-mother, uncle, brother, and with the whole line of employments and employers, as they have risen in shadowy procession through the meanderings of the preceding narrative. But all this he might have undergone without becoming Froebel the educator, if we except one apparently fortuitous event. All this and worse than all this others have experienced without its making them people of any great consequence in the world. What then shall we select as the specially shaping fact in the foregoing chain of incidents of Froebel's youth?

At Jena the poor motherless country-boy, by an accident happening to be turned that way, received a marvelous adoption by a new mother, who took him to her bosom and gave him of her immediate sustenance, veritably the ambrosial food of genius. Among all the youths there at Jena assembled, the most ungainly and unlikely, the least prepared probably, if we judge by external signs, him she elects at the opening of the new century to be the educator for the

future — a most remarkable choice, if we look at appearances. Still she takes him as her infant, so to speak, and rears him and trains him just to be the great trainer of all human infancy, which is soon to be the grand new field of education.

The most important event, therefore, the truly genetic event in the youthful period of Froebel, is the fact which we have already sought to express in the statement: at Jena Froebel was suckled by the Time-Spirit. For she is the mother of all geniuses, who get their creative principle from her sustenance, and who, whatever be their natural gifts, must be at some period of their career fed on her mother's-milk if they are to do anything truly original and masterful — do any deed or think any thought which whisks the ages around a new corner or leads mankind into a new epoch.

And now, out of this seething hurly-burly of youthful change and manifold striving, we have seen the young man unfold into his permanent element, into his vocation from which he will never henceforth swerve, though within its bounds he will have to undergo still a great training, and to pass through his share of the ups and downs of human existence.

Book Second.

The Schoolmaster Froebel
(1805-1835).

Such is the term which seems at last, after some waiting and spying around for a better, the most appropriate to designate Froebel during this long middle period of his life, lasting thirty years. He is teacher — subordinate, principal, enthroned, dethroned, expatriated — the whole scale of human destiny he runs through, from the highest to the lowest note. Still he keeps his eye fixed unswervingly on the one great lode-star, his vocation, though the storms of life dash him hither and thither on many shores — from Frankfort where he has now arrived, through Keilhau, where he will stay many years, to Switzerland,

where he will conclude his schoolmaster's journeymanship, and pass over into his kindergarden epoch.

Now this our Second Book, quite lengthy, diversified and complicated though it be in its happenings, has yet one great central fact which we may here call for short the tragedy of Keilhau, the rise and fall of Froebel as principal of the boys' school there, coupled with a mighty domestic undercurrent, which when brought to the surface as it must be, reveals the working of the Fates and Furies of the Family Froebel. A play of these Dark Powers strangely passes before us, which recalls the fabled House of Pelops with its old Greek revel in the hates of kindred, of course without the ancient savagery of blood and murder.

The present is, therefore, the middle Book, and hence is transitional, mediatorial, and specially disciplinary. Schoolmaster our Froebel is here, but he is in training, often terrific in its laceration of the soul, for another and in his case higher vocation — to be founder of the kindergarden. Throughout this Second Period there is a secret undertow which rises to the top in the Third Period and becomes the culmination and fulfillment of his life's task.

Picking up Froebel where we last dropped him we find that he has received a new birth, as it were, being now born into the consciousness

of what is to be his work in this world. Significant is such a moment to us all; specially so to the drifting youth Froebel, who on the spot begins to unite those two warring elements of his previous life, the external and the internal needs, or the bread-winning and the soul-developing; the Real and Ideal, hitherto in furious discord, begin to coalesce in the new vocation.

His inner aspiration had been, as he states, "perfection of myself," which, however, clashed horribly with his economical calling, and drove him with a whip of thorns over all Germany. But when he sees that he must share what he receives, that he must give away the spiritual gift which he gets in order to possess it truly, then he becomes the educator; his own pursuit of culture will be selfish unless he turns it back and imparts its fruits unto others — which is instruction. Not acquisition, merely, but also impartation must be his; thus he has united the struggling dualism between vocation and aspiration.

So he becomes teacher, and he feels soon that "the ideal of human perfection which I bore within me I had the capacity and the energy to realize outside of me," and that this was the inner ability of the teacher. "As the realization of the perfect man is the highest which the mind can conceive, so a life devoted to the education of the human race is the worthiest and highest

conceivable life. And the pursuit of this end is what ennobles and perfects the man." (12)

Truly a lofty view of his new calling, to which he now remains faithful to the end of life. No more soul-drifting, no more uncertainty about his vocation; he has sealed his life with an inner vow, he is a consecrated spirit to his cause.

Speaking of this period later in the same letter, he says: "From this moment on, I determined to give up my life wholly to education, for I was convinced that only a life devoted to education could procure in me, and outside of me in the world, the existence most fervently desired, and long since dimly anticipated — that existence which was working within me as a dark presentiment, when I intended to live in the country. Everything which I then dreamed of, I saw realized in my new vocation."

Let the foregoing extracts (designated by quotation marks) serve as a kind of suggestive prelude to the coming Book, all of them being taken from a letter of Froebel's to his brother Christoph, written within two years after his start at Gruner's. Four chapters are in this Book — but let us pass at once to the first, which brings before us Froebel, the schoolmaster, taking his long pedagogical course, never before or since heard of in any Normal School.

CHAPTER FIRST.

FROEBEL AS TEACHER AND PUPIL.

Thus we characterize Froebel in the present portion of his career: he is both teacher and pupil, the educator must be educated to his vocation. Born teacher he is, no doubt; still even the artisan, the blacksmith, has to learn the use of his tools, hammer and tongs and anvil. Plumped suddenly down into Gruner's school, he is required to teach without ever having taught before, without ever having had even the idea of teaching, so he says; what can he do? He finds that he must, first of all, know something about his profession; so he at once hastens off to Pestalozzi, the Swiss schoolmaster at Yverdon, with whom Gruner was closely connected, to take some instruction. He returns to Frankfort soon and begins his work; with success outwardly,

but with deep inner dissatisfaction, for he does not know his vocation. So he must again to Pestalozzi, where he stays two years the second time. Much does he learn about his vocation and its methods from Pestalozzi; but there a new ignorance rises into his mind's horizon. His knowledge of science, language, the arts, he finds to be defective; really he does not know enough to be a teacher. Hence he must go to the University again for study, but always having in view the profession of teacher.

Froebel is, therefore, now serving his apprenticeship to his vocation. Eleven years it lasts, from 1805 to 1816; he will be thirty-four years old ere he deems himself ready to start off in the world on his own account. During these eleven years there will be many changes of places and persons in his life's panorama — Germany, Switzerland, Gruner, Von Holzhausen, Pestalozzi, Göttingen, Berlin, War, then back to Berlin. A varied shifting scenery of human experience, but through it all he remains faithful to the one great end: that of perfecting himself in his vocation.

But another training, a deeper one, though unconscious, has begun at Frankfort in Froebel's soul. Gruner connects with Pestalozzi, and Pestalozzi is a world-historical character through the fact that he first sounded the note of popular education so loud that all Europe listened, not

only the pedagogues, but the rulers — ministers, kings, emperors. His word of warning to them is, unless you educate the people, they will burn you up, as they have done in the French Revolution. Off there in free Switzerland Pestalozzi heard the voice of the Time-Spirit proclaiming: Man must now be educated to freedom, to an ordered freedom, for man uneducated but free will destroy civilization. Look at the conflagration yonder in France, there they worship the Goddess Liberty, but the whole institutional world is burning. Man is henceforth going to be free; but which kind of freedom will you have, the educated, or the uneducated? So Pestalozzi, hearing the mighty call of the Ages, set to work at the very bottom, educating the people in the little school of his little town, which small light-point soon became the guiding star of Europe in the stormiest night of three centuries.

Now we hold that Froebel heard this voice of the Time-Spirit when Gruner spoke to him "Be a teacher," and the youth responded, "I shall." Following that same voice he goes to Pestalozzi at Yverdon and stays there till he clarifies himself in regard to his calling. And we must not forget that Froebel was nursed at Jena by this same Time-Spirit, coming to him there in the form of philosophy and romanticism, and of culture generally. But at Frankfort and still more at

Yverdon he hears the call to impart this high culture to the people, to give it to all, to make it truly universal. Thus he will be the educator in the great spiritual movement with which the century opens.

And in this same line of training he is to have a still stronger experience. Froebel is a Teuton, and the Teutonic folk-spirit is roused from its inmost depths to throw off the foreign domination of Napoleon, who is the colossal birth of the French Revolution. The coming teacher responds to this call of his primitive folk-mother, and marches forth to battle for external freedom in the War of Liberation. A great experience, truly, his baptism in the spirit of his race before he tries to educate it to inner freedom; he has to take this dip ere he is fully equipped for his task.

And we may notice the gleam of a deep personal faith dawning in the man: he believes that he, just he, is the re-incarnation of the teacher, he is not to be simply a teacher by trade, here and now, for so much bread and butter, but he has been a teacher from the very beginning of him, perchance from the beginning of the world. An adamantine faith in himself and in his call he is starting to manifest, which faith in himself will have many peculiar developments in the course of this biography. Let it be called his genius which is now getting aware of itself, and can

ultimately believe in nothing else but itself and its own communications, received and given.

Such is a brief anticipation of the inner movement of the present chapter, which is now to embody itself in the outer events of this period.

I.

In Gruner's School.

The very next day after Gruner's invitation, it has been handed down that Froebel entered upon his new career, going into a school-room for the first time as teacher. Thirty to forty boys between nine and eleven years old were there before him; how did he feel at the sight? Somehow thus: now I have found my vocation, now I know what I have been striving for in my dark unconscious struggles and fluctuations. The view of that school-room made him feel at home; nay, more, it made him feel that he had returned home after some long separation and estrangement. Had he ever been there before? Not in this conscious life; still the whole scene seems not new to him, indeed quite familiar.

In a letter written to his brother at this time (end of August, 1805), he unfolds his inner condition on starting his work: "From the first hour my occupation did not appear in the least strange to me; on the contrary, I seemed to myself to have been a teacher already for a long

while, and in fact to have been born for the business. I cannot tell you in words sufficiently striking how peculiar was this experience of mine. It seemed to me as if I had never been willing to live in any other condition but this, and yet I confess that not the least idea of becoming a teacher in a public school had ever entered my mind. I find myself, when I am occupied with instruction, just in my element. You cannot believe how delightfully the hours glide away; I love the children from the bottom of my heart, and when I am out of class I long to get back to their instruction." (13)

Such is the outburst of joy and wonder with which he greets his new vocation. Home again after much wandering; it is not really a beginning but a restoration; that longing, straying soul of his has found the seat of its primordial activity. Let us note the lurking faith of Froebel that the present is for him no new condition; he appears to say: I have been here before, I have done this work before, it was born into me ere I was born. Like every genius he has in him a strain of pre-existence in which he once wrought and which he has to repeat in actual life. So the school and its task, the atmosphere and its suggestion, all seem familiar to him from the first moment; he is simply doing over again what he has done before. Clearly his calling is now to make real that which lies ideally within

him, and which hovers around him with an unseen presence the minute he steps into that school-room of Gruner's.

But let these beliefs, dreamy enough, yet not to be left out of any human life, be here dropped for a look into more practical matters. The truth is Froebel has had no experience; he had shifted around much from one kind of occupation to another, he had tried his hand at nearly everything except teaching. It takes him only two days to find out that he must learn before he can impart. Already he had heard a good deal about Pestalozzi from Gruner and others; he remembered reading an account of the Swiss schoolmaster in some newspaper during his boyhood, which account had stirred him deeply. What is to be done? Go to the fountain-head at once and there drink of the waters, off yonder in free mountainous Switzerland.

Three days afterwards Froebel was on the road to Yverdon, where Pestalozzi had recently established his school. The latter received the visitor from Frankfort with great friendliness, who was then left pretty much to his own devices in learning and seeing. He picked up what he could, he was evidently incapable of giving the school a searching investigation. Still he had his criticisms, which are set down in his Autobiography, but which seem to be rather an echo of his later opinions. He felt, however, the lack of unity in

the school, and seems to have noticed germs of future dissension. He observed that Pestalozzi himself did not seem to understand the mighty "spiritual mechanism" which had been set in motion there in Yverdon. The head of the school could give no clear account of its workings, but would always say to the visitor: "Go and look, it is going tremendously," giving to his words a naive touch of his Swiss accent. (14)

Froebel could remain only a fortnight this time, but when he left he resolved to return as soon as possible and stay longer. So much, then, he has discovered during his brief visit: here is the thing which I must master, here is the man whom I must take up into myself ere I can unfold into my true inheritance. More or less dimly he already feels that he is to be the spiritual successor of Pestalozzi. Such was Froebel's first short sip at the pedagogical fountain-head of modern European education in the year 1805.

Returning to Frankfort, he throws himself into his work with a will. It seems that he was requested to make the programme of studies for the Gruner school — a strange matter when we consider his inexperience.

This was apparently Froebel's first attempt at drawing up a teaching-plan, upon which he always laid great stress, so great that it became a by-word afterwards at Keilhau. His scheme,

however, was a complete success and won decided approval.

The branches which Froebel taught in the Gruner school were Arithmetic, Drawing, Geography, the German language. He seems to have been most successful with Geography. He took the city of Frankfort as the center, from which he worked outwards toward the four quarters of the Heavens, including the distinctive local points in a map. The river Main on which the city lay, was a line running through this map, and the distant hills were given in outline. Thus each pupil obtained a picture of the country nearest home, a picture which was most vivid in his daily experience, and of which he was required to make a drawing. This method of teaching Geography is sometimes thought to be very modern, but it reaches back further than Froebel, to whom it came from Pestalozzi either directly or through Gruner.

The Gruner school produced a deep influence upon Froebel, and evidently furnished a number of suggestions for his own later school at Keilhau. There was a large inside yard which was used for play, to which much attention seems to have been given; once a week every teacher took a walk with his boys, in city and country, making the same a means for instruction. The teachers played with the boys in the large yard, and thereby obtained insight into traits of char-

acter which come out only in play. Also there was a garden connected with the yard. Both the principal, Gruner, and the assistant principal, Nänni, had been pupils of Pestalozzi, and were full of the ideas of the Swiss educator. Froebel saw these in full operation, to be sure at second hand; still he obtained the drift of the New Education.

And yet Froebel began to feel discontent; he could not stick to anything longer than a year. A large school requires fixed forms, it must have plan, order, organization. Under these forms Froebel chafed, he felt no longer at home, he demanded freedom. He had been very successful, especially with his Geography; at a public examination both parents and teachers said: "This is the right way of teaching Geography." But the set form of even the Gruner school had become unendurable, he must get free once more. Still he never thought of relinquishing his present vocation. In these days he utters his aspiration as follows: "I wish to educate men whose feet shall stand on God's earth planted in nature, but whose heads shall rise up to Heaven."

Gruner saw that there was no use in trying to keep such an "excitable man," who had begun to kick everywhere in the traces. Froebel had made a contract to stay three years; Gruner released him willingly yet in a friendly manner.

So Froebel goes forth again into the world a

free man, yet with the firm consciousness of a vocation.

It is interesting to note Froebel's wrestle with grammar at this time. He resolved to perfect himself in French under a good teacher. He studied hard, the language was important, it was the time of the French domination. But he confesses that he made a failure, and this failure lay deep in his nature. He was in revolt against all forms; how could he take to linguistic forms, words, phrases, parts of speech? Grammar is ordered language; but Froebel was at this time averse to all order, except what he made on the spot.

In fact, Froebel was incapable of learning grammar, and remained so to the last. He declares that this study of French had one good effect: it made him aware of his deficiency in German grammar. Nor could he spell correctly; he misspells the word *Ziel* (*Zihl*) in the verse he writes in Pestalozzi's album. So in his revolt against form, he turns down the forms of grammar and spelling and asserts his linguistic freedom. (15)

II.

Tutoring.

Another strand had been already weaving itself into the teacher's life. While at the Gruner school he had been giving private lessons

to three boys outside of his ordinary work. It so happened that their regular tutor was about to leave them, so that they needed another. After considerable hesitation, Froebel himself resolved to take the position. He did not like to give up his freedom again, but having had several months' enjoyment of it, he came to the conclusion that he must fit in somewhere, and yielded after a strong inner conflict.

Thus Froebel takes the post of domestic tutor to the three sons of Herr Von Holzhausen. He insists upon two conditions, from which he cannot be shaken: first, that he should never be obliged to dwell in the city with his pupils; secondly, that they should be wholly handed over to his control. In the country they were to live with him, forming an isolated group by themselves. Thus he is parent as well as tutor; his object seems to have been to change the environment of the youths, one of whom he reports in good condition, one in a moderately bad, and one in a very bad condition.

Froebel is now free of the forms of the regular school, and of the family and of social life. He is autocratic educator, yet with a deep sense of his mission. Very unbending he is: the country house was not quite ready, he was asked to take up his abode for a few days with the boys in their town home. Not a bit of it; he resisted the proposition and gained his point. So he be-

gins this new phase of his educational career, that of domestic tutor, in July, 1807.

He was twenty-five years old, as far as age went, but was younger by several years in development. Full of aspiration, restless, writhing, helpless; he describes his internal condition at this time as "a perpetual conflict with the established." Totally dissatisfied with the existing order of things, in fact with all order; then followed the deeper dissatisfaction, namely, with himself. He began to long for more adequate knowledge, and with it came a desire to return to the University — a reminiscence of Jena in spite of Jena.

What is it that is tearing him asunder? Just the desire for unity. He sees everything in a state of separation and division, so he revolts and falls into the same state. He declares that the loftiest thought which dawned upon him at this time was the following: "All is unity, all rests in unity, proceeds from unity, leads to unity and returns to unity." This sounds like some passages in the *Education of Man*. So Froebel in his search for unity becomes absolutely disunited within himself. That which he saw internally and that which he realized externally were separated by a chasm which he could not pass.

Particularly was he troubled with the want of all organic connection in the branches of instruc-

tion. Still he performed his task as well as he could, living alone with the youths in the country. It was indeed a getting back to nature; no family, no society, no institutional life — a little world ruled absolutely by an autocratic pedagogue. The boys cultivated the fruits of the field and gave them with delight to their parents. A sylvan idyllic existence, probable best for those spoiled city-boys, but otherwise hardly an example.

Froebel had the tendency to turn back and to reflect upon his past life. He now subjected his former stages of development to a strict examination. In these boys he lived over again his own youthful days. Already he had seen into their condition by the light of his own experience in childhood.

This isolated school-life with a few boys has also a foreshadowing of Keilhau. He gives them games and occupations of various kinds. There is the same freedom of the boys on the one side, and the same absolutism of Froebel the teacher on the other. All is chaotic yet germinal; here we find play, occupations, the garden, nature, long walks — a kind of unorganized Keilhau.

Froebel himself felt the defect deeply: no connection, no unity, complete isolation. In about one year he had enough of this freedom, of this return to nature. He must somehow

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get an organizing principle — where? Again he thinks of Yverdon and Pestalozzi. He insists upon it with the parents, so he with the three boys are off for Switzerland in 1808.

Thus ends the lounging, tutorial, masculine life in the country — Froebel's first attempt to embody Rousseau. The mother of the boys, Frau Von Holzhausen, a superior woman, was evidently tinged with the same doctrine, which lay deeply in the time, and influenced many cultivated people throughout Europe. She had high appreciation of Froebel, indeed a kind of divination of his genius; she will remain his life-long friend, and keep up a correspondence with him many years after his personal relation to her children has ceased.

A special gift of Froebel seems to have been first called into exercise during this stay in the country: that of inventing means for occupying children to advantage. Forms in paper, pricking, cutting, folding, at first; then he passed to work in cardboard and in wood; truly a prophecy of the kindergarden occupations. The garden was also there and cultivated as a part of the education of the boys; they were likewise practiced a good deal in building. So out of that country-house near Frankfort there seems to flash a search-light through thirty years of Froebel's future to the little town of Blankenburg in 1837.

But enough! On a summer's day in 1808 the

country-house with its garden is deserted by its four occupants, who turn their steps toward Yverdon, Switzerland, where is the school of Heinrich Pestalozzi. There Froebel is both pupil and teacher undisguisedly, both receiving and giving instruction. Note that hereafter he will be a strong advocate of the pupil-teacher and will introduce him at Keilhau, therein re-enacting his own experience. Nay, in Froebel's greatest book, "The Mother Play-songs," the mother is both pupil and teacher. But we have arrived at Yverdon, let us take a glimpse of the scene.

III.

Castle Yverdon

Yverdon lies on the south side of Lake Neufchatel, one of the small Swiss lakes, amid mountain scenery with all its variety of height, slope, valley, stream, sheet of water. It is an old Burgundian castle, connected with the name of Charles the Bold. Four massive towers rise in a kind of competition with the surrounding mountain peaks. It had already fallen to ruin when assigned to Pestalozzi for his school, the raven and the rook nestled in its walls.

But now two hundred boys and sometimes more, with teachers, visitors, distinguished guests gave to the decaying medieval edifice a more bustling life than it had ever known in its palm-

iest days. It seemed to rise out of its medieval sleep of death into the modern world, indeed into the most modern part of the modern world, for it had become suddenly the home of the New Education. Truly a wonderful resurrection for those cracked, tumbling, moss-grown towers; vivified by an Idea, it sprang up almost in a night like the castle of a fairy tale.

Inside the edifice little comfort and no luxury could be seen. Only the most indispensable articles of furniture were there, and they of the rudest make. In the midst of the tumult of an assembling class the teacher would put up his desk and begin. Rooms were not attractive though spacious; everything seemed in a sort of pell-mell. But the spirit was there, Heinrich Pestalozzi, and beside him stood his wife.

The boys, however, were having a good time. They could sport on the grass of the meadow, or bathe in the waters of the lake. In longer walks they could ascend the Alps, behold the mighty chain of peaks from Mount Blanc to Pilatus, look down from the heights into many lakes, towns, valleys. No student, and seldom a teacher, wore a necktie or a hat. The boys would wash during the coldest days of winter in a trough of half-frozen water. The food was of the simplest sort. At five o'clock in the morning they had to rise from their beds and begin the tasks of the day. The teachers rose at four

and even earlier; no drones could stay long in that hive.

Marvelous was the native strength here manifested. An energy went forth like that of Nature herself, as she showed her might in the surrounding Swiss mountains. Very plainly it was a return to Nature, to that colossal power which they drank in from the landscape. This elemental energy was in the soul of Pestalozzi, though it was directed not now to the upheaval of masses of mountainous earth, but to the elevation of masses of mankind through education.

Pestalozzi's school was an image of Switzerland. It was a collection of strong, independent teachers, it was cantonal, not central; a land made up of separate mountains and little states, a *sonderbund* always ready to fly asunder. Not long before this time the Helvetic Republic had gone to pieces, and the cantonal government resumed its sway at Bern, through which Pestalozzi had been compelled to give up his school at Burgdorf and to remove to Yverdon. This was in the year 1803, the time of the so-called Act of Mediation.

So the school reflects the Swiss government, the Swiss character, yea, the Swiss scenery with its mountain peaks piercing Heaven in solitary sublimity. All is individualized, unity is not the virtue here. Still in such a cradle the New Idea with its strong stress upon the individual and his

right had to be born and then imparted to the people of all nations. In a similar manner ancient Greece with its separating mountains and valleys reared the independent city and the independent citizen, and first vindicated freedom for Europe against the absolutism of the Orient.

Mighty is such a spirit, calling forth the strongest and intensest powers of the individual, but it has the germ of dissension and dissolution from the start. The prodigious fullness and energy of the life at Yverdon was the chief attraction, and overwhelmed the visitors who flocked thither from the remotest parts of Europe and even from America. And that was one of the troubles. The school began to degenerate into a show, the exercises began to be spectacular, and to manifest a strain of untruth, of unreality.

Plague take the visitor anyhow! the earnest teacher often exclaims inwardly. When a school begins to attract a stream of spectators pouring in daily and even hourly, it is lost. They will corrupt the best training in existence. The teacher and pupil are diverted and perverted from their real object; they are for the visitor to whom they must display. Pestalozzi himself noted the hollowness and growing falsity of his school at this time, and also marks the show-spirit as the bane of his enterprise.

And now we must touch upon that personality who centered all these disrupting influences in

himself. Pestalozzi describes his advent into the school: "Down from the mountains of Tyrol came into our midst a youth who had not a trace of the artificial culture of the time, but who was gifted with a hidden native force which none of us, least of all myself, suspected. In the highest degree religious after the Catholic way, with *Ave Maria* on his tongue and rosary in hand he descended upon us, and in the might of his spirit he quickly outstripped all the pupils of his class, and then all his teachers and soon became himself the teacher of those who a short time before had taught him, and who had regarded him as the most uncivilized being that had ever stepped inside the institution." (16)

Such was the advent of the Tyroler boy Joseph (or Josias) Schmid, an earth-born son of the Alps, possessing the elemental energy of his own mountains. Pestalozzi confesses that he was drawn by the strongest secret bond of sympathy toward the unpolished youth; indeed they had something in common lying far down in the hidden springs of nature.

Now began the rupture. Schmid, though the most capable of all the teachers, roused bitterness, jealousy, hostility on every side. He is portrayed as the very devil of Yverdon, and the evil spirit under whose influence Pestalozzi fell in his weakness and old age. The uproar became so great that Schmid had to quit the school in

1810. His chief opponent was a clergyman by the name of Niederer, who sought to unify the distracted work of Pestalozzi by giving to it a theoretical basis in philosophy. But the school, the whole movement, Switzerland itself with its mountains, was hostile to any such unity. Schmid was hostile to it, born of the mountains, and Pestalozzi could not understand it. The teachers all demanded a government examination, in order to vindicate the school, all except Schmid. The examination, however, turned out unfavorable for all except Schmid, whose work was highly commended by the commission. Such was the boomerang which they hurled against the Tyroler boy.

After Schmid's departure the school goes from worse to still worse, until finally Niederer his great enemy begs him to return and restore matters. Return he does, and again the old feud springs up with tenfold bitterness; but this time Schmid is not driven out, on the contrary he ousts the whole set of teachers, who have to take their departure from the school, leaving him in possession of the castle and of Pestalozzi, and calling him with great unanimity the devil of Yverdon.

But it belongs not to our theme to give the history of Yverdon, only in so far as it interweaves into the life of Froebel who was present during the period of strife, who saw and talked

with the demonic Schmid and praised his work specially.

And the interesting fact is to be noted that the same sort of a demonic spirit will enter his own school at Keilhau, will rend it with dissension, and finally bring it to the verge of ruin. As Yverdon had its Schmid, so Keilhau will have its Herzog, and both of them from the Alps. Thus Froebel had a forecast of his own fate in the break-up at Yverdon, though he was so different in character from Pestalozzi.

IV.

Froebel and Pestalozzi.

Accordingly in the summer of 1808 Froebel with his three boys makes the journey to Switzerland and arrives in due season at Yverdon. They were not able to get lodging at the castle, but found rooms in its neighborhood, so that they took most of their meals there and shared fully in the life of the school. This life Froebel describes as mighty; he was seized by it and borne forward resistlessly. He attributes it to Pestalozzi whose word had something in it which roused and elevated the soul in the most powerful manner, yet it was an indefinite, intangible something. Such was Froebel's first response to that Titanic upheaving spirit which had somehow

broken loose from the mountains of Switzerland, and taken lodgment in a school.

He became a pupil again, he went to all the classes, he was one of the boys with the boys, joining in their games, excursions and bathings, as well as in their studies. Something of the kind he had done already on a small scale at Frankfort; teacher still, he is chiefly pupil now.

There were many other teachers who had turned pupils in that school, some having come of their own accord, others having been sent by their governments to study the method of Pestalozzi. These mature minds commingled in daily intercourse, exchanging ideas, discussing principles. Very fruitful was such conversation to the somewhat isolated Froebel, who discovered many of his own deficiencies of training and culture by comparing himself with these men. Here was indeed the new University, the creative center of Europe's educational thought, the fresh starting-point for all education. In striking contrast it stood to that other sort of University, state-fostered and palace-housed, with its rows of sleek, well-combed professors, rehearsing what they had learned to their students and regularly drawing their salary. Not only an elementary, but an elemental University, springing with the might of nature out of the Alps.

So we can see Froebel flinging himself into this roaring whirlpool of life, absorbing all that

he can hold, which is much, and which will hereafter connect him by direct spiritual descent with Pestalozzi.

Of Froebel's stay at Yverdon we have two accounts, somewhat full, both by his hand. The first is a report addressed to the Princess Regent of Schwarzburg Rudolstadt. It is dated Yverdon April 1–27, 1809 (printed by *Lange* I, 124 et seq.). It was, therefore, written less than a year after his arrival. Here we see him as the zealous follower of Pestalozzi, whom he commends throughout. The second account is contained in his Autobiography (Letter to the Duke of Meiningen) whose date is commonly stated to be 1827, and shows Froebel looking back at his Yverdon experiences through a vista of nearly twenty years. This account is of quite a different character; it has more criticism than commendation. Of both these accounts we shall take a brief note.

The first, addressed to the Princess Regent, gives a pretty complete survey of Pestalozzi's method in all the elementary branches. Moreover, the infant is not neglected in this scheme, but has particular attention. Its teacher is the mother, who is to have her special instruction, which is laid down in Pestalozzi's *Mothers' Book* which Froebel often cites in this report, and defends warmly against certain attacks.

The reason for his addressing this report to

the Princess Regent does appear. I cannot find anywhere that she requested it from Froebel. It seems to have been his zeal for the new education, and he expresses his hope that Pestalozzi's method will be introduced into the public schools of his native country. Did he expect to be the appointed means for such an introduction? If so, he missed his purpose.

The second account above alluded to (in his Autobiography) is written in a different mood. He now brings out strongly Pestalozzi's defects, mingling his criticism with some praise. He complains that he did not find either unity or completeness in the course of study. He again overhauls the programme and finds a good deal of fault with most branches, even with Pestalozzi's religious instruction though he praises some things, such as music.

On the whole Froebel has begun to see the limits of the Pestalozzian method, namely its object lesson (*Anschauungsunterricht*). It is a one-sided cultivation of, or rather devotion to, the senses; it turns all effort toward getting possession of the external world of nature. It whirls the student outward and generates a tremendous force, but ends in multiplicity, separation, disunion.

Here lies the central source of the disorganizing energy which was ever present in the school at Yverdon, and which could not be banished.

The supposed offenders would leave, still the trouble remained, and would break out afresh. The demon really lay couched in the principle itself, and only had its strongest utterance in Schmid. On the other side, Niederer sought to unify the school in a philosophy of his own, and for awhile dominated Pestalozzi, who understood nothing abstract, and who once plaintively said to an inquiring visitor: "I no longer understand myself; if you wish to know what I think and will, you must ask Herr Niederer."

Before Froebel leaves Yverdon he has become conscious that he can transcend Pestalozzi, by unifying his instruction, while keeping its main features. Froebel is more a man of inner intuition, that of spirit, while Pestalozzi is more a man of external intuition, that of the senses. Such is the contrast, though each to a degree partakes of the other's qualities.

In the report to the Princess Regent we see that Froebel has already turned his attention toward children not yet of school age, and is looking into their possibilities of education. Also he has been thinking of the mother as the first teacher of her child, and cites the enthusiastic expression of a certain mother: "From Pestalozzi I learned to be a mother." Still further, we see that Froebel has deeply studied and assimilated Pestalozzi's *Mothers' Book* (*Buch der Mütter*), out of which he will evolve in the full-

ness of time his own greatest book, the *Mother Play-songs* (*Mutter und Kose-Lieder*). Thus we find in Froebel already at Yverdon echoes of the kindergarden, faint and far-off, yet distinctly audible.

But Froebel's immediate problem was the education of boys, and the school at Yverdon was essentially a boys' school, which Froebel will repeat at Keilhau, and transcend before he creates the kindergarden. In regard to the instruction and treatment of boys he is getting precious information which he will not be slow to utilize and to improve upon when the time comes.

More and more he begins to feel the inner scission which was rending Yverdon, and he is also aware of his growing separation from the school. Very different we must conceive his feeling to have been at the end of his second year from what it was at the end of his first. He has nothing to do but to go home, and off he starts for Frankfort with his three boys in the autumn of 1810.

He remains till 1811 in the family Von Holzhausen teaching the boys, but as soon as he is free he starts for the University. It will not be Jena again, of which he has unpleasant memories, but he concludes to go to Göttingen which had a great name at that time, and was one of the most progressive Universities of Germany.

He has now been a teacher for six years, or

rather teacher and pupil. Much has he learned in that time; he has made his connection with Pestalozzi and the New Education and he sees the point where he can transcend the great Swiss schoolmaster in the matter of unity. This has now become his conscious pursuit.

But he has also been made aware that he does not know enough. The intercourse with the teachers who had been sent to Pestalozzi in order to learn, had convinced him of his ignorance.

If he is going to unify the course of study, he must know its contents. He had seen that one of the troubles of Pestalozzi came from the latter's ignorance of the things which were taught in the school at Yverdon. The result was each teacher took his own way, and there was no strong guiding hand, really no central principle.

So Froebel has come back with the idea of unification more deeply planted in him than ever. But he must first know what he is going to unify. At this point we may note that the first half of the present chapter, showing Froebel as teacher and pupil till he finds the limit of Pestalozzi as well as his own limit, is now concluded. Next he will proceed to remove this limit of his, which is ignorance, by going to the University, the great store-house of knowledge. Thus he seeks still further to complete his apprenticeship.

One resolution he has brought away from

Yverdon: when he starts his school, he will be master. And he will have unity in the branches taught; he will have a plan definite, fixed, stable as the Law, so that he will be called tyrannical and pedantic. In this respect Keilhau will be the opposite of Yverdon, showing the German absolutism or militarism versus the Swiss freedom or individualism.

Pestalozzi and Froebel had much in common, but we must see the pivotal point of their difference. Pestalozzi in his object-lesson has his eye upon the acquisition of knowledge through the senses primarily; hence he can reform methods of instruction. Still such a view regards the child as a receptive being chiefly; Froebel passes beyond this limit and regards the child as a productive being also. Hence his stress upon games and occupations by means of which the child is to learn through activity. The one develops more the acquisitive principle of the Ego, the other the creative. Hence Pestalozzi is dominantly the educator of the Intellect, Froebel is dominantly the educator of the Will.

V.

Göttingen and Berlin.

Froebel now passes from being teacher and pupil together, which was his situation at Yverdon, to being the pupil alone, or the student, yet

always with the outlook upon his vocation. The practice of teaching he must give up for a time in order to acquire more knowledge, for which his thirst is very great, too great in fact, since he tries to take too big a draught at once and gets a surfeit. Just like the eager student; we have all probably done the same. So he quits his tutorship at Frankfort and is off, entering upon a new stage of his career.

In the beginning of July, 1811, Froebel went to Göttingen. He does not tell the special attraction drawing him to this University, which had its literary distinction and its set of poets, though far inferior to those of Jena and Weimar. Its greatest name at this time seems to have been the naturalist Blumenbach whose reputation was world-wide, and who had a greater number of listeners in his courses than any other professor in Europe. A letter from America was addressed to "Blumenbach in Europe," and it reached him.

At the beginning of his studies in Göttingen Froebel threw himself upon the languages. The teaching of these had evidently been the most unsatisfactory part of his work hitherto. The truth is Froebel had by nature a small gift for speech; he was perpetually running his head against this difficulty. He was manifestly dissatisfied with the language work at the Gruner School. And at Yverdon he took lessons in

Latin and Greek from a young man, but evidently with little progress.

What was the trouble? Froebel had an instinctive horror of grammar, which organizes human speech. Herein he was like Rousseau and the Rousseauists down to the present. He would not or indeed could not sit down and learn its forms with any degree of satisfaction or thoroughness. Grammar to him seemed dead and he must have life. He never solved the problem, not at Göttingen, not at Keilhau, not in the *Education of Man* with its punning etymologies and its ridiculous suggestions. Yet language is the center of elementary instruction.

Froebel, well aware of this difficulty in himself, proposes to remedy it at Göttingen. Grammar left living speech divided up and scattered about in dead words and phrases — so he thought. Then see all the different languages! Froebel resolved: "I must unify them, so I shall go back to the first one and start with that." He naturally looks to the Orient and takes Hebrew, which must have been the primitive tongue, possibly the one which God spoke to Adam in the Garden of Eden, though Froebel does not say so. With Hebrew he associated another Semitic language, Arabic; upon these two he put forth his strength.

From them he thought he could open a path to Sanscrit and Persian, and thus wheel all the

languages of the world into one line of descent. The diversity of human speech must be gotten over, the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel must be transcended ere much can be done with linguistic science. Froebel intimates that he had heard the rumor of the relationship between Persian and German; the report of the great movement in Comparative Philology, then in its beginning, had reached his ears, but he did not study it at this time or hereafter. For it turns on grammar, and the comparison of grammatical forms, which Froebel simply could not master, through repugnance and inability. Grammar is an established order against which he revolts. (17)

Accordingly the whole scheme of study at Göttingen broke down in a short time; he threw up his Oriental studies, abandoning even Hebrew, the germinal tongue out of which all the rest were to evolve. Still he says he clung to Greek with unconquerable fascination. But in general he gives up: "that mass of speech as it was thrown upon me, I saw no way to vivify."

Meanwhile he began to be occupied with a far more congenial matter. He took walks by night in the neighborhood of Göttingen; on one of these walks he discovered a comet "for himself," though, of course, it was known before. Its circular orbit, the round dome of Heaven above, and those little fire-balls, the stars,

led him to reflect long and deeply on the Sphere, and its law. Here dawns upon him something which will stay with him through life, developing more and more till it becomes the Sphere out of which will be unfolded the kindergarden Gifts. So the comet with its suggestions begins to turn him away from languages to nature. (18)

Meantime his money had given out, and he began casting around for something to do. Rather strangely he thought of making money by his literary work, which would certainly have been a failure if he had tried it. But here Providence steps in to help, an aunt unexpectedly dies at the right moment, leaving him a small inheritance. This aunt, be it noted, was on his mother's side. During vacation he visits his brother Christian, a successful business man at Osterode, with great advantage to mind and body, when he returns to his studies at Göttingen.

But this second period of his Göttingen career is different from the first. He has abandoned the study of languages, and given up his attempt to find the unity of speech. Now another unity attracts him mightily: the unity of Nature, of which he had received some glimmerings already at Jena, and which had found expression in the universal spherical law before mentioned.

The branches which he now selects are physics, chemistry, mineralogy, and natural history. This

was a time of great discovery and progress in these branches. Froebel has at last found his own again, and becomes deeply absorbed in his work. The study and investigation of nature now seems to be the foundation of all education. He also tries his hand at the study of history, politics, and political economy, evidently without much result. The laws which he observes in nature he seeks to identify as the laws of the human spirit in its development, and thus to make them educative. This is, indeed, just in the line of his own future work: nature is the grand means of unfolding man into the knowledge of himself and of the Divine Order.

In this variety of nature studies, he finally concentrates upon one thing: the crystal. But herein the instruction at Göttingen does not satisfy; he breaks with it, and resolves to go elsewhere. He has heard of Professor Weiss, the great crystallographer of the Berlin University; thither he must go, for the crystal has now come to mean more to him than anything else.

In reviewing Froebel's career at Göttingen, we find him occupied supremely with unity, which presented itself to him in three phases: the unity of mankind, the unity of language, and the unity of nature. But he reacts against language and gives himself up wholly to natural science, specially to crystallography. In this

we may note the following movement, which has its significance in the kindergarden: from the sphere, the curvilineal, he passes to the crystal, the rectilineal — from Ball to Cube.

At Göttingen he tried to do too many things in too short a time. Several languages at once, to be swallowed and digested in a few months: no wonder he got a linguistic dyspepsia. Then nearly all the physical sciences, not to speak of a little by-play in the acquisition of the social sciences, he takes up at once. Also we must recollect that he was poorly prepared: thorough, regular work he had never had. A tentative, changeful, dissatisfied going from one thing to another seems to have been his course at this time.

Still Göttingen left its mark upon him for all his life. He seems to have gotten here (though this is not certain) his first insight into that educative principle which runs through his later work: the child develops as the race has developed. Herbart has also this principle and Herbart had been at Göttingen before the time of Froebel, having left there in 1809. Froebel's search after the primitive linguistic source for the purpose of teaching language in accord with its origin and development, implies the above principle.

But his most permanent and fruitful acquisition at Göttingen was his insight into the place of the sphere in the universe, or "the universal spheri-

cal law" as he calls it, which will be a great creative power working through all his days.

Froebel reaches Berlin October, 1812, after a visit to his brother. Here he finds what he wants in the lectures of Professor Weiss, which awakens in him more and more "the conviction of an inner demonstrable connection in all cosmical development." So we see the idea of evolution dimly fermenting within him, and he too in a sense may be considered as one of the precursors of Darwin. Such an idea, however, had been made familiar by Goethe.

To earn money for his support he taught in an Institute founded by Plamann, who likewise had been a pupil of Pestalozzi. Froebel did not think much of this school, as he dismisses it with a few contemptuous words in his Autobiography. There, however, he met Jahn, affectionately called Father Jahn by the Turner organization which he had founded as a means for physical and moral training in order that Germany might free itself of French domination. Jahn was a great promoter of what may be called the grand Teutonic uprising of 1813, which led finally to the downfall of Napoleon. In such company at the Plamann school, Froebel could help hearing a stimulating piece of news.

He was leading a very retired, studious life, when he was stirred up by a great national excitement and whirled with no small energy out of his

solitary crystal life into a red-hot lava-stream of war fever. The German folk-spirit had been roused from its sleep, and the center of the upheaval was Berlin, in the winter of 1812–13. The Teutonic and the Latin races had again come to a death-grapple, as in the olden time when Roma and Germania had their mighty struggle, a struggle old as Hermann (Arminius) and the legions of Varus, continued through the descent of the Northern Peoples upon the Roman Empire, kept alive by the struggle between the German Emperors and the Papacy, represented in the defiant personality and deeds of Luther. Again a Latin conqueror, Napoleon, had sent the Teutonic folk under the yoke and oppressed them till they were rising up against him to a man, and once more were marching forward to the Rhine.

Froebel responded to this deep call of his primeval mother Teutonia, threw aside his crystals and his books, and enlisted. Not very robust in body, yet tough, what there is of him, he will endure a soldier's life, which is now to be described.

VI.

Froebel as Soldier.

Froebel was not the young fellow who goes to war from a love of adventure. He was 31 years old and had a distinct purpose in life, which he was pursuing with strong concentration. Edu-

cator he intended to be, but was making himself too much of a hermit, too self-occupied. He had to be shaken loose from his personal end and made to feel a still higher end, to which he must sacrifice himself, in order to attain his better self. Break away from the school-room, leave the beloved crystal (now Froebel's sweet-heart), shoulder a musket and be off to the battle-field in the name of fatherland.

The soldier life of Froebel was an essential part of his education for making a teacher. He was becoming narrowed in his interest, absorbed too much in his own personal objects. Now the Spirit of the Age gives him a wrench, which means some fresh discipline; he has to take a dip into the folk-spirit of his people, which makes him one with them in deed and hope; he is united with that mighty, brooding, fecund soul, unconscious, yet the source of all great national movements as well as of individual greatness.

Here we may begin to make a distinction which runs through Froebel's entire life. Deepest love he had for that German folk as a native race; that was what he longed to educate, and when it moved, as now, he moved with it body and soul. But he had evidently little love for the German organized State as it existed in his time; it was a congeries of separate commonwealths without unity. He confesses that as a movement of

these States or rather of the Prussian State, the war excited little enthusiasm in him. But as an uprising of the German people, showing their deep folk-unity, he could respond. He says "I had no Fatherland, and Prussian I was not." The actual government was not his in form or spirit.

It is characteristic that he would not join the regular troops, but enlisted in a free corps which was organized by Baron Von Lützow for a purpose approaching guerilla warfare. These soldiers were to hang on the enemy's flanks, strike him in the rear, harass him, and stir up the country people to resistance. So Froebel was in the army a free lance, he refused to be regularized, showing his dislike of routine and formal organization. He was a guerilla, and something of the sort he remained all his life.

With a company of Berlin students he goes to Dresden, headquarters of the corps, which was named the Black Hunters, or the wild troop of dare-devils. Jahn was along as leader, he knew Froebel from the Plamann School, and designated him as that strange fellow who could read wonders out of stones and cobwebs. During the first morning halt on marching out of Dresden, Jahn introduced to Froebel a companion in arms and a fellow-countryman, a Thuringian from Erfurt.

This young man, not yet quite 21 years old,

of fine stately presence was Heinrich Langethal, student of Theology at Berlin, ever memorable among the co-workers with Froebel.

Soon Langethal found occasion to introduce to Froebel his dearest friend and comrade, Wilhelm Middendorf, a Westphalian, from Brechten near Dortmund, also student of Theology at Berlin. Middendorf was not yet twenty years of age, thus eleven years younger than Froebel, while Langethal was ten years younger. Note this difference of age, as it accounts in part for the intellectual preponderance of the older comrade. Even a third congenial friend appears by the name of Bauer, but him we shall here dismiss as he means quite nothing to the future of this narrative.

Thus we find Froebel making friends, though he did nothing of the kind at Göttingen, nor at Berlin. A solitary genius; but the continuous association of the march and the camp is bringing him out of himself and socializing him. He is going to school, but of a new kind; also he is still a teacher, for he begins instructing his two young companions in the educational Idea. Pupil and teacher still, though a soldier in the ranks, behold him both giving and getting. Surely his horizon is widening.

And I beg thee, my reader, to take notice of that youth who hangs upon the words of his newfound friend with an interest which approaches

absorption. He drinks down the conversation of Froebel with a joy bordering on ecstacy, and is already tied to him by a bond stronger than life or death. That youth is Wilhelm Middendorf, he of the winning way and word, whom all men admire, and especially all women love at the first glance, but who will have one deep abiding love, and that is Froebel. Mark him well, for he is the Hector of this Froebelian Iliad now opening with the present war, and running through forty years of comradeship in life's conflict, when both will be laid to rest not far apart in place and time. The Hector we call him, more beloved than the hero himself, the Achilles, still he is not the hero.

And before we pass on to the narrative we may note that another youth is beginning to attach himself to the little group or rather to Middendorf personally. His name is Prohaska, of slender build, with a piping voice and smooth lip showing no sign of even a pin-feathered moustache, yet a most valiant soldier; he refuses to lie down when the enemy fire, saying, "I shall make no bow to the French." Somewhat shy and retired in the presence of the others, he grows more and more devoted to Middendorf, who once chaffed him for being so bashful toward the girls who flocked into the camps along the march to see the soldier boys going out to fight for fatherland. Prohaska reddening replied: "I have the *one*

only love to give away — and that is for my country."

Froebel seems now to have found his first real friends, friends of his genius, devoted to his Idea. On the march from Dresden to Leipzig the bond between the three keeps growing, Froebel's self-isolation is broken up, at least for the time being. An outer War of Liberation it is for the Teutonic folk, but an inner liberation is likewise going on in all three individuals, determining their future. The two students, with the enthusiasm of youth, become filled with Froebel's ideal of education and will assist him to realize it hereafter, Middendorf clinging to Froebel till death. Pupils of Fichte and Schleiermacher both the new friends were, and there was many a chance to make the weary hours of the march and bivouac pass lightly through lofty discourse on philosophy. Chiefly the new educational Idea was talked of; probably more thought was given to it than to the enemy. The three paid a visit together to the beautiful Cathedral at Meissen, and drank in its architectural glories, nor did they fail to take a drink of the excellent Meissen wine, as Froebel himself has duly recorded.

When sterner duties relaxed, Froebel pursued his studies in camp; he was seen with his little hammer knocking stones to pieces, and collecting mineralogical specimens. He read some books; especially he notes the descriptions of Nature in

Forster's Rhine journeys. He also casts a glimpse into the meaning of military discipline; he seeks the inner necessity and connection of all the drill exercises. Not without use in his school will such experience be; also he observes in them the grand synthesis: "In their necessity I saw freedom."

Meanwhile the three friends would talk and discuss and dream a dream or two, man and his education being the chief subject; in all of which Froebel was particularly drawn toward Middendorf. He notes with profit "how little the individual person belongs to himself in a state of war, but how much he belongs to the Whole, and how, on the other hand, he must be cared for and carried by the Whole." A salutary training for Froebel's individualism; even the Free Corps cannot do without discipline, and it has to be fed by some hand quite invisible to the common soldier.

It is recorded that the friends smelt gunpowder in three pitched battles and in a number of skirmishes. The tender-hearted Middendorf found great difficulty in enduring the bloody horrors of the field of carnage. But like every soldier he had to steel himself and look grim-visaged war straight in the face without blenching. Soon he was called upon to perform a most painful duty. At the battle of Göhrde, his mate Prohaska refused to duck down with the

rest of the company when the enemy delivered their fire; the result was a bullet brought him down mortally wounded. Middendorf helped carry off his comrade, who had kept growing more attached to him, both having shared every danger awake, and a common couch in their hours of repose. As the slender, smooth-faced form lay there in death and was prepared for the last funereal rite, the discovery was made that Prohaska was a girl — Eleonore Prohaska. An astonishing revelation to Middendorf, who was not without some innocent blushes; yet the fact accounted for much that was mysterious and secretive in the fair young soldier's conduct. That touch of bravado in refusing to "bow to the French," which she paid for with her life, was really to conceal her sex. Such was the romance of the Amazonian war-maid, who in spite of her "one only love for fatherland" showed pulsations of another and perchance stronger love breaking up through her military disguise. Characteristic of Middendorf is the incident, whom Amazonian and other women looked on with favor all his life, but who, the innocent youth always, never knew of it, being absorbed in his "one only love."

In the ranks of this Corps was the poet of the grand uprising of the people, Theodore Körner. In these combats he found the material for his war-songs, still sung by Germany when it

marches out against the foe. "Lyre and Sword" is an immortal strain, voicing the great Teutonic folk-spirit, in its mood at this time. Körner fell on the field of battle aged 21, still singing out his soul with the ebb of his blood. Goethe has been reproached because he did not make himself the poet of his nation's great awakening. But he did not, and declares that he could not at his time of life and in his environment; one must be young and in the midst of the battle to feel and sing the war-song.

Many were the marches and countermarches, most of them to little purpose, it would seem. Froebel declares that it was depressing and weakening "never to know anything about our proper place in the grand totality of the campaign, never to see the reason of our many movements." Danced about like wooden pieces on the chess-board of war — how could he like that? Soon the whole thing seemed to turn to a dream in which accident rules; so he marched up and down through the country as through dreamland, not knowing why or wherefore, or whither.

The peace of Paris was concluded May 31st, 1814, and the war was over. Everyone of the Corps was permitted, if he so chose, to return to his former calling. Froebel went back to Berlin to resume his studies.

He had been a soldier a little more than a year.

What had he gotten by this rough experience? Much training which will be henceforth of service to him in the school. He has had his isolation broken into, if not broken up, and has been rendered more human and sociable by his connection with a large body of men co-operating in a common cause. Moreover he has developed into a capacity for deep friendship, having made during this war the two great friends of his life. Then he has become truly national and German through the grand baptism of the folk-spirit. In whatever he does hereafter, he can stand up before his countrymen and say: "For you I have staked my life" — a great thing to feel and to be able to say. (19)

But after this mighty expansion of his world's horizon there follows an equally great contraction, a self-confinement in a little room for two years with that sweet-heart of his already mentioned, the crystal, from whom he had torn himself away to go to the war. Now he returns to his love with an ardor tenfold on account of the separation.

VII.

Froebel as Crystallographer.

Froebel had been promised a position in the government service of Prussia for his enlistment under the Prussian flag. When he returned to Berlin he at once received the appointment, which

was a place in the mineralogical museum under Weiss. His occupation brought him into contact with minerals during the greatest part of the day, "those voiceless witnesses to the silent thousandfold creative activity of Nature." Such were now his most intimate friends, he lived with them all to himself, behind locked doors in a noiseless room. Is it a wonder that these stony messengers soon began to speak, and to tell him their message? In these so-called dead masses of rock he commenced to find signs of activity, development, law, yea the law of development and formation. Of some such thing he had long had a dim presentiment, at Göttingen, even at Jena; "in the little crystal I saw the course of Providence for the development of the human race."

Thus Froebel enters upon his distinctively crystallographic period, which runs between 1814–16. Little society he has except the crystal, he becomes a crystal himself, and learns its speech. So thoroughly does he sink himself in this occupation that his soul gets a distinct crystallographic bent which lasts through life and is seen in all his schemes of education. Going day after day into his chamber of crystal, as if into a cave of stalactites, he examines, fondles, and labels his specimens, he himself being the most remarkable specimen of the lot.

Still we must record that other visions now

and then penetrate even his stalactite cave. One day he meets in the Museum Wilhelmine Hofmeister, a highly cultivated Berlin lady, daughter of a Prussian official of some rank. How did she come to flit across his track just here? Another case of Providence, possibly; at any rate they engage in conversation, Froebel unfolds to her his view of Nature, and then passes to his scheme of education. Keep her in mind; he will not forget her.

The crystallographer secretly works away in his chamber, like a crystal slowly and quietly forming itself. He sees nature shooting into right lines out of chaos, thus she begins to take on her forms. He is working back to the primitive cosmical energy and beholding the universe organize itself. All of this he will hereafter apply to the unfolding of man, and specially of the child, who also begins with an inner chaos which must organize itself mainly through education.

His present occupation has its connection with the preceding war experience. In the latter he felt the dark unconscious folk-spirit in inner upheaval and final outbreak; it too showed an elemental energy and was forming on new lines; in this mighty movement Froebel participated, and went forth against the resisting foe along with his people. But having returned from the people's evolution, he turns to that of Nature,

and beholds her in her secret workshop, making forms, uttering herself in native power, world-creating.

Still even in his deepest absorption he does not intend to remain a crystal. He is thinking of his vocation, which must be that of educator. But how? For a time he imagines he may train himself to a Professorship in a University. But he soon finds this impossible. He has no classical education, which is the patent opening the guild of the learned; then, too, he lacks a fundamental training in Natural Science in spite of all his occupation with this branch. So he clearly sees himself shut out from the University, for which indeed he has no call. He never can become simply the erudite Professor in the dusty Halls of Learning, he is to be educator of the people in whose spirit he so deeply shares, finally the educator of little children.

Still the voiceless crystals are telling him their message. He sees the Godlike is not alone the gigantic, but also the atomic, manifesting all its fullness and strength in the smallest of the small, in the tiny crystal, which again becomes a mirror for reflecting mankind's development and history. "Nature and man seemed now mutually to explain each other." The inner process of the spirit he sees reflected in the outer process of the physical world. Man is, therefore, to get a knowledge of himself through Nature; moreover

he is to be educated by the study of Nature, through whose stages he is to unfold, because these are in a profound correspondence with his own stages of unfolding. Thus through the external world he returns to the inner world of himself, and develops into a self-conscious, intelligent being.

So much the crystal is teaching Froebel; but he proposes to apply his principle to other branches. He tackles language again, that black monster lying always in his path. He starts once more the study of the classic tongues. One of his thoughts pertains to the vowel. He deems that the sound of *i* designates "the absolutely internal" or the subjective, while the sound of *a* designates "the absolutely external," the objective, the material; which example will suffice.

Upon number too he speculates, with a view to his future vocation. In all he is seeking the law of unity. But chiefly in Nature he is tracing the movement of the human spirit, and thus transforming it into one vast symbol for educative purposes. Herein he is developing and realizing the germinal tendency which he received at Jena.

But what has become of the trio of friends? Toward the close of the war they were separated by the exigencies of the campaign. At the disbanding of the Free Corps, Froebel knew not whither Middendorf and Langethal had disap-

peared; but they had returned to Berlin also, and resumed their theological studies. Unexpectedly they all met again, but they did not at first see much of one another, Froebel locking himself up in his stalactite chamber, where he seemed to find his most congenial friends. But from this crystal-life he is shaken up by a new earthquake and cast forth into the world's events, whereby the three comrades are again thrown together into the swirl of the time.

Napoleon returned from Elba in 1815, at once the call to arms resounded throughout Germany and all Europe. Our three friends hastened to enlist a second time. But so great was the rush of volunteers that students were sent back to their studies, and officials to their posts. Froebel again returned to his crystals, and worked away in secret, like an energy of Nature herself. One more year he has to pass in his stalactite chamber; a professorship of mineralogy is offered him at Stockholm, which he refuses—not that way lies his vocation now. But in the year 1816 he declares his freedom. He quits his crystals and leaves Berlin—whither has he gone? A new chapter of his life has opened. (20)

VIII.

Retrospect.

We may now take a brief survey of this Chapter which is entitled Froebel as teacher and pupil, inasmuch as he shows himself as both throughout its course. And yet an inner movement must be noticed in these various changes. At Gruner's school, the starting-point, he was teacher yet he was learning much; he as pupil, however, stood in the background, for he was hired to instruct.

But when he reaches Yverdon he is openly both teacher and pupil; he goes to school himself and shares in the instruction, yet also is tutor to the three boys Von Holzhausen, who are with him. When he returns, he quits even this relation and becomes at Göttingen the pupil or student, yet always with the vocation of teacher in the background. His soldier life was a discipline, he says it was necessary for him as teacher; and then his crystallography simply unfolded his view of education, which he has now set out to realize, the training for it being ended.

Thus we see a movement in this Chapter from the teacher, implicit, crude, undeveloped, through the learner back to the teacher, who now has realized himself and has attained his own view of education. He has come to clearness

about his vocation, at least he has drawn its outlines in his thought; now he is ready to be not only an instructor under others, but an educator under his own guidance, himself a principal of a school, like Gruner, yes, like Pestalozzi; even the latter he thinks he can transcend. One reason why he hurried off to the University after his experience at Yverdon, was what he saw there; he saw that Pestalozzi was ignorant of the branches taught in his own school, and so was victimized and dominated by his subordinate teachers.

Froebel might well resolve nothing of that sort should happen to him in his career, and so he feels the necessity of the acquisition of the sciences, at least in their fundamentals, for his success and for his supremacy in his own sphere. He must know what is going on in his school, and not be helpless, as he saw poor Pestalozzi to be. Still he will not wholly escape trouble on this side.

Thus eleven years of his life have passed since he entered the Gruner school in 1805, — quite a fragment of human existence. Four of these he has been employed as teacher at Frankfort, two as teacher and pupil at Yverdon, 1809–11, five more as student, 1811–16, including the year's schooling in war.

Let it now be understood that Froebel has come into clearness, not only about what his

vocation shall be, but also about how he shall carry it out. He likes study at the University, is fond of philosophy, of science; above all, he loves his crystals, those dear shapes, mute, yet very expressive, nay affectionate and confidential toward him rather more than toward any other man, imparting to him the secret of the Universe, the law of development. Of course he loves them, and with good reason; still he must leave them now. They have told him their story, and have nothing further to say. So he is off on a new career.

Manifest it is that he is possessed of an Idea, all-controlling in life; this possession is already so strong that he has given up what is dearest, because the Idea is still dearer.

Such is what may be called the pedagogical training of Froebel during these years. It is essentially his Pestallozzian period, in which he comes into contact, directly and indirectly, with the great Swiss teacher, and elaborates the experience of such contact. From Gruner to Plamann he teaches with and under Pestalozzians; also he makes two visits to the Prophet himself at Yverdon. Through Pestalozzi Froebel may be said to have heard the voice of the age commanding the education of the people; that which the Time-Spirit gave him at Jena, he must now impart to all in the best way. What the people were and what they wanted he began to feel deeply

through that dip of his into the folk-soul of his own Teutonic race in its grand movement for freedom during the War of Liberation. By this experience he comes to realize that man is an active, productive being, and that he, as child, must be educated through the Will, whose final end is freedom. Here is the point where he makes an advance upon Pestalozzi, being led thereto by the mighty struggle of his people and his own personal participation in their movement.

And now forward to the deed thyself, and make thy thought real in an educational institute, for the hour has struck; its locality cannot be in Berlin, nor anywhere in autocratic and bureaucratic Prussia. Forth, then, to thy native hills of Thuringia, and make a start in an unobserved nook of liberty.

CHAPTER SECOND.

FROEBEL AS PRINCIPAL.

That is, Froebel is now to be seen in a new part of his career: he founds a school, an ideal school, and makes himself principal; he is no longer subordinate teacher or pupil. His apprenticeship to his vocation has been completed, an account of which has been given in the preceding chapter; now he sets up for himself and proposes to realize his ideal of education.

In 1816 the new institute starts at Griesheim, a small Thuringian village, but moves the following year to Keilhau, where it remains. The present chapter will show no change of place except the one mentioned; Froebel is now fixed to one spot for many years, in striking contrast to his former peregrinations and also the wan-

derings of his later life. A really permanent abode he has for the first and last time; a full dozen years he will stay in his school as working principal (1816–28); his visit to Krause at Göttingen is the beginning of his separation, the first break from it, which visit took place in 1828. Nominally, however, he continued to be principal during his absence in Switzerland and afterwards.

So Froebel founded his ideal school and therein was obeying a tendency of the age, was listening to the suggestion of the Time-Spirit. Basedow and Pestalozzi had preceded him with such institutions, and many have followed him with kindred attempts down to the present hour. Some kind-hearted, lofty-souled man, usually with a good deal of ambition, is inspired to become a world-reformer by educating the youth of the land on an entirely new plan discovered by himself. This new plan, however, is sure to be some rehabilitation of the ideas set in motion over a hundred years ago by that great educational magician and wonder-worker, Jean Jacques Rousseau, a pedagogical romancer and necromancer the like of whom never existed in the tide of time for blending truth and delusion into ravishing shapes and projecting them down the ages, where they continue to wander as restless ghosts troubling posterity. Let us note the common program: no more punishment, no more bad boys, for punishment is what makes them bad,

no discipline through order and the return of the deed upon the doer; a going back to nature, to the country, to the woods, and a handing over the child to himself, to his natural impulses and caprices; and this is his training to freedom. A good deal of Rousseau we can observe in Keilhau, as well as in many recent attempts at founding the grand new educational institute of the ages, which is, of course, to reform the world at once and forever, if it can only get half a chance.

We have already pointed out that Froebel's school had in it a strong element of Romanticism. There is the flight from the Real to the Ideal, embodied to some extent in all the teachers. The result is Keilhau has a decided, idyllic, poetic life; we think of Rosalind and the Forest of Arden, and the flight of the lovers to the Wood near Athens, and other fugitives from the real to the ideal world in the comedies of Shakespeare. This poetic strain runs through the whole Keilhau period and gives to it a peculiar coloring along with a kind of musical attunement; the entire story of it could be made to sing, if the poet were on hand and sympathetic with the theme. Chivalry, too, had its little cult there, read of by the students in romance and history, reproduced in their sports and wanderings, and sung by them particularly in the ballads of Schiller.

Then the other romantic element must be duly noted, that of the tender passion. Strange to say, through the doings at Keilhau there is a continuous undercurrent of Love, which, working silently, brings about most important consequences. The human heart is also there, and is performing its function, uniting and separating, making some people happy and others miserable, in the criss-cross of emotions, till all Keilhau begins to turn hazy with romance, and this biography, simply recording the events along its course, threatens to go over bodily into a novel. Strange threads of Fate the Love-God will spin all through this story of Keilhau, with effects reaching far beyond it and penetrating to the very end of life. A deeply tangled love-skein with passionate charges and counter-charges we shall have to look at in order to see total Keilhau in its truth.

Such is the chapter before us, recording the rise and flowering of Keilhau with its movement upwards; but there is in it also a movement downwards, a destructive element, which is secretly hurrying it towards its fall. Two opposite threads we shall find, a positive ascending one, and a negative descending one, which interweave and interact to the end of the chapter, whose general sweep is the rise, culmination and fall of Frederick Froebel as principal of Keilhau.

I.

Griesheim.

On quitting Berlin Froebel turned his steps toward the village of Griesheim in his native Thuringia. There dwelt the widow of Christoph Froebel, his best beloved brother, whose name has already occurred often in this narrative. After the battle of Leipzig the typhus fever broke out in the hospitals and raged through central Germany like a pestilence. The Rev. Christoph Froebel, pastor of Griesheim, nursing sick Frenchmen, the enemies and invaders of his country, but still human beings, caught the malignant fever and died of it in 1813, the victim of his own benevolence. The widow was still living in the parsonage when she summoned in 1816 Frederick Froebel to her assistance.

She had three boys growing up whose education must be attended to if any of them were to become men of learning, as their father had desired. The eldest, Julius, was already eleven years old, and had begun his studies at the Rudolstadt Gymnasium. One day, toward dusk, uncle Frederick walked into the widow's house, to the wonderment of the boys, who took a good stare at the tall lank man with long hair and black hat. They probably did not know the fact, but he had not a penny in his pocket,

having spent his last *groschen* for a piece of bread a few hours before at Erfurt. Most of the way from Berlin he had traveled on foot. A close calculation he had certainly made in the matter of expense; still he had gotten through, and he doubtless showed a good appetite for the widow's supper that evening.

Madam Christoph Froebel had often heard from her husband about the educational ideas of his brother, with whom he kept up an intimate correspondence. As far back as 1807, in a letter to Christoph, Frederick had unfolded the plan of a new educational institute, "very modest in its beginning, not to be trumpeted to the world by the newspapers," a simple family-school in the country. Nine years ago this was, but circumstance had foiled the scheme till now, when the way to fulfillment seems to have opened. When the widow wrote him, saying, "Come now and put into execution your plan with my fatherless boys, your nephews," Froebel answered, "I shall take the place of father to your orphaned children." (21)

Such were the words which Froebel gave in response to her request — words capable of two different interpretations, as we shall see in the sequel. Take note of these words, my reader, for they bear in themselves the secret touch of Destiny; they have lurking in their innocent sounds the germ of misunderstandings and deep-

est discords, from which conflict, disappointment of hopes, and bitterest hate between kindred will spring, and propagate its progeny of ills through a life-time. Well did the ancients hear in the Word (*fatum*) spoken at the critical moment a fatal note, for not alone was the person speaking there and then, but an unseen Power from beyond was secretly determining the future in that voice. Out of this promise of Frederick Froebel a dark thread of fatality will spin itself through his career to the very last day of his existence and will add something of its color to the history of the whole Family Froebel.

In such fashion, then, our schoolmaster has arrived at Griesheim, with no money in his pocket but with a great idea in his head. Now he is going to form a school which will be an epoch in education; he is sure he can make an advance on Pestalozzi, whose work he had seen and studied at Yverdon. He is certain of himself and is not hampered by an excess of modesty. But three boys are hardly enough for even a start; accordingly he goes to another brother, Christian Froebel, who lives at Osterode, and succeeds in obtaining two nephews there and brings them along. Now he is ready; accordingly on the 13th day of November, 1816, he opens the Universal German Institute at Griesheim on the Ilm, with four nephews, the fifth one, little Theodore, joining afterwards.

Free development was the rule of the school, and the boys soon developed unusual freedom. Neckties were cast off, and hats were in no great demand; there was a return to nature after Rousseau's own heart. The youths roamed the woods in search of plants and animals and insects, accompanied by their teacher; they shot with bows and arrows, they threw spears; they pulled off shoes and stockings, waded into streams, made dams and mills and fortresses, and sometimes they would have a free fight. Two old ladies lived with Madam Christoph Froebel, her mother and her aunt; these thought the boys were being ruined by their uncle and were often annoyed by the liberties of the youngsters, who seemed to have no due respect for age. Not an altogether pleasant situation for the old ladies desiring peace; for we must recollect that the school was in the family, though Froebel had rented his own house with a garden, where he lived with the two sons of Christian Froebel, while the widow still stayed at the parsonage.

There is no doubt, however, that the four cousins were having a good time with uncle Frederick, traveling the thorny path of learning. He loved play as much as they did, and could lead them in it, nay, he was as much of a boy as they were, in spite of years; a spontaneous play-spirit was his, such as no other mortal man ever possessed, and he kept it up till he was seventy

years old, when Death one day bade him stop playing, at least on this side of Time. Interesting it is to see the kindergarden germ in his work already; with these boys he is employing play for training, as he will hereafter employ it with the still smaller child — a thing shocking to the old ladies forevermore.

In doors the boys had more serious work; they were taught number and form — arithmetic and geometry; they were carefully trained in the native tongue, and were practiced in correct speaking and writing. Certain expressions prevalent among the people of Thuringia at this time, having been caught up without being fully understood, from the profanity of the French soldier, like Sakkernondidich, were remorselessly rooted out, not only on linguistic but also on patriotic grounds. Of that hated French domination not a sign was to be left, especially such a corrupt sign. With astonishment we hear that the boys already at Griesheim were taught modeling, paper-folding, form-pricking; yea, we learn that Froebelian drawing in net-work was thus early practiced by pupils, one of whom has left on record that it was extremely fascinating. So far back did the kindergarden occupations start to sprouting in Froebel's soul. (22)

Thus the Universal German Institute, having gotten under way, sails merrily through the first scholastic year 1816–17. Froebel, optimistic,

enthusiastic, and quite incapable of deceiving anybody but himself, now summons his companions-in-arms, those two friends out of the War of Liberation, Middendorf and Langethal, to enlist under his banner. For he had begun on his own account a second War of Liberation, the inner one, which, however, was to be carried out in the spirit of the first, uniting the German folk in one great movement for enfranchisement. So his voice went up: Come, my fellow-soldiers, and help me fight this new battle against the Powers of Darkness mightier than Napoleon.

The first to respond was Wilhelm Middendorf. He was the youngest child, and the favorite, of a prosperous farmer of Brechten, Westphalia, who wished above all things to see his son a minister in the home parish. This son had, accordingly, studied theology, and had taken his final examination at Easter, 1817. So far he had followed the desire of his parent; then he made the break for Froebel and Griesheim. When the two were comrades in 1812, Froebel had filled him with a new ideal; on the march and in the bivouac it rose before him as they conversed together — the new ideal of education. He can no longer think of becoming a clergyman; utterly impossible for him is such a vocation now; he must be a teacher. Theology is good in its way, but it is a little old, in fact medieval; the new priestly vocation is that of educator. Froe-

bel, we recollect, re-acted strongly against his clerical father's calling. So Middendorf takes the great step, after no small battle, outer and inner, between theology and pedagogy, with victory for the latter, being inspired by Froebel with a new apostleship.

As a dutiful son he must go to the paternal home and explain matters. Very trying was the ordeal; the old father, after many vain appeals, exclaimed in the spirit of ancient Abraham: "Heaven has abundantly blessed us, for that blessing one child must be sacrificed to the Lord." Middendorf had an emotional nature, with a strong tinge of German sentiment; also a poetic vein, with a tendency to break forth into rhymes. A most devoted, faithful, loyal soul to what and to whom he had given his heart, and his heart he had given unreservedly to Froebel. Middendorf had almost no negative element in his character, an unfallen spirit, angelic, innocent as Eden before Satan's entrance; he is the one and the only one of Froebel's friends who never shows the least swerving or estrangement. He never even declared his independence; with a kind of ecstasy he sank away into the Froebelian sea, renouncing individuality.

Yet Middendorf had his gifts very different from Froebel. A strikingly beautiful person, winning all men at first glance, and particularly all women; while dame Nature, in the matter of

giving good looks, had been a veritable step-mother to Froebel, quite as malicious as his real step-mother at Oberweissbach. Middendorf was eloquent, Froebel was not; Middendorf was a reconciling character, Froebel often showed a repelling energy; modest the one, conceited the other; but let us end this string of contrasted predicables, and say that the two friends were in many things exact counterparts, complementary of each other, and hence fitting together in one totality. Still, let it be remembered, Froebel was the genius, the creative spirit, the sun, while Middendorf was the moon, the beautiful and happy reflection of the central luminary.

So it came to pass that Middendorf reached Griesheim on a fine April day a little while before Froebel's birth-day, which was April 21st, and which was duly celebrated by the family and by the new-comer, who had brought along a younger brother of Langethal's as a pupil. Always afterwards there was a school festival on Froebel's birth-day.

Middendorf at first was not a teacher; in fact, there was small need of him in that capacity during these early days. He took lessons from Froebel in pedagogy, and so was a pupil, too; with the pupils he was an elder companion, and rambled over the country, while at home he exercised his story-telling faculty, giving to the boys, among other things, some giant folk-lore,

which was suggested by the mountains and the names of places in the neighborhood.

But what means this new bustle at the parsonage? A change must be made; Madam Christoph Froebel has lost her right of residence there through the death of her father. What is to be done now? She is very enthusiastic for the new Idea, the school must not be given up, though it has to be transferred. A suitable site cannot be purchased at Griesheim; after some looking about, the right place is found in the little village of Keilhau, some ten or twelve miles distant. Just the right place, says Frederick Froebel, who goes to the locality and inspects it; just the right place for a boys' school; see this fair Schaalbach Valley, these rugged hills for climbing, these pine woods, health-giving, inhabited by the squirrel, the fox, and even the deer, with any quantity of birds in the tree-tops, and any quantity of flowers springing up from the soil. Fun for the boys I see here everywhere, along with the study of nature; play in unison with instruction I can hear singing out of the whole landscape. Just the place I want for my boys'-school!

But Froebel had no means; we recollect that he reached Griesheim only by spending his last penny for some bread. Since that time certainly not a great sum of money has flowed into the treasury, and father Middendorf was not in

the mood to supply his son Wilhelm with much ready cash. The widow, however, is enthusiastic, and has withal a strong will, very persistent in fact. She possesses a small property at Stadt-Ilm not far away, this she sells and with the proceeds buys the location at Keilhau, consisting of a farm and a peasant's hut, with an unfinished dwelling-house in a state of dilapidation, which had to be partly rebuilt before it could be used. Froebel and Middendorf with their boys move into this peasant's hut in June, 1817, while the widow with her sons stays behind in Griesheim till the dwelling-house be completed. Froebel pulls off his coat and starts to work, and the others take a hand in clearing up the neglected premises; he, being a carpenter and architect, does not need to spend any money for labor, and, besides, he has no money.

Thus the school has found its home, which it will never leave. Madam Christoph Froebel has furnished the means, little enough, yet her all; Frederick Froebel takes her property and uses it, seeming to regard what is hers as his own. And she has given it without protest or stint, in deep devotion to the man and his work, keeping that promise of his alive in her heart, that he would "take the place of father to her orphaned children." But what lies in Froebel's mind concerning this thread of his life which the Fates are covertly spinning? No voice of his

has reached us, we can only wait till Time speaks forth the secret in the event.

II.

Early Keilhau.

In about two months the dwelling-house was ready, so that the moving could take place. Accordingly in August, 1817, Madam Christoph Froebel packs up her household goods and makes the change from Griesheim to Keilhau. The two aged ladies, grandmother and grandaunt, go along, doubtless with some premonitions about leaving the old spot, also about this questionable new departure in educating boys, for this was not the way in their youth. A German moving it was, with household cows and pigs and poultry following the high-piled wagon, nor were the geese, "the feathered cattle," left behind, the rich source of the luxurious feather-bed as well as of that blessed dish, when fat and rightly roasted, called *Gänsepfeffer*.

One of the students who was there has left us a description of Keilhau at that time. About 100 inhabitants and 20 houses, some of which were three hundred years old; the church had a fine tower but descended into the earth like a cellar or catacomb. On the main highway of the village was the fountain, in whose pools along the streets sported in season lizards and salamanders.

As was done 500 years ago, the magistrate used a notched stick to tell off the fees or tithes due from the people, and announced verbally any new order of the government, as if printing existed not. The watchman armed with his medieval hellebard marched daily through the village. The same blue coat for Sunday descended from father to son, and the daughter wore the same fine toggery that had decked the mother as bride. The food was chiefly fruit and grain, their drink the crystal-pure water of the village fountain. The peasants took their products to the market at Rudolstadt; there they would indulge in the luxury of a glass of beer, or a herring, or a piece of sausage.

Such was the primitive spot in which Froebel began reforming the world, a spot somewhat like in innocence to that original Paradise in which Adam made his start. Froebel flees from the city, almost from civilization, and returns to Eden in order to reproduce the new man by education, so great is his faith in his Idea. He will try to keep out the Serpent by his method, since every other way has failed, even that of the Lord through divine prohibition. At least one may say that here in Keilhau is still to be seen a considerable remnant of the Middle Ages in custom, in costume, in social order, in spirit and in backwardness.

And now let us consider the neglected premises

to have been put in order, the new school-house to have been erected, everybody fairly settled, and the boys to be at work or rather at play, for this was their chief business, the happy fellows! And sure enough, they were at play with some new building blocks which Froebel had just given them, when lo! approaching in the distance is the tall, dignified, imposing figure of a gentleman, yet showing a kindly look in his face as he draws nearer to the boys who have stopped their play for a good gaze. Is it a medieval knight haunting this medieval spot, the genius of the place, as it were? Not exactly, yet somewhat so. He is soon recognized by both Froebel and Middendorf, who rush to embrace him in the most cordial welcome, while the astonished boys gather around and stand, except one little fellow who also makes a plunge for the stranger and calls him "my brother." Who is it? Heinrich Langethal, friend and comrade of Froebel and Middendorf in the War of Liberation.

So on a September day, 1817, the third person of this trinity of friends appears at Keilhau. But alas! he does not intend to remain, and furthermore his plan is to take his young brother away. Langethal has studied theology and passed a brilliant examination; but he has refused a clerical position and accepted that of a tutor in a noble family of Silesia. Just now he is visiting his people at Erfurt, not far away, and has come

over to see his old friends, as well as to remove his brother, who is to go with him to his new place. Not a joyful piece of news to Keilhau; still the parting is not yet, as he proposes to stay a few days, and to look around, and to take a lesson or two in Froebel's pedagogy, of which he had imbibed a good deal in former days on the march and in camp.

This was an opportunity which Froebel was not slow to improve; he knew he must have just this man to round out his work. For Langethal possessed certain necessary qualities which Froebel and Middendorf both lacked; he was the best teacher of the three, especially for the more advanced pupils; he possessed a more thorough classical training than either of his friends, had a more dignified bearing, commanded a loftier respect from those wild boys — and always getting a little wilder — with whom Froebel and Middendorf stood more on the footing of jolly equals. Langethal's strong point was dignity of character — a quality quite lacking in that boisterous Keilhau hurly-burly of liberty, equality, and fraternity, which took up everybody, large and little, in its embrace, not omitting the two old ladies who had a standing feud with those impertinent youngsters, whose naughtiness Froebel seemed rather to enjoy. Yes, Langethal is needed there with his element of character, and nobody knows it better

than Froebel himself, who besieges his friend in long walks and talks, till the latter capitulates. The tutorship in Silesia is canceled, theology is again relegated to a back seat, as in the case of Middendorf, and Heinrich Langethal takes an inner vow of consecration to the New Idea. Great rejoicing at Keilhau over this triumph, and well there may be. (23)

In this decision another influence was at work, very subtle, unmentioned probably, yet shaping the man's career. Langethal had a chivalrous, medieval strain in his nature; a touch of knight-errantry lay in him, and he loved the romance of chivalry. Of a sudden he found himself set down in a village of the Middle Ages, with its distant castle, its church, nearly all spire, its quaint people. The spirit of Keilhau, voicing that olden time, appealed to him powerfully; here is where he desired to live. Already we have spoken of the Romantic School and its influence upon Froebel and his work, as well as upon Middendorf. But Langethal was the greatest Romanticist of the lot. So the genius of the place whispered to his kindred genius and persuaded him with its secret promptings, uniting its spirit power to the words of Froebel, and making them irresistible.

In his native town, Erfurt, Langethal was a man of influence, which showed itself in the welcome fact that five pupils came thence to

Keilhau in the course of this and the succeeding year. Thus the school kept growing, and more buildings were needed. Still, poverty held its bony grip upon the work and strangled many an enterprising scheme of improvement.

Langethal, having entered the circle of instructors, soon won the very souls of the boys. His tramps with them over the mountains extended beyond anything they had ever done of the kind with Froebel and Middendorf. At the same time he opened to them a new world of the imagination, just his own in fact. They read with him *The Magic Ring*, a romance of the Middle Ages; he sang and declaimed for them with his full sonorous voice the ballads of Schiller, especially those having the color and background of chivalry, as *the Diver* or *the Battle with the Dragon*, or best of all, because shortest and most vivid, *Der Handschuh;* then he would strike up the patriotic war-songs of the Lutzow Corps, when Middendorf would fall in with his fine tenor voice, and Froebel too could be heard varying the strain with his peculiar nasal snarling tone, which he could not suppress when he sang, and giving to the whole a kind of a hurdy-gurdy undertone.

But no undue familiarities with Langethal, my boys; he was always dignified, stately, sonorous, commanding; he was their veritable knight Teutonic, coming down from the old German emper-

ors, of whose tournaments and expeditions they read in their history. Under his guidance they built castles on the mountains out of rock; they made helmets, shields, coats of mail out of papier maché; javelins, swords, arrows they cut out of wood. The old medieval world of German knighthood they reproduced, and actually carried out the scheme of Romanticism in their play. Thus the boys underwent a grand transformation within and without, they had high ideals, and lived in a realm where they could build lofty air-castles on the dizziest heights of dreamland. And furthermore let the fact be noted; they, as high-toned knights and full of chivalrous feeling toward the ladies, now disdained their former vulgar sport of teasing the two old women, who began at last to have a little peace in this ideal world of knighthood.

Thus the Keilhau school slips along through the cold season till the spring of 1818, amid much enthusiasm and many privations. The boys were having a glorious time, even if the bread was dry and cracked with age, and the butter rancid. The stove would smoke in the school-room, but what of that? No coffee was allowed, no tea, no chocolate, none of your foreign decoctions; pure German water from Keilhau fountain is the only patriotic drink. Somewhat more dubious the matter looked when bread itself seemed on the point of giving out, with no

money in the till, and with little grain in the land, and that very dear. This period, in fact, is still known in Germany as the years of famine. The whole set, Froebel, Middendorf, Langethal, the women and the boys, at one time seemed to have become bankrupt together, since they could not rake up enough money to buy their food, as unpretentious as this was.

At such a conjuncture Madam Christoph Froebel stepped to the front, strong-willed and devoted to the cause. She had a lot of silverware, chiefly heirlooms coming down from the past; these had value, nay, could be melted and turned into shining metal with purchasing power. No sentimental tears for those sacred relics; she would draw them forth from their hiding-place, piece by piece — she did so several times, according to report — and fling them into jaws of the monster Hunger, thereby appeasing him, and rescuing the Keilhau band from his maw. Certainly it looks as if the community had been scattered to the winds but for such action on her part. So much she has done for the cause and for the man who has promised to "take the place of father to your orphaned children."

Meanwhile the warm winds of spring have begun to pipe in the vale of Schaale, and vegetation is appearing everywhere in response, bringing berries and other edibles to the hungry. Stern poverty has relaxed her grip, and the boys

are roaming the fields and mountains, for instruction of course, but not neglecting to take their fill of wild strawberries which abound in those parts. But listen! amid the soft kisses of the breeze and the merry song of the birds in the merry month of May, is mingled a discordant note, getting louder and louder to downright anger and separation. What is the matter?

In June, 1818, Madam Christoph Froebel is again packing her household goods, and is preparing to leave Keilhau. Moreover she threatens to sell the farm and appurtenances, which are her property, to the highest bidder. School and all will have to go, as Froebel has no money, nor has Middendorf, nor has Langethal. What is to be done with the woman, strong-willed, strong-tongued, yea, strong-boned, now roused to a high pitch of indignation? At last she is appeased to the extent of selling out to Froebel at a high price, taking his promises to pay, and leaving her boys still at his school. Then, with a malediction in her heart upon the man who said he would take the place of father to her orphaned children, she quits Keilhau and moves to another town not very far off called Volkstädt, from which for years hence she will look out upon the school and its principal with a deep sense of wrong, possessing almost the fabled power of the Evil Eye.

What is the cause of the tempest? A certain

disquieting rumor has been going the rounds of the village, and she has heard it with great perturbation; in consequence of it, she has had an interview with Froebel, and he has acknowledged to her that he is going to marry another woman. Good Heavens! Who is it?

III.

Froebel's Marriage.

Already the reader has seen the form of Henrietta Wilhelmine Hoffmeister flitting momentarily across Froebel's path of life when he was in the Mineralogical Museum at Berlin. Into his solitary stalactite chamber of crystals she came one day, with an illumination never forgotten by him; he spoke to her and began conversing about his Idea, into which she entered with marvelous sympathy and appreciation. Only this one time, seemingly, did she appear to him, but that was enough. Moreover she and her family were well known to both Middendorf and Langethal, who, while they were students at Berlin, visited at her home, and undoubtedly they had spoken to her in praise of Froebel, the man of great ideas in education. It is probable that she, stimulated by their description and by a woman's curiosity, peeped into the museum one day just to catch a glimpse of the strange genius at work in his crystal-world. But in this look the Fates were spinning her thread of life.

She was the daughter of a Prussian Councillor of War and had been reared in comfort, if not in luxury. A highly cultivated woman, pupil of Fichte and Schleiermacher, she shared deeply in the intellectual life of the Capital and its University. Born at Berlin, Sept. 20th, 1780, she was now 38 years old, no longer young, in fact two years older than Froebel himself. Trying experiences of life she had passed through, but had kept her enthusiasm; a Romanticist she was by nature and still more by education, participating strongly in the spiritual movement of the Romantic School, which made such a stir at Berlin during the early years of the Nineteenth Century. Yet her manner was without all pretense, very amiable, without the least appearance of the strong-minded, self-exploiting blue-stocking, horror of horrors to the German man and to some others not German.

There is no doubt that Froebel had a good opinion of himself, but it must have taken considerable nudging to bring him to the point of asking this refined and high-bred lady to leave her comfortable home and the elegant society of a great city, and to share the primitive life at Keilhau, sometimes sinking down to starvation line. But Middendorf, and, as we think, Langethal especially, kept nudging, nudging: she is the lady to preside over your grand destiny, and that of your school; Frau Christoph yonder is a

good woman in her way, excellent at the wash-tub and house-cleaning, but she has peasant manners and reads only newspapers. Not a suitable helpmeet for you and for your future, my dear friend; then how can we, graduates of the University, stay here with that woman giving tone to our domestic life? Send the decisive letter at once to Berlin or let us send it for you.

At any rate the letter was sent, and the matter was debated in the family Hoffmeister; the old Councillor was inclined to veto the scheme, upon which the daughter looked with favor from the start. It appealed to her romantic character thus to flee from civilized life back to nature, from city to country, from present to past, from real to ideal, and specially from the dreary prose of to-day to the fair poetic world of chivalry. She knew that gallant specimen of knighthood, young Heinrich Langethal, who had doubtless informed her or a certain young lady of her household, concerning what was going on at Keilhau. So the father yields, though he would gladly have kept his daughter to comfort his old age, which was now upon him. Accordingly a letter is sent to Frederick Froebel which in a few weeks brings him from Keilhau to Berlin, where on the 20th of September, 1818, her birthday, he weds Henriette Wilhelmine Klepper, born Hoffmeister, and after due festivity, brings her home in a kind of triumph.

A most daring stroke on the part of Froebel, indeed an act of sublime audacity when we consider his finances, his prospects and the man himself. Yet a highly successful stroke thus to win a fair lady; but not many men will have the courage to imitate it in these days. At any rate the Keilhau knights have now a high-born lady to preside in their castle, if such may be called the rambling group of wooden buildings, partly unfinished still, in which is the abode of the New Idea.

We must also record the fact, not without significance, that Froebel's wife has an adopted daughter, Ernestine Crispine, now grown, whom she has brought with her to Keilhau, and who will play her part in its drama. Just at present we can merely say that in due time hereafter she will be married to knightly Heinrich Langethal, who has often seen her at Berlin while a student there, and who has been so active in bringing about her mother's removal to Keilhau, well knowing (one may conjecture) that she would not be left behind. Thus it would appear that Langethal's advice in this matter might not have been wholly disinterested, and that in his case too the Love-God was at work, though in secret, weaving an invisible web of gossamer around two hearts till they can no longer tear away from each other.

Let us imagine the reception over, and the new

mistress installed in her place and setting things to rights after her own fashion. Bless me, what a disillusion! The boys find out at once that they are no longer the center, but all begins to circle round the new luminary. She has her own table, which is not theirs, and the teachers assemble around her table now, not theirs, as they did before. "The Berlin aunt" is already unpopular, introducing her high-toned ways into the youthful democracy at Keilhau. Then what is this we see on a fair summer's day? Horror of horrors! A table is brought out, and with five chairs is placed upon our turning-ground, which our own hands have made with the spade and shovel, and which we have dedicated to genuine old-German customs. Worse and worse! Tea and coffee, those vile, foreign, un-German decoctions, are served in broad daylight, and three of the chairs are occupied by our three teachers, who along with the two Berlin ladies are drinking the very beverage which they have forbidden to us and repudiated as unpatriotic and unhealthy at least a hundred times. A great shock it was to the boys; in fact a conspiracy arose among them, and a tablet was set up by them at the entrance with the inscription: Our turning-place desecrated by a coffee-house. It looks as if they had the best of the argument in this matter, and it is said that "the Berlin aunt" did not have many such gatherings after-

wards. Thus that darling amusement of the German woman, the afternoon *Kaffeeklatsch*, which she loves next to her husband, carrying it with her around the globe wherever she may settle, gets a decided set-back at the hands of the Keilhau boys, the patriotic youngsters.

But the school passes out of its state of learned bachelorhood, and gets married in the person of its principal. Too much of the male and the monk here for the good of the youth; a domestic thread must be woven into their lives even by education; this masculine fraternity of men and boys is one-sided, let us correct it by transforming the whole school into a family with a woman at the center — a wife refined, motherly, devoted to the cause. The domestic side of Keilhau now begins, and will continue to unfold with the years.

The pinch of poverty is still felt but the work goes bravely on. More and more does it appear, however, that Froebel is a poor administrator, and, what is worse, will take no advice. We also hear now of a little disappointment of his: he expected a marriage portion, but it never came to hand. Also it begins to be perceived that the new Madam Froebel is not a good manager for the Keilhau household, that is, she is not economical. What else indeed could be expected from her previous affluent way of living? Under such circumstances the former thrifty house-

keeper, Madam Christoph Froebel, rises to memory.

She is yonder at Volkstädt, brooding over her lot with the sense of the deepest injury, recalling what she deems the broken promise of Frederick Froebel, and invoking, it may be said, the Furies of violated Love to avenge her wrong. Is she justified in her imprecations upon him and all the Keilhau teachers along with the hated Berlin woman who has taken her place? If there be an Ethical Order in this Universe — and there is — now must the Unseen Powers, its guardians and defenders, step out into the arena of this life of Froebel, and henceforth take a hand in its course, wreaking upon him and all the participants in this wrong done to an innocent woman, the retribution of their deed. All this, provided that she is right in thinking that the sacred promise of Love had been scorned and trampled underfoot by Froebel and his advisers in the matter of his present marriage. Recollect, we say, *provided that*, for we emphatically feel and affirm it to be not in our sphere to judge the case but simply to record the judgment of the Unseen Justiciary, when it has uttered itself in the event.

Froebel and his friends appear before the World's Tribunal, declaring that he never "in the remotest degree" had in mind the meaning which his deceased brother's widow put into his

words: "I shall take the place of father to your orphaned children." Let the statement stand as the plea on his side; but there is another side which must now be heard in the interest of an impartial decision and in explanation of many occurrences hereafter. (24)

IV.

The Froebel Boys and their Mother.

In the Keilhau school were five boys by the name of Froebel. Two were sons of Christian Froebel, and, though educated by their uncle, were of small importance in his career; so they may be at once dismissed. Far greater was the influence of the three sons of Christoph Froebel upon their uncle's life; they stream into it during its entire course to the very last, even until his death, in which one of them may be said to have been remotely involved, though not, of course, guiltily. Two of these sons, Julius and Carl, became famous writers, and both have told their story of early Keilhau. Particularly has Julius Froebel, in his Autobiography called by him *Ein Lebenslauf*, given a full account of his mother and his uncle at Keilhau and elsewhere. These sons of Christoph Froebel, being of such importance, we shall designate specially as the Froebel boys.

The picture of the mother which Julius Froebel gives us permits us to see the general outlines of her character. He calls her a decided realist; she loved disputation, was fond of politics, and was a zealous reader of newspapers till her eightieth year, the time of her death. In religion she was a rationalist, as was her husband, and had many a discussion with her father, who was a pietist. She would chat with the peasants, and evidently felt herself at home among them; she leaned toward democracy and its equalizing tendency which sprang of the French Revolution. She had a strong will which often led her into acts of tyranny in the family. With her imperious temper was coupled a bony, robust, rather tall body, capable of any amount of work and of privation. Her son declares that one of her marked traits was a pedantic cleanliness, for which she required the water of the entire river Ilm, which fortunately flowed before her door. He must have remembered her remorseless scrubbing of him when a boy, and there was needed all her fierce washing-power to keep things clean in that school of muddy shoes. A strong but rude character she shows, strong in will, in tongue, in muscle; curious for what is new and enthusiastic for reform and devoted to liberty, provided that it did not interfere with her authority.

Such a realistic woman, as the center of the school home, was not relished by those University

men who were to be the future instructors. Particularly Langethal must have felt the discord with his ideal romantic tendency. Such was the inner conflict fermenting in Keilhau during the scholastic year of 1817–8, and ending in the marriage of Froebel to a woman of quite the opposite character.

When he comes to mention his mother's departure from Keilhau, Julius Froebel very naturally does not give the reason assigned by his uncle's friends. He could not speak of his mother's disappointed love, but he brings forward other grounds for the step, attributing it to his uncle's bad management and blind self-confidence which refused all advice. The climax was reached when the latter sent the seed-corn to the mill to be ground into flour for bread which was needed for the school. Then, says Julius, the widow foreseeing economic ruin called a halt, sold out, and quit the school, for which she had originally bought the place and endured so many privations. All this may have been true, but the other reason was also true, and indeed the real reason. Still the widow took Frederick Froebel's promises to pay, though he had already broken another and deeper promise. But even these promises to pay were remorsely disregarded, and their failure reduced her and her daughter to absolute penury, to great suffering, and finally to the verge of starvation.

On this point Julius Froebel bears witness from what he saw and knew personally. We shall translate directly from his narrative: "Visiting my mother at Volkstädt during the severe cold of winter, I found her lying very ill of a fever, without money and without fuel, in a small room of a peasant's hut. When I returned to Keilhau, I asked my uncle Frederick Froebel to pay some of the debt due my mother, but with hard words he refused the payment. Hitherto I had been in a kind of conflict between my love for my mother and my veneration for my uncle and teacher. But now I began to *hate the man*, and it was natural for me to think of leaving Keilhau. My two brothers and myself made during those winter evenings some toys which we sold to our wealthier fellow-pupils; our sister earned a few dollars with her needle; thus by selling the products of our small industry we succeeded in meeting the immediate wants of our mother's household." (See *Ein Lebenslauf* I. s. 38.)

Such is the arraignment of Frederick Froebel by his own nephew, citing him in printed accusation before the Tribunal of the Ages, which has at last to render decision. Both the accused and the accuser have passed beyond to their own final account over the border, but in a kind of spectral attitude they still tarry here before us, glaring at each other with all the venom of a blood-feud

among kindred. So we have to call up these hostile ghosts just here in the course of this biography and meet them and look into their faces, for we cannot turn aside from them in duty to our theme.

As already said, Froebel and his friends declare that the widow had no right to think of marriage when he told her that he would be a father to her orphaned children. Let it be granted that she was too ready to see a deeper meaning in Froebel's words than their author intended. But did he not know that she thus interpreted him? Could he have remained two years in intimate daily intercourse with her and not have perceived that? And perceiving it, ought he not in justice to have disabused her mind, if he intended no such thing from the start? Such are the questions that will come before the Tribunal in seeking to adjudicate this matter according to the law of eternal right.

In fact a still deeper question rises at this point. If Froebel from the start never intended any such relation, but let her be deceived, playing on her feelings and her enthusiasm for his cause, and using her property as if it were his own, through her infatuation, then shall we not have to say that his conduct is of a still darker dye? Rather let us believe that he intended quite what she did in the beginning; certainly we cannot think him to have intended just the

opposite and have deceived her so long in cold deliberation. Such a view we shall throw out of court on the spot. But we may consider that he was persuaded by Middendorf and specially by Langethal that he could never realize that Idea of his with such a wife or perchance such a woman, in his educational home.

Herewith we reach down to Froebel's deepest principle of action: he was possessed with an Idea, which pulsed through every throb of his heart, and which determined every deed of his, yea, every motive and feeling. To the Idea he stood ready to sacrifice all human relations, even the tenderest, even Love itself. At one fling he could toss his own kindred to be devoured by his Idea, beginning with himself. This on one side makes him the Hero, but on the other side brings down upon him the tragic penalty of being a Hero. For these human relations, too, have their validity, aye, their right in this world, and so their violation will not fail to call up the avenger, who will scourge their violator and hunt him into the very dust in return for his deed, even though this be done in the pursuit of a lofty ideal.

But again we must strongly affirm that we are not the judge of Frederick Froebel; to hold court over him lies not in the sphere of our jurisdiction. Not to judge, but to record judgment when it has been delivered in the events of life is our impar-

tial biographic function. And we must wait and see what events the Powers, by way of discipline and penalty, will interweave into this career of Froebel, before the real meaning of his deed and of his character will move into the light of day.

Still in taking a review of the case up to the present, so much may be stated: when we hear Julius Froebel utter those words with a glow of vengeful intensity which still burns the eye that reads, *I began to hate him*, in a passage which he revised and printed, if he did not write, full seventy years after the occurrence which it describes, he being at that time eighty-four years old, and all the parties concerned having been laid long since in their graves — then we know the Furies of Hate to have been born in the hearts of these Froebel boys, taking up the cause of their injured mother and vowing eternal revenge upon their uncle, who in his turn will charge them with ingratitude, with betraying his cause to his enemies and spreading their insidious lies, to the ruin of his school at Keilhau.

Unquestionably the Furies of the Family are now born, born of the deed of the uncle, and will play their part, often hidden till it bursts into sudden consuming fire, in the coming history. Born they are, and now are at work, and will not stop working while a spark of life lasts in a single heart of these participants. (25)

V.

The Froebel Girls and Their Father.

After the marriage of Froebel, the economical side of the school did not improve — how could it? The revenues were not large, the financial administration of both husband and wife was wasteful, at least not adjusted to the income, and even the old specter Hunger at times showed his face threateningly in the distance. But the instruction went forward with success, the teachers were devoted to the Idea, and heavenly Hope took the greatest delight in encircling with her rainbows the gaunt figure and pinched features of pallid Poverty.

Still the crisis could not be put off forever. It seemed on the point of culminating when a certain important lease expired in the year 1820, and Froebel was in danger of being turned out of doors. But here again Providence, his great ally, came to his assistance just at the decisive moment. His brother Christian Froebel, a prosperous manufacturer living at Osterode in the Harz, who has two boys at the school resolves to move his whole family to Keilhau, and to devote himself and his fortune to furthering Frederick's enterprise. He has wealth, has business experience, and has a wife who is an excellent household manager; surely they are just the people most needed now at Keilhau.

But the chief fact in this occurrence is that Christian Froebel has three daughters, two of them young ladies, who now (1820) enter the Keilhau circle. Not however as pupils; their education is apparently not thought of in this all-absorbing boys'-school. Not one word about the training of girls in this new educational scheme, though Froebel has four nieces, sisters of the five nephews, and also human souls: three are these daughters of Christian, and one the daughter of Christoph. In the most striking manner they are simply left out of the account. But later in life Froebel will change, he will recognize the place of woman in education above all other men of his time, especially in the education of the child; young ladies like these nieces of his he will train to a new vocation, that of kindergardners, who will become the great promulgators and apostles of his Idea. But no hint of any such thought is in his head now.

Still these three Froebel girls, daughters of Christian, will hold their own in the home, and will make themselves a most important factor in Froebel's career, and in the future history of Keilhau. The other niece, daughter of Christoph, goes with her mother to Volkstädt and vanishes out of the sight of this biography.

The three Froebel girls, therefore, are the sisters who come with father and mother from Osterode and settle at Keilhau in the year 1820.

Two of them are young ladies, Albertine, aged nineteen, and Emilie, aged sixteen; then there is little Elise, six years old. These are the women, who with their mother will in time form the domestic foundation of Keilhau, its bed-rock, which will outlast Froebel himself, and which he will not be able to overturn or shake asunder in all the ups and downs of his volcanic tossings, though he will give it many a wrench.

Now these two young ladies had, before 1820, become extremely interested in Keilhau, had heard much from their brothers, when the latter would come home on a visit during the holidays, about the instructors, those splendid young men from the University. In fact it is recorded that one of these young ladies came in person to Keilhau to see her brothers and cousins, and to be present at the happy Christmas festivities, so grandly celebrated by pupils and teachers. And it stands to reason that both the young ladies should pay more than one visit to Keilhau during the two years preceding 1820, and have a pleasant time with brothers and cousins and uncle and aunt, and take a curious glance at those wonderful instructors, highly educated young men from Berlin University, the handsome Middendorf and the knightly Langethal.

And in order that we may catch up all the threads of Fate, near and remote, which the Love-God is spinning in these days, we should note

that the little companion of Elise Froebel at Osterode is a little girl five years old by the name of Louise Levin, who many years after this time will weave herself into Froebel's life in the most marvelous manner, dipping him afresh in the fountain of Love when an old man, and thereby renewing and rejuvenating him for the last great creative period of his career. This little girl has already received from her play-mate wonderful pretty trinkets made by the boys at Keilhau, and has often heard the name of Frederick Froebel, the great man there, who has become to her child-soul a kind of far-off divine ideal, which she will nourish solitary in her heart for a quarter of a century, till she too one day passes from Osterode to Keilhau — in 1845 it was — and beholds the incarnation of her dreams. And then — but the rest of the story must be told later, in its proper place.

So it appears, when the institute at Keilhau was in the gravest financial distress, buildings unfinished, debts unpaid, lease expiring, that all these troubles, the dark side of the idyllic picture, were brought to brother Christian at Osterode, who thereupon made up his mind to quit business and to devote himself to the new Idea. An heroic act, most unusual for a hard-headed man of affairs, such as he was; but having taken the resolution, he remained steadfast to the cause till his dying day in spite of many dis-

couragements. The Baroness von Marenholtz-Bülow, when she visited Keilhau a generation later (in 1853), found him still alive and at work upon a household task, though over eighty years old.

The young ladies, the daughters, seconded the plan with all their hearts — so, at least, we have the right to imagine; in fact, they had already besieged Papa to move to Keilhau, in all probability, not for the purpose of getting an education, but with another design, carefully concealed, yet dear to the heart of the German girl, and other girls. And wonderful will be their success, as the following record shows. Albertine, the eldest, will win Wilhelm Middendorf, on the whole the most desirable man of the lot; Emilie will marry Barop, the talented successor of Froebel as principal at Keilhau. Elise, the youngest, after the failure of her first engagement with Robert Kohl, the musical theologian, will finally wed Dr. Siegfried Schaffner, also an instructor at Keilhau, as late as 1850. Well done for the Froebel girls! one has to exclaim in admiration, overcanopying for so many years that school with a domestic heaven.

Accordingly, Christian Froebel with his family settles in his new home and begins operations in the year 1820. At once the debts are paid, the unfinished buildings are completed, and the financial strain generally is brought to an end. But

the chief change is that the domestic element is strengthened enormously by the advent of the new family, in fact, the permanent foundation of the school-home is now laid for the first time, by a total family consisting of father and mother, sons and daughters.

Still there will be one disappointment; Christian Froebel soon finds that he has made one mistake in his unselfishness. He has unreservedly given his wealth into the hands of his brother Frederick, and has retained for himself no administrative control even of the property which his own money has bought, thinking apparently to assist his brother by his advice alone. But he soon discovers that brother Frederick will listen to no advice and resents any suggestion as an offense to his authority, or an insult to his capacity. On this side of his character he is developing a blind self-confidence little short of a belief in his own infallibility. He is fast reaching that state of mind which the ancient Greeks called insolence toward the Gods, and which an avenging Nemesis leveled sooner or later to the earth. Even those who most firmly believed in the greatness of his Idea, saw the folly of his administration and presaged a day of reckoning.

But the time of prosperity had set in, the school kept increasing its attendance from year to year, the revenue was enough to pay all ob-

ligations. In 1821 the number of pupils rose to twenty, which called for new buildings. The next year fourteen were added, and in 1824 sixteen more came, and in the two following years the number reached sixty which was the highest point. So we have now before us Keilhau in its bloom, which we shall look at more fully. (26)

VI.

The Rise of Keilhau.

With the coming of Christian Froebel and family, fortune smiles on Keilhau for six years (1820–6). The school has passed from being purely a male affair, a brotherhood of teachers and pupils, to being a family, or a union of families, which is now the domestic substrate of the school. We may call it on this side the transition from monastic to domestic Keilhau. Thus the Family has become the emphatic institution in the school; of the other social institutions of man, the Church is present, but certainly not prominent; the Economic Order lies in the distance; the State as then established hardly exists for the Keilhau community, or is scouted more than acknowledged.

This brings us to the great social fact which gave origin to the school. It sprang from a mighty spiritual movement of the time, which had many other manifestations, one of which

was Romanticism. Already we have repeatedly connected Keilhau, its founders and its teachers, with the Romantic movement of Germany, whose essence was a turning back of culture to its fountain heads in former ages on account of a deep dissatisfaction with the present. We might name it in general, a flight from the Real to the Ideal. This is the deepest dualism of the Teutonic soul; the actual world is such a miserable slough of despond, that the German flees from it and lives in an inner world of his own making. Hence he is supremely the idealist of Europe or has been so, turning to thought and speculation, while the Anglo-Saxon turns to will and realization.

Keilhau was, then, in many respects a flight. First of all it was a flight back to nature out of the complex life of civilization, a flight from city to country. Hence the prodigious stress upon living in harmony with nature, hence the rambles over the mountains, through wide stretches of country, the pupils often avoiding a city like a place of pestilence. Once a crowd of Keilhau boys, led by their teacher, went around Dresden. Likewise a flight from luxury to primitive simplicity. The diet was most frugal, a return almost to the acorn of the old Teutonic forest. The dress discarded all modern fashion and even comfort; light flaxen garments, the Turner's uniform, the boys wore summer and winter; no

neck-tie, shirts with a turn-over collar; long hair and often bare-headed; they sought to return to old-German costume. They would not use the modern names, if they had even a remote foreign origin; Latin *Onkel* (uncle, avunculus) was tabooed and German *Oheim*, took its place. Names of places and mountains in the neighborhood were re-baptized, so that the native peasant could not tell what the boys were talking about. But when the name of the peasant himself was altered (for instance neighbor *Hänold* into *Hainhold*), the man protested with vigor. All, however, was to be reconstructed after the ideal pattern. Chiefly, however, there was the flight to the age of chivalry and its romance, its castles and tournaments and its weapons; particularly its spirit was cultivated, as has been already set forth. This was more the trend of Langethal; Froebel himself had more of the flight to nature, and also to the Teutonic folk-spirit, wherein Middendorf seems to have coincided with him.

Thus Romanticism has found its educator, who is seeking to realize its principle in a system of instruction, and to impart it to the rising generation. But let his advance be duly noted: he is not simply dreaming the dream of Romanticism, he is realizing its idea, and thus is going beyond its dualism, making the Ideal a reality. He is training the will here as in other respects, and so has started to bridge the grand Teutonic chasm.

Just at this point we may see his advance upon Pestalozzi, whose great educative instrumentality is the object-lesson (Anschaung) internalizing the thing of sense. But Froebel adds the externalizing act, the creating the thing in order to master it; hence he will train the will through education, while Pestalozzi emphasizes the training of the intellect through the senses. So it comes that Pestalozzi is a German in his educational work and is cherished specially by the Germans, the people of the intellect. On the other hand Froebel, though a German, has never been adopted by the German pedagogical world, but by the Anglo-Saxons, the will-people, whose educational prophet he seems destined to become.

Hence, Keilhau is epoch-making in the history of education. As to Froebel, it was his training for the kindergarden, in which the will element comes out more strongly. But the school's very merit produced a corresponding defect; the material of knowledge, though not neglected, fell behind, and the complaint was often heard that the boys did not learn anything at Keilhau. And what they did learn did not fit into any preexistent educational scheme; if they went to another school, they could not enter the corresponding class, for there was nothing to correspond with the Keilhau procedure.

As Froebel was a man of will in training wills, this procedure or curriculum (*Gang* it was called)

became as fixed as a coat of stone, unyielding as iron. He fell into a faith in his own pedagogical infallibility; if the boys played far more than in any other school, it was always within the stone wall of the method (*Gang*). Hence also arose the complaint that even along with this cast-iron method or course of study, there was a lack of order. It is also affirmed that Froebel was practically not a good teacher, because he wandered too far from the lesson, which, however, was rigidly fixed in the course of study. Some truth we may well see in these statements. Still Keilhau in spite of its defects, possibly by virtue of them, was an epoch-making pedagogical effort.

In the school there can be no doubt that there was a strong current of reaction against existent authority. Why should there not be, Keilhau being a flight from the present with its established order? The boys on their trips sang songs of freedom, war-songs of the War of Liberation (1815), and did not spare satire against the crowned heads of Germany. Julius Froebel, who was there as a pupil, calls Keilhau a breeding nest (*Brutnest*) of revolution, and became a socialist himself. The Rudolstadt government seems not to have disturbed them at home, but when they crossed the frontier, they often had little skirmishes, of course never going beyond words, with the police of other countries. (27)

It is curious what hostility the long hair of the

boys excited. Yet we must recollect that this had become a badge of protest if not of revolution; all the socialists, reformers, world-remodelers wore their hair long at this time. And the same peculiarity is still observable in our own country. The new Idea getting into the head of the man seems to desire to cover itself over and over with layers of capillary growth; while the same Idea getting into the head of the woman wishes to free itself of those superabundant locks which are usually considered the chief ornament of the sex. The long-haired men and the short-haired women have become proverbial in America to designate the considerable band of radical reformers. Will any naturalist explain the ground of this difference in the way the Idea clothes itself in the heads of the two sexes?

It is recorded that when on one of their foot-trips a body of Keilhau pupils were about to cross over the Bohemian frontier, an Austrian officer stopped them and forbade their proceeding further unless they cut their hair. And when a wild band of Froebel's lads were passing through the cathedral square at Erfurt with their old German costume and streaming locks, a Prussian subaltern caught one of them by the shock of the hair, and addressed him insultingly: "Cut your hair, boy; pfui! it looks bad."

The Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, in whose government Keilhau is situated, was in-

clined to protect the school, but he had at last to yield to representations of other German Powers, especially of Prussia, and order an investigation. He sent his inspector of schools, Dr. Christian Zeh, who reached Keilhau November 23d, 1824, and spent two days in carefully examining the work. The result was the most favorable notice that Keilhau ever received, as Dr. Zeh's report sparkles at every point with praise and enthusiasm. The kind-hearted, yet keen-eyed inspector notices, first of all, the domestic foundation, sixty people constituting really one family, and making all its members, young and old, teachers and pupils, a vast school-home. Then he recognizes and lauds the principle of self-activity, so strikingly dominant in the instruction, — also he notices the various branches in brief review. In the document is the completest recognition that Froebel ever had, and must have been a kind of boomerang to the hostile Powers that had insisted on the investigation. Prince Günther of Rudolstadt could now confront them with this official report, and he left the school undisturbed as far as instruction was concerned.

Still he was one of the lesser potentates of Germany at that time, and he had to do something to appease his big brothers. So he flings the very smallest tub he can find to the angry whale. The decree goes forth that the boys should cut their hair and get new coats, and so

look like other people. But think for a moment ere he passes, of generous Christian Zeh with his kind word for Froebel! Long will he be remembered for that, when everything else he did has quite vanished. Just that one courageous act of recognizing the worth of a persecuted man will buoy his name up from sinking into the sea of oblivion, and the Prince of Rudolstadt has apparently done the most famous deed of his reign, all unconscious of what Time has in store for him.

So the Keilhau boys had to be shorn like a flock of lambs at a sheep-shearing. A grand hair-cutting bee we can imagine to have taken place at the school, with games and music and festivities. But it would seem that the old bell-wethers, Froebel and Middendorf, did not submit to have their locks taken off, or let them grow again to full length. For in a year or so afterwards they appear at Göttingen with their long hair, exciting no small curiosity and making themselves the observed of all observers in the streets of that University town.

And yet woe to Keilhau having lost its long hair, fabled of old to be the seat of man's elemental energy! Like strong Samson, who became weak as other men when his massive locks were shorn, Keilhau after this sudden decapillation (almost amounting to decapitation) will sink and swoon away in utter pitiable debility,

equal to that of its Hebrew prototype, unable to face the swarming host of Philistines, who mock and trample upon the fallen Hero.

Let it, however, be noted that Doctor Zeh's report delivered to the government in May, 1825, did not tell all that was going on in Keilhau, at that time indeed all could not be seen on the surface. But there were inner forces at work of a strongly negative power which were assailing and disorganizing the school. Of this destroying energy, running quite parallel with the rise of Keilhau, some account must next be given.

VII.

The Negative Element.

Froebel's success being continued for six years, with absolute authority in his own circle, developed his self-confidence to the border of fatuity. His brother Christian gave up the attempt to exercise any influence over him in business affairs. In the matter of his school method, the belief in its infallibility grew upon him, and he could brook no suggestion for its improvement. He could not endure the least independence on the part of his teachers, any dissenting opinion was regarded as disloyalty to the school and heresy to the cause. The disease which accompanies absolute power whether in the monarch, or in the pedagogue, or in the father of the family, began

to show itself distinctly in not a few of the actions of Froebel, who sometimes fell into fits of irascibility like those of Lear.

Certain effects were becoming manifest. "The united families" were not altogether united, and often thwarted secretly his tyranny. Christian Froebel was not happy, nor was his wife, nor were his daughters. What kept them at Keilhau? No doubt they still believed in the idea of Frederick Froebel, in spite of his conduct. Then the daughters are not going to leave, for the strongest human fetters are being forged, and are chaining them to Keilhau, the fetters of the human heart. But we begin now to see that separation which will hereafter eliminate Froebel wholly from the control of Keilhau.

A deeper element of disintegration is the dissatisfaction of the teaching force, outside of Middendorf and Langethal. Schoenbein, one of the most distinguished chemists of Europe, the inventor of gun cotten and the discoverer of ozone, taught for a time in the school, but could not endure the interference and the overbearing supervision of his department. Another scientific man of distinction, Michaelis, in a fit of enthusiasm joined the corps of teachers, but was unable to hold out long. Froebel would interfere and dictate in branches about which he knew nothing.

But the chief of these dissatisfied instructors

was a Swiss from Canton Lucern, by the name of Herzog, whom Froebel and all Froebel's friends and biographers agree in pointing out as the incarnation of all the negative forces working in and against the school; in fact, Herzog is portrayed as Keilhau's devil. He had been befriended by Froebel when in hopeless circumstances, and received unsuspectingly into the bosom of the school, as the Serpent into Paradise. There he played havoc and split the institution wide open by his fault-finding, by his nursing every discontented person, and finally by secret plotting and calumny. Truly the diabolus of Keilhau has appeared and is at work as the Destroyer of this new Eden.

But it must be always understood that the Devil himself cannot do much unless he finds an element to work in, a material ready to be formed by his plastic hand. So Herzog found no small quantity of negative material prepared by Froebel himself at Keilhau. Of course there was the discontent in the teaching force. But Herzog soon came upon a far deeper and more desperate matter, the real stuff of diabolism, which it employs for its greatest successes. Herzog discovers and seizes upon Froebel's own deed toward his brother's widow, as the very element which the fiend loves, and the fuel out of which he can build the fires of Hell to torture his victim.

There is no doubt that Herzog urged the two sons of Madam Christoph Froebel to leave the institute, which was one of the severest blows he could strike at the uncle. Upon his advice Julius, the eldest, obtained a position with Michaelis, who had already left Keilhau and was doing some cartographical work at Stuttgart. The nephew went to see the uncle for the last time and imparted to him his purpose of leaving: "In God's name, go, be off," replied the uncle. (28)

Not long afterwards the second brother, Carl, also quit Keilhau, and somewhat later Theodore, the third. It is evident that Froebel had built his hopes upon these nephews, two of whom had shown decided talent, to continue his work as his successors and his apostles in the family. Bitter was the disappointment when they became renegades to his cause, for so he regarded their action. "The first letter of mine," says Julius Froebel, "he sent back unopened, and he gave my brother Carl to understand that his (Carl's) letters would be thrown into the fire unread. Only 22 years later did he write me a few friendly lines, thanking me for sending him one of my written productions."

Such is the intensity of the Furies of the Family Froebel, whose birth has already been described. It indicates the deep scission now taking place at Keilhau. Herzog also leaves the

institute and goes to Jena, where he is made Doctor and Professor, for Herzog is a man of unquestioned talent. But he still plays the part of Keilhau's devil, and reviles Froebel and the school. Alas! only too much material can he find for his diabolic work. Chiefly that action of Frederick Froebel toward his brother's sister, who started his school, sacrificed her property for him, gave even her silver plate to meet his emergencies — there she is yonder living in poverty at Volkstädt, while her sons have to leave school in order to make a livelihood for her and for themselves, with debts still unpaid by successful Keilhau. Then other debts unpaid; in fact the character of Frederick Froebel as debt-payer — what a theme for the evil-minded reviler and destroyer? And the fiend is on hand, at Jena, and elsewhere, busy with his negative vitriol dissolving Keilhau and its school.

But we must repeat that Froebel himself has amassed the tinder and brimstone to make his own hell-fire; Herzog applies very diligently the match. But the match would go out, were there no materials just ready to burn. Still in spite of these negative energies, and before they produce their explosion, Keilhau is to rise yet to its fairest bloom, to have its year of pure flowering and supreme development.

Such a demonic destroyer (Beelzebub) has gotten into Keilhau, and somehow gets into every

school at some time, yea, into every fair Eden, so true is the old story of man's fall. We recollect how Satanic Schmid (thus many speak and write of him) crept into good Pestalozzi's school at Yverdon, creating untold confusion; at first expelled, he returns and expels everybody except his noble victim, Pestalozzi himself. And even into our kindergarden, most innocent paradise of all, the Evil One has been known to insinuate himself, in the shape of a beautiful woman, possibly Lilith re-incarnated, that eldest daughter of Lucifer and first temptress of father Adam.

But enough of this "negative element," however real; let us turn and witness the fair vision of Keilhau's grandiose inflorescence and culmination in Love's festal pomp and revelry.

VIII.

The Flowering of Keilhau.

What wonderful new festival is this at Keilhau on the 16th of September, 1825, in which the school, the teachers, the ladies, put on their gayest attire, and break out into a grand general jollification? Two betrothals at the same time are celebrated; whose are they, think ye? Let our fair reader guess, for she has a sharp eye in such matters. One she has rightly suspected a good while, so that she is not surprised when she hears that Heinrich Langethal is now publicly betrothed

to Ernestine Crispine, the adopted daughter of Madam Henriette Froebel. Thus the secret of the heart has come out to sunshine; we at least have always surmised that Langethal had this maiden in mind when he urged Froebel to bring to Keilhau the Berlin lady. Our gallant young knight has won his bride, and is going to wind up his romance of life with a happy conclusion.

The second betrothal is that of Wilhelm Middendorf to Albertine, daughter of Christian Froebel. I know what Middendorf's bride said to him, or what I would say if I were in her place: "Dearest Wilhelm, I love you, and I deem you the greatest catch in all Germany, but may I state my anxiety on one point? I am afraid you love my uncle Frederick more than you do me." Well may Albertine have said some such thing to her sweet Wilhelm during these happy but anxious days, for Middendorf's devotion to Froebel almost reached the point of personal absorption. "A character like that of St. John," said an admiring friend one day. "Yes," replied Langethal, who was present, "such, indeed, is Middendorf, and Froebel is his Christ."

Then the third man we must note, who is flitting in and out of Keilhau during these days with a tremendous inner conflict in his heart between two duties — duty to love and duty to parent. For five years (1823–8) he goes and comes, fluttering about Keilhau like a moth around a

lamp, the poor fellow! We allude to Barop, Middendorf's sister's son, born at Dortmund, 1802, who is destined to become principal and proprietor of the Keilhau school, and in such capacity to perform a most important service to the later Froebelian cause. A lofty and peculiar niche he holds in the Keilhau Pantheon; for Barop is the only man of the lot apparently who can stand before Froebel and firmly say to him, No! enduring all his irascibility and even imprecations with an unflinching front, then turning to help him and save him from his own mistakes and failures.

Like every school experiment, which proposes to make man and society over and to reform the world through educating the youth, Keilhau began early to attract a stream of visitors. Among these, in the year 1823, was our young friend Johannes Arnold Barop, student of theology, who had come to see uncle Wilhelm Middendorf, having heard a good deal about Keilhau in his family, chiefly by way of condemnation. For Middendorf's father did not approve of his son's abandonment of theology for pedagogy, especially for such a wild pedagogical scheme as that of Keilhau, where the boys seemed to do pretty much as they pleased, and where rumor said many other vagaries were rampant.

Young Barop, aged 21, thus resolves to pay a little visit to his uncle and see the school by the

way. But he becomes interested and prolongs his stay; meanwhile he undergoes a great conversion, very similar to that already recorded of his uncle, a conversion from theology to education, truly a baptism in the spirit of the time. Secretly he has determined to be a teacher, and that too a teacher at Keilhau, the Lord willing; for there is no other place on this earth quite like it.

But parallel with this religious change of heart is another and even deeper change of heart. He has seen Fräulein Emilie, second daughter of Christian Froebel, and there read a message, which bids him in still more compelling terms to change his vocation and return to Keilhau. But what are these doings which he cannot help noting, especially in his sympathetic state of mind? This it is: that uncle Middendorf shows decided inclination toward the eldest daughter of Christian Froebel, Albertine, and some crisis in their case is surely approaching. That would be a fine scheme for uncle and nephew to marry these two sisters and both become educators and promulgators of the new Idea.

Therewith, however, rises in the bosom bitter conflict, for young Barop well knows that his father, who is Councillor of Justice, wealthy and of high standing, has outlined an altogether different career for his son. The very thought of the boy quitting his vocation, and degrading the high position of his family and going to live with

that crazy band of enthusiasts at Keilhau, set father Barop on his head, the stern, unyielding man of Justice and the Law. "That boy shall get no money of mine," he shouts in wrath. "Enough that you Keilhau people have taken my wife's brother, Middendorf, and humiliated us; now you take my boy, but he shall have not a penny."

Barop has to leave Keilhau for the present, but unless I much mistake the youth he will come back; he will pass through fire to return to Keilhau. But now he must go off to complete his studies and to do his allotted military service, such as is required of every citizen. But he will come back, even if he has to defy his angry father, and stare disinheritance in the face. Such is the stuff in the man, and the testing which he has to undergo in order to bring out its quality. He will come back entranced by the divine idea of Froebel, and still more by that other divine idea, incarnate in Froebel's niece, the lovely Emilie, for so he must regard her in her terrestrial appearance. He will come back, with theological examination passed, with his year's Prussian military service finished, with every duty done except that one impossible duty of obedience to parent, the stern old Councillor of Justice, bidding him renounce Keilhau and the lovely Emilie. Can't do it, keep your property, I shall follow my love and the Idea.

Surely Providence has this youth in training for some desperate work yet to be done, as such a character is not developed in the world without a purpose. So Barop must wait, wait many years till his apprenticeship be served, when love will blossom out into marriage. Not till 1831, after many trials of his own and of Keilhau too; but that is far ahead, and must now be dismissed for another happy festival which is just crossing the path of this biography.

This is the double wedding of Langethal and Middendorf which took place in the spring of 1826, the season of flowers. On Ascension day, when the Lord ascended to Heaven, so did these two couples in imitation of the supreme example, to the extent which their human terrestrial limitations would permit. Some sixty pupils, the highest number Keilhau ever reached, are said to have been present at the celebration. No lack of money now; see the festoons, flowers, intertwined with poetry, song and dance. Let us note, however, that the original fraternity of three — Froebel, Middendorf, Langethal — is now completely dissolved into marriage, from which event new results are sure to spring.

Such is, however, the highest point of the prosperity of the school; in the double wedding Keilhau puts forth its supreme flower, doing a kind of symbolic deed; the great Idea seems successful and strides victorious over its ene-

mies. What can henceforth thwart its progress? A feeling of triumph, perchance of arrogance; yet notice! what ominous sign is this which we witness?

This very year the pupils begin to fall off; next year rapid is the descent, till at last in the year 1829 the number has sunk to five, and Keilhau has gone back to its numerical starting-point in 1817. A whiz downward which makes the head dizzy; what is the cause of it? Fate has smitten Keilhau at the very moment of its fairest flowering and sent it reeling backward to the beginning; a grim Nemesis seems to have wreaked vengeance upon the double wedding of Middendorf and Langethal, having wrested from them the means of support for their new-born families. Such is the stunning back-stroke which Froebel and all Keilhau receive at the top of their greatest success. Are they really getting their own for deeds done in the past? And are the Unseen Powers bringing home to them some violation, after many years of quiescence — delaying, not forgetting? At any rate the blow has fallen with a marvelous co-incidence in it, and the wondering reader cannot help thinking of Frau Christoph Froebel, still off yonder at Volkstädt in poverty, with her curse upon Keilhau in a strange process of fulfillment. (29)

IX.

Literary Keilhau.

In 1826, the year of the double marriage, there was another kind of flowering of Keilhau, which we may name the literary, in a book called *The Education of Man*. At the same time with the bloom of the family and the school, Keilhau blossoms out in a piece of writing which has become famous, the author being Froebel himself. Yet during the life-time of its author, the book was wholly unsaleable and unread by the world outside of the Keilhau circle.

Froebel had previously, from the year 1820, been giving expression to himself and his work through the printed page. In the mentioned year (1820) he wrote an address *To our German People*, which recalls Fichte's book with nearly the same title. Froebel at Berlin already had been profoundly influenced by Fichte's appeal for the education of the people. It was Fichte who directed Germany and especially Prussia to Pestalozzi as the great reformer of instruction. Froebel is clearly moving on the same line, only he proposes to do the practical work, to establish the school, has in fact already established it at Keilhau, could the public but see the matter in that light. His scheme, however, is not merely the education of the German people, but the education of Humanity.

After this first booklet, several others appear, all of them on the principles and methods of education, especially those practiced at Keilhau. One of these little volumes is reviewed by the philosopher Krause in 1823, who wrote an article which will hereafter become memorable in Froebel's life. An appreciative word from a noble man will be a source of consolation in a dark hour, and will encourage the prostrate soul to rise again and begin a new career.

But all these small treatises, after due lapse of time, culminate in *The Education of Man*, which shows many a sign of being a collection of essays, often of paragraphs, written at various periods during the preceding years. For it is not a well-organized book; full of sudden skips and gaps; also full of repetitions in both thought and expression; an amorphous book in spite of a certain outward order in places; very obscure in spots, then clear in spots to triteness. But with all its drawbacks it is often very suggestive; a book abounding in sudden intuitions, and thus appealing strongly to a certain class of minds, especially of female minds; one may note that women have often been seen to delve and even to revel in this book with a delight which no man probably has ever experienced in reading it. There is great unanimity that it is a hard book for the masculine mind to blaze its way through, since to most of us, especially on the first perusal,

it is like a Mexican chapparal through which there is no path, into which there is no penetration by mortal man except with grubbing-hoe and ax and fire.

One of the difficulties of the book is its nomenclature which is largely derived from German Philosophy of the Jena period, especially from Schelling's Philosophy of Nature. It is a mistake to say that the book has been deeply influenced by the doctrines of Krause, whose intercourse with Froebel comes later, as we shall soon see. The employment of Nature as the grand means of education through its symbolism rather than through its immediate experimental side, is enforced in *The Education of Man*, and is derived from Schelling. The fundamental process of education as unfolded in this book is that Man through Nature returns to God. Over and over again is this proposition or its equivalent maintained, and in it we may see how completely in Froebel's mind religion blends with education, and how profoundly the educator has become the modern priest.

When it comes to educational method, Froebel leaves the reader with the problem unsolved. He sees the two sides, the prescriptive and the spontaneous, but cannot reconcile them. At this question he labors in his introduction to *The Education of Man* with a heavy outlay of effort, chasing the two sides one after the other through

a long string of contrasted predications; all to no purpose: he ends in the dualism with which he started. His leaning is doubtless toward the spontaneous, permissive, capriciously free side of the child, yet always with exceptions.

In this respect the book mirrors the school at Keilhau, which, as we have already seen, showed on the one hand an autocracy approaching despotism, and on the other a freedom approaching caprice or even license. This contradiction worked itself out at last in the decay of the school, which continued until Froebel was removed from its control. Such was his discipline: he had to be taken away from Keilhau in order to recover from its scission and to become the founder of the kindergarden.

In this book we should note another doctrine which involves the author in deep confusion and contradiction. Against the old religious tenet of total depravity, Froebel maintained that the child was by nature good, indeed quite perfect from the start. What then is the use of educating him? To be sure, Froebel felt this difficulty, and seeks to obviate it by this and that limitation and exception (see introduction to *The Education of Man*). Still the inner rent remained both in his soul and in his school, and clung to him during his whole middle period of which we are now giving the record. Rousseau's indignant protest against the old oppressive spirit exercised toward

the child mightily possessed Froebel, and drove him into hostility against all prescription — a one-sided result. So he must get out of Keilhau and its contradiction, must transcend the stand-point of *The Education of Man*, ere he can accomplish his greatest work in the world.

But all this will require time. From the first publication of *The Education of Man* in 1826 till the establishment of the first kindergarden at Blankenburg in 1837, eleven years full of change, inner struggle and development will pass. He has to work out of the dualism of Keilhau and solve the problem of freedom, which he does in the kindergarden. (30)

And here we must note a grave mistake which is frequently committed by well-meaning instructors. We hear it often said that *The Education of Man* contains the philosophy of the kindergarden. How improbable such a statement is on the surface may be seen by a simple comparison of the above dates (1826 and 1837). But when we look into the inner life of Froebel we find that he had to undergo a great discipline, and to correct deep-seated errors ere he could pass from Keilhau to Blankenburg, ere he could rise from Froebel the schoolmaster to Froebel the kindergardner.

We have to recognize, then, that *the Education of Man* is the product, or, if you please, the philosophy of a boys' school, not that of the

kindergarden; the two differ in the class of pupils, differ in the kind of teachers, differ in the method, differ in the educational standpoint. Undoubtedly the two have many things in common; we often see Froebel in his book as the incipient or the potential kindergardner, but not yet developed.

So literary Keilhau, after budding through a series of booklets, is full-blown in a big book. Since the brother, Christian Froebel, came with his money in 1820, Frederick Froebel can be author and print at his own expense, or his brother's, what he writes. He has not found and probably cannot find a publisher, who will furnish the funds for printing and exploiting these writings. They lack saleability, which is the first and last category of a publisher, who does business for the money in it, and not for the Idea. The latter, however, is Froebel's all-absorbing end, and so between him and a publisher there is a chasm simply impassable.

Froebel has, accordingly, to publish his own writings, if they are ever to be born into the reading world at all. It is foolish in Wichard Lange to blame Froebel for this; it sounds too much like the babble of a certain parasite, the publisher's lickspittle, whose servile text is that the sun of all authorship rises and sets in a publishing house, the author himself being just nobody or what the publisher chooses to make him.

It may take one, ten, fifty or a hundred years for a book to come to validity, according to circumstances; but, if it be printed, it will grow at last, provided it have the vitality. The author may be dead, it is true, and will receive no reward in money or fame for his work, but that he must expect, if he writes anything truly original.

Here comes a man with a book not an echo or repetition, but unique, epoch-making in its way, a man who has, therefore, no public, and if he had there would be no need of his book. His public is to be made, or re-made, re-constructed, filled with a new Idea not easy to get, perhaps not pleasant to take. In the nature of the case there is no publisher for such a book, never has been and never will be, or not long at least, for he will soon be bankrupt. Still the book has to be printed and planted by the author, if he fulfill his destiny, if he have any faith at all in his mission.

Consider *The Education of Man* now, after the lapse of three-quarters of a century from its birth, in contrast with its early neglect. Translated into every language of Europe; sought after by every publisher of an educational library; read by every teacher who seeks to be acquainted with the history and literature of his profession; studied and pored over by thousands of kindergardners every year, till some of them can repeat it almost by heart; three English translations known to us (and there may be others) with pub-

lishers raking in the profits of a book which they would have flung into the fire if offered to them at first hand: such is the difference between then and now, all because Froebel, with faith in his Idea, wrote, printed, and planted, regardless of publisher and publisher's public. In this act of Froebel, as in so many others of his, we believe that there is a prophetic strain: the time is coming, if not already here, when the New Idea must publish itself at its own cost of toil and hard cash, leaving to the regular publisher the reproduction of the whole paraphernalia of the dead past, in the form of text-books, dictionaries, cyclopedias, series of all kinds, requiring in their authors the simple mechanical act of pouring water from one bottle into another perchance of a different shape.

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE PRINCIPAL DETHRONED.

After the glory of the double wedding the blow fell upon Keilhau, the blow which had long been secretly preparing. Froebel will be compelled to leave the school over which he has presided for a dozen years and more; yet this is not all; he will feel himself forced to quit his country. Another uncertain fluctuating period sets in till he goes to Switzerland in 1831.

Very deep runs his complaint against his nephews, whom he charges with "more than ingratitude" for having deserted him and taken from him "their youthful energies" upon which he had relied "to bring back a new springtide of intensified life" into his institution, when it needed them most. But those "youthful energies" had

become his bitterest foes, having taken up their mother's cause, and being supported in their malignity by that insidious fiend of Keilhau (for such Froebel deemed him) the Swiss Mephistopheles already mentioned. So the reader, with pity and with terror we may hope, has again to look upon the Furies of the Family Froebel at work, requiting with grim vengeance, as is their wont, some violation of eternal right, of which they are the unforgetting and remorseless vindicators. Even old Greek Hesiod could see hovering in the air ten thousand demons, guardians of Justice (Dike), whose function was to scourge the guilty man for his hidden deed of wrong. But whatever be our judgment of Froebel's action, one thing is certain: the blow falls upon him and keeps falling upon him with a vengeful thud, and its main source can be traced back to that one promise of his, which has certainly waked up the Nemesis of injured Love, and is hounding him out of Keilhau and even out of Germany. (31)

Such is unquestionably the situation; let the sympathetic reader justify where and how and whom he will. But here comes a new question and most important of all: Can our Froebel rise up under this rain of fatal blows? Granted that through his deed he has woven a dark strand of destiny into his life, can he pluck it out again or neutralize its might? Very interesting is the problem: Can Frederick Froebel, now in the

clutches of Fate and apparently doomed as its victim, make the grand turn and show himself the master of Fate, veritably the Fate-compeller? In substance this is what we are to witness in the following Chapter.

I.

The Fall of Keilhau.

A number of causes contributed to the rapid descent of Keilhau, some quite superficial, others deep, and one the deepest. The more important we may call up in a rapid survey.

Debts had continued to accumulate even in the time of prosperity. Neither Froebel nor his wife were good managers. In fact, there is strong testimony that Frederick Froebel was deficient in the sense of debt-paying. Not that he was dishonest, not that he used what he borrowed for his own personal gratification in the way of high-living or money-making; he subordinated all, even his creditors, to the Idea, with or without their consent.

Christian Froebel, who had given his entire possessions to Keilhau, and rescued it from financial ruin, was a good business man, but he was wholly set aside by his brother in the management of the property. Christian's wife, a thrifty housekeeper, did not or could not restrain the the bad management of Madam Henrietta Froebel. Middendorf had thrown in his little

all, and it was soon swallowed. Barop could get nothing from the stern and disgruntled old Councillor of Justice, his father.

As long as fifty or sixty pupils were paying their tuition, interest on debts could be met and the school might continue to swim along free of the dunner, though encumbered with obligations. But the rapid drop in the number of students brought the institution to a sudden standstill, which gave such a jolt that everything tumbled together in confusion.

The result was that a secret opposition to Froebel's further management arose in the institution among his best friends. It began to be seen that he must be eliminated from the administration of the school, of which he had shown himself totally incapable. Yet nobody thought for a moment of deserting the Idea. In fact, the question was: How shall we save Froebel from himself, save Froebel the educator from Froebel the administrator? Herein Barop is the coming man. He possesses great administrative capacity, and at the proper moment will get hold of the reins of authority; then he has a fearless, inflexible will, which can say no, even to Froebel, and endure all the latter's irascibility and execration without ever becoming disloyal to the cause. Quite a man is this Barop, whom we have already noted as being under training for some desperate business.

Another obstacle for Keilhau was the trend of the time. All liberal men, who had shown disappointment because the great awakening of the folk-spirit in 1815 and the War of Liberation had brought no fruits of freedom, were suspected, persecuted, and imprisoned. The reaction was intensified when a crack-brained student by the name of Sand murdered the poet Kotzebue. A deep feeling of antagonism on the part of all the established governments sprang up against the very names of progress and freedom.

In the nature of things Keilhau could not escape suspicion. No direct political propaganda was carried on there, but certainly an indirect, and shame if there had not been in those days. Barop innocently turned the scent of the Prussian police toward Keilhau, where he happened to be on a visit when his papers were seized at Halle — he being a student there at the time — though no incriminating evidence was found in them. The result was Keilhau began to be looked upon as a "breeding-nest of young demagoguery," the same charge being made against many schools and universities of the time. This was the reason why Inspector Zeh had been sent to see what was going on at Keilhau, out of which visit grew his Report above cited.

At this period there was no German nationality, no great organized State Teuton-uniting, but a dissevered, recalcitrant mass of little States.

But if there was no German Nation, there was emphatically a German People, and a mighty impulse was throbbing in the German heart toward a politically united fatherland. This was the impulse to which Froebel specially responded. But there is no question that it was against the established order as then embodied in princedom, dukedom, kingdom, and what not. The folk-spirit was fostered at Keilhau, no doubt of it; song and story, custom and costume, even the food and shelter showed a return to the primeval folk-mother Teutonia, who was still to be found by the diligent seeker in her ancient haunts amid the forests and on the mountains.

The school at Keilhau could not, therefore, be called friendly to the established order in Church or State, as they showed themselves in Germany during this period. We have already seen how Froebel went back to the old Teutonic folk-spirit, which he invoked to educate itself anew in order to produce better men and of course better institutions. The implication was that the present institutional system was not satisfactory.

A deeper ground for Keilhau's decline lay in the educational principle of the school itself. It labored under an inner contradiction, which with time must end in disruption. Froebel was still involved in the difficulty which came down to him from Rousseau; he made the education of the boy essentially permissive, having really no

place for prescription. Yet Froebel was one of the most autocratic principals that ever lived, as regards both the course of study and the teachers under him. So there was always a streak of caprice in the pupil, and a streak of arbitrariness in the master, a corner of disorder and a corner of oppression. This inner rent we have already seen formulated in the *Education of Man*, which is the theoretical expression of the boys' school at Keilhau, but not of the kindergarden.

Still let no one underestimate Keilhau and its work; it had started principles which make it immortal. Possibly its very one-sidedness renders them more impressive. Keilhau was afterwards a success; but Keilhau the failure is of far greater significance than Keilhau the success. The tragedy of life teaches always a mightier lesson than the happy-making and happy-ending comedy.

But the deepest thread of destiny in the tragedy of Keilhau was spun into the school at its birth, for it was really born of that fatal promise, ambiguous as any Delphic oracle: "I shall take the place of father to your orphaned children." It furnished the chief material in which Herzog wrought with such telling effect, for the Keilhau diabolus goes over to Jena, where, as student and teacher in the central University of all that region, he can scatter from a vantage-ground his calumnies throughout the whole of Thuringia.

The spawn of Satan the Destroyer Froebel and his friends regard this young Switzer; but behold! here stand Froebel's two nephews and pupils ready to confirm every word of Herzog; yes, and off yonder at Volkstädt is still living widow Christoph Froebel, who also has a painful confirmatory tale to tell, if she so chooses. As she is a great talker and disputatious, her tongue will not fail to open her Pandora box of ills, and let them fly to the four winds.

Thus the Nemesis of violated Love keeps working away in its mine underneath Froebel's structure at Keilhau, which is indeed tottering. Competent witnesses (says Lange) assure us that Herzog did Froebel untold injury. The time of reckoning has indeed arrived for Froebel; from every quarter of the Heavens echoes of his conduct since the very beginning of Keilhau come floating on the air back to his ears. (32)

But, oh sore-stricken mortal, now is the time to show thy supreme manhood. Rise, though thou art in the very clutches of Fate, the Fate of thine own Deed, which is now returning to thee with shrieks of vengeance. Listen to its reproaches: thou hast not paid the just obligation between man and man; thou hast been a despot of despots in the very citadel of freedom, though claiming to work in the cause of liberty and humanity; but, chiefly, thou hast been faithless to thy promise of love to woman. Listen to that

voice and take its discipline, and then begin thy new career. I tell thee a great epoch is coming into thy life just now in spite of, yea, by virtue of these misfortunes, if thou but rightly digest them. Though in the very talons of destiny, thou canst rescue thyself; in defiance of thy past Deed with all its cohorts of Fates and Furies, thou canst still liberate thyself and celebrate thy greatest triumph. Up and get ready, master that inner fateful limitation of thine, and then forth to work, for thy mightiest task is yet to be done.

II.

Hope and Disappointment.

In some such fashion as the preceding we bring before ourselves the Fall of Keilhau, and the precipitation of its principal with his band of fellow-workers, men and women, from the highest pinnacle of success, down into the nethermost abysm of failure and despair, yea, toward, if not quite into, the depths of starvation or beggary. Still he is not going to remain down there, but turns and struggles and stretches forth his hands in many an attempt to rise.

While the blows kept falling thick and heavy upon Froebel at Keilhau, he was casting about for some change already in 1827, the year of the grand crisis in his school. Very naturally

he thought of friendly Doctor Zeh, who had made such a favorable report upon what he saw in the Universal German Institute, some two or three years before. Moreover, Doctor Zeh was the leading man in authority over the educational work in the Princedom of Rudolstadt, in which Keilhau is situated. The tenure to a piece of property exactly suitable for a school dedicated to the propagation of the New Idea, had just passed to the State. Here Froebel thinks he sees his chance, and so he writes a letter to Doctor Zeh, setting forth the importance of using the newly acquired property for the noblest of all purposes, namely, education.

The good Doctor seems to have been willing enough, but the plan went to pieces. Had not Froebel with his Keilhau Institute given to Prince Günther no end of trouble already? Other governments of Germany had complained, especially Prussia, of that pest-hole of young demagoguery in his territory, and the liberal Prince had enough to do in protecting one such institution without starting another under that same Froebel. And on account of the friendly warmth of Doctor Zeh's former report, the latter had probably crippled his own influence somewhat, being regarded not exactly as an unbiased witness for the Keilhau schoolmaster.

Whatever be the cause, the scheme failed, the Princedom of Rudolstadt was not to have the

glory of making the New Idea a part of its Public School System. The event, however, indicates quite an important phase in the life of Froebel. He is now ready to make his educational work a belonging of the State, from which it had been hitherto quite separated, if indeed it were not actually antagonistic to the same. But he begains to see that he must reconcile himself to the established order, nay, that he must constitute his work an integral part of that order, if it is to be permanent, weal-bringing, and truly universal.

A great step, we think, in the evolution, or perchance revolution, of Froebel now going on inwardly; it is a kind of confession that he must bring Keilhau out of its aloofness from the civil life of the time, and make his school really institutional. He must remove the dualism which has rent it in twain; then, too, he may help transform the State from within, or at least make a start in that mighty task.

We must note, therefore, that Froebel, in the pressure of his present calamity, has sought to institutionalize his Institute, that is, to bring it into harmony and participation with the institutional world above him and around him. Not submission is this to the might of an outer destiny, but the result of a new insight into the divine order of the world; he is clearly rising out of nativism into nationalism, he is changing from that primitive Teutonic folk-spirit hitherto

so emphatically cultivated in Keilhau, to the civilized and organized spirit of the Nation, in spite of its imperfections at this period.

Still, his effort is fruitless, and he is thrown back into himself almost with violence. What will he now seize upon? whom will he now grasp after? After himself, first of all, for he is in danger of sinking in that oceanic wave of adversity surging over his whole existence. Accordingly he will take a retrospect of his entire life, and look up afresh the landmarks of his career. In this mood of reminiscence he writes two autobiographies, both belonging to the present period and tendency. One of them, the Letter to the Duke of Meiningen, has already been mentioned and used often in the course of this narrative; the other, the Letter to Krause, is now specially to be drawn upon and woven into the texture of Froebel's Life. Whereupon there is a call to know something more of the man to whom Froebel in his misfortune is led to pour out his heart.

III.

The Philosopher Krause.

In these days, with the great decrease in the number of pupils, Froebel has plenty of time on his hands, and needing and seeking sympathy, he begins to look up those who have in any wise

supported him in his work. Going back five years to 1822, he recollects that the philosopher Krause, who lived at Göttingen, had noticed in a prominent periodical of that day (the *Isis*) the Universal German Institute with great favor, and had declared the general agreement between his philosophy and that of Froebel. Krause did not like the name *Universal German Institute*, though he was friendly to its principles. Moreover, the Göttingen philosopher has sent his printed writings to Froebel, who has hitherto neglected them, but now begins to read them. (33)

Krause was the only professor at any of the great Universities of Germany that had taken notice of Froebel, who complains of the neglect. Krause was the only professor who appreciated the genius of the educator, and gave encouragement to the New Idea. The greatest educational star of modern times was above the horizon, but the learned men at the University could not see it, for it is not their business to look at new stars, and Froebel ought not to have expected it.

Then there was another sympathetic link of connection: Krause was also an unappreciated genius. He had wrought out an elaborate system of philosophy of his own, but his following was not large. Just at this time came the supremacy of Hegel at Berlin and in Germany. Krause could not help contrasting the small

number of his adherents with the triumphant disciples of the Berlin professor.

So the two unappreciated geniuses began to come together in deep mutual sympathy. Froebel starts to studying Krause's writings after five years of neglect, for which he has some difficulty in apologizing, and opens a correspondence which a little later leads to a personal visit to the philosopher at Göttingen.

Krause was one of the philosophy-builders in the great epoch of philosophy-building, which was in full bloom at this time in Germany. Mighty philosophic structures lie scattered through the first half of the present century, the grandest period of thought-construction that the world has yet seen. Most of them are now quite solitary and tenantless; only the excavator by profession undertakes to explore these labyrinths. An epoch like that of the pyramid-builders in the Nile valley, where hundreds of pyramids seem to rise suddenly out of the earth. All show toil, life-long herculean toil, still there are lesser and greater; three or four of supreme magnitude, yet even among these is one greatest of all. So among these hundreds of philosophic edifices there is one greatest of all, but this is not Krause's. One of the lesser pyramids among this forest of pyramids is his, now attracting the tourist chiefly because Froebel entered it and explored it in these days for comfort from his calamities.

And another comparison forces itself into view: these pyramids are grave-stones, the most colossal ever set over mortal remains, and the land of the pyramids is a monumental graveyard, out of which the Present seeks to restore some vanished shape of the Past. So Germany is a vast graveyard of philosophies, which later explorers have tried to dig up and resurrect into the new life of the Present. This very Krause has had a man devoting a life-time to his resurrection and rehabilitation, namely Von Leonhardi; in like manner Baader has found his Hoffman, Herbart his Rein and other pedagogical revivifiers, and most successfully Schopenhauer has been made to live after he was dead, and even born dead, mainly through the miraculous manipulations of Doctor Julius Frauenstädt.

Froebel, however, never became a follower of Krause, indeed, he distinctly refused to be such, for he had his own philosophy, or thought he had. And every German man in this prolific epoch of system-building claimed to have his own philosophy (*seine eigene Philosophie*). A far-off echo of this Teutonic movement could be heard some years ago even in the Mississippi Valley, among the German farmers of Illinois and Missouri, German emigrants who had once been students at some University, and who also had "their own philosophy," often written out in piles of manuscript, product of rainy days and

of recreation from tilling the soil and from hewing down the forest.

So it becomes the duty of the biographer of Froebel to conjure up for a few moments the philosophic ghost of K. C. F. Krause, since he has woven himself into Froebel's life at a pivotal epoch in its history. Very creditable is this intercourse to the philosopher, who, extending the hand at the needful moment, helps Froebel rise to his feet more than any other man probably, not excepting his Keilhau friends. So honor be unto Krause, if not for his philosophy, certainly for his human sympathy given in the very pinch of destiny. His kind words call forth a letter from Froebel, in many ways memorable, and specially of deep significance to this biography of his, whose turning-point it is at a most weighty conjuncture. The import of this letter is next to be set forth.

IV.

Froebel the Fate-compeller.

So we designate, not altogether willingly, but under the stress (or distress) of expression, the present section, in the hope that the reader, who has also his battle with the constraining Powers of Life, may interpret the strange word sympathetically through his own experience.

A most important document for showing Froe-

bel's inner struggles at this time of humiliation and failure is the afore-mentioned letter to Krause under date of March 27th, 1828. Its main interest lies in the fact that it exhibits the man overwhelmed by Fate in his rise to the man overcoming Fate, truly the Fate-compeller. He is deeply stricken by the Nemesis of his own deed, or his own character. But this is not the end of the matter; his call now is to recognize whence came the blow, and to master it at its very source.

First is a note of complaint that "life in the men outside of me and around me was dead beyond resurrection," and he, filled with his ideal, did not see their condition. "As children not only ascribe human life to stones and pieces of wood, but actually behold it in them, so I believed that I found a living human spirit in the moving shapes of humanity," but I was deceived; he could not convince the masses of the people even by the results of his work. So has come the grand disillusion about man. Especially bitter is the fact that "I sought to realize my thought with my own people among whom it was born;" but the effort was in vain. "The thought was too great, too universally human" for the Germans, though if "I had treacherously called it English, or French, or what not, it would have succeeded better."

Thus the Fate-stricken man gives himself

up to complaining, to blaming something else, in his moment of weakness. But he knows that this is unmanly, yes, that it is untrue, and we shall see him turn on the spot and strike another note: "Therefore must I strive and struggle according to eternal Law, in order to make *my earthly and human error* not only harmless, but to transform the outer obstruction into a means of higher internal furtherance." Thus he begins to sound on his trumpet a Fate-compelling note, the prelude of his rise. But not yet, not yet, for listen to another drop back to unmanly complaint.

"I found, indeed, sympathetic men, but they were too weak; they resembled iron filings drawn by a magnet; when the spirit wrought upon them immediately, they held fast;" otherwise not. This spirit, of course, was I, Frederick Froebel. Not a very appreciative account of his faithful associates, who seem here implied. Even more bitter is his allusion to those who left him, Herzog and his nephews, whom he charges with more than ingratitude.

But now comes a swing of the pendulum in the other direction. He knows that he is weak in such bemoanings, and so he calls a halt to himself. "But why do I repeat to you this old, old song? By no means for the sake of lamentation or of complaint, nor to throw the blame on others, after the manner of thousands of

fools.'' So he cudgels himself, for just this is really what he has been doing in the preceding outbreaks. Another turn toward the Sun; let us now see him mount eagle-like with outstretched pinions in the following: —

'' Early and continued observation of myself and of life taught me what pure thought has since confirmed in me to unshaken conviction, namely, that man must find the causes of his life's happenings, of his life's destinies at last in himself as the one essential and contingent factor — in his own feeling, thinking, doing — and also find therein the ways and means for the realization of his selfhood, for the transformation of his life.''

May we not now say that Frederick Froebel has here seen and expressed the mastery over Fate? Certainly he has, and he knows it; he speaks of the exceeding comfort and wealth of such a conviction, though in his external life '' blow followed on blow.'' Great is his joy in shedding that old incumbrance of his, even with pain, '' for I see the new and higher life budding within.'' Thus he has won '' his loftier dignity '' in his '' new stage of development.'' This dignity means his rise above the crushing blows of outer destiny, which have smitten him along with his school at Keilhau. (34)

Accordingly he was now ready, and not before, to take in hand and appreciate the works of the

philosopher Krause, to whom he next proceeds in his letter to give an account of the events of his life.

Such is the attitude which Froebel now assumes: he recognizes himself to be the cause of his own Fate, and at once starts to transform that Self, thus becoming not the victim, nor even the stern buffeter with Fate, but its controller, transfigurer, compeller. He utters the lofty conviction that the crash of Keilhau is a new step to the higher work now awaiting him. In this fashion he fits himself into the Divine Order, and beholds his lot as a part of its process, which he is to see and make his own. He has taken his misfortune as his discipline, and converted it into a stepping-stone for the upward future career.

It is manifest that Froebel, though 45 years old and more, has found a new teacher of himself, namely Life, and is taking the lesson to heart. The last and highest personal teacher of every man is his own Deed or line of Deeds called Life or Conduct, with their return upon him, their penalty of sorrow. Thus he comes to know himself in his own finitude, to behold the very birth-mark of his mortality through suffering, being brought face to face with the limit of his own character and compelled to answer the question: Shall I sink now beneath it or rise above it? To such a brink of abysmal descent or of celestial ascent we see that Froebel has just

come and that he does not propose to go downwards.

Yet we must mention the fact that the ultimate trainer and educator of man is the World's History, quite impersonal and impartial, which is not his Deed nor of him, but into which the individual educator must fit, to which he must rise through the school of Life, and of which he must become the bearer in his idea and his work. This is just the meaning of Froebel's terrible discipline; could we but behold the flowering of Time, we would find that he is in training to be the realizer of the Spirit of the Age in Education, and must be scourged out of his nature's imperfections, and out the limitations inherent in his character, at least as far as they stand in the way of his divinely appointed task.

And the pedagogue cannot help adding the remark that the right study of History, for the above reason, is deeply educative, especially when seen interwoven into its counterpart, which is Biography. Or, we may say more definitely, the right study of the Father of History (ancient Herodotus) is specially educative, he who first saw and imparted to his race this conception of the World's History, catching it, as it were, in its primal bloom and fragrance, and who has hardly been equalled since in this regard.

Returning from these far-stretching thoughts to simpler matters in the path of our narrative,

let us not fail to notice the effect of the friendly word, which is not lost, though it may have to wait long for the fruit. Krause's sympathetic review was not at first regarded by Froebel, in the midst of his activity, and of his success. But now in the day of misfortune the friendly word blooms after years of quiet waiting, and bears a marvelous flower, really giving fresh hope to the stricken man, becoming the very pivot on which he turns about and starts in the new life.

O, Krause, we like this better than any of the hard-worded formulas of thy philosophy, over which we cannot here undertake to break our reader's head, and our own, too. This one act of thine, done in human kindness to Frederick Froebel, being duly recorded of thee, and sent down time through the printed page to his myriads of coming disciples, shall make thee more memorable than thy grand pyramidal philosophic edifice on which thou wert building so many toilsome years, all thy life in fact. Nay, just this act of divine recognition on thy part, recognizing an unrecognized genius in his distress, has caused us, and will doubtless cause other explorers of Froebel's Life, to resurrect, partially at least, thy entombed system of philosophy, hunting it up and selecting it for honor out of the vast multitude of similar pyramids strewn through the philosophers' Vale of Rest.

V.

Froebel's Visit to Krause.

Soon a new purpose began to dawn in Froebel's mind, so strong and soul-supporting had been the consolation which he had derived from Krause's books and letters, as he lay in Keilhau stunned by "blow upon blow" in the hand of destiny. He rises and says to himself: "I must see him in the body. I shall pay a visit to the Philosopher himself at Göttingen."

Accordingly, in the fall of that same year (1828), Froebel sets out upon this pilgrimage, taking his dearest friend, Middendorf, along, who was his comforter, counsellor, consoler — a true high-priest to that deeply humiliated soul. Then Middendorf (as his name curiously suggests) was the supreme middle-man, a veritable mediator for Froebel, who often repelled by his egotism and downright rudeness as well as by his appearance. The silvery-tongued Middendorf was an orator, a persuader of men, and particularly of women; with his watchful attendance, Froebel may be permitted to go to Göttingen. It will also be a pleasant diversion, perchance a suggestive lesson for him, to see the University where he had studied some seventeen years before (1811).

So let the two unappreciated geniuses come together and have a consolatory talk, and let them

at least appreciate one another. Krause's friends declare that he would have left behind him a great school of philosophy like that of Hegel, if he had only succeeded in getting the professorship in Berlin, for which he competed with Hegel, but which he lost. So he has received the blow of Fate also, which has robbed him of the opportunity all golden, to be the successor of the great Fichte. He likewise was at Jena (1801–4) at the time of the grand philosophical culmination there, and must have heard Schelling and Hegel, both of whom were then at Jena.

What did the two, Froebel and Krause, talk about? Philosophy and education, of course; or perchance the philosophy of education, in which both found their chief interest, though from different directions. It is recorded that Krause specially called Froebel's attention to their great predecessor, Comenius, not appreciated then, who had anticipated many of the doctrines of Pestalozzi and of Froebel a century and a half before their time. Among other things, Comenius insisted upon object instruction (*Anschauungsunterricht*), and he believed in learning by self-activity. But that which connects him not only with the present but the future Froebel, is education of the infant in the cradle through the mother. One of his works is his *Mother's School*, which is in line with Froebel's greatest

production, *The Mother Play-songs*, as well as in line with Pestalozzi's *Mothers' Book*.

Very stimulating and suggestive was this intercourse with Krause, as it began to turn his eyes toward his true destiny, the kindergarden. Already he has been moving a little in that direction, but the sympathetic philosopher gave a push which never lost its momentum. Truly, epoch-making was Krause's word now, quite like that of Gruner, when he said to Froebel, "Be a teacher." Also, Krause may have led Froebel to see more in the institutional life of man than he had before seen.

The philosophy of Krause had already been profoundly consolatory to Froebel in his present mood. The basis of it was a theistic view of the world, placing a self-conscious God at the center, as the highest supreme unity of Spirit and Nature. Froebel's immediate personal problem was to reconcile the crash of Keilhau with the divine government of the universe, to see in the obscuration, if not total evanishment, of his grand enterprise the hand, yea the command of Providence.

So a little circle gathered round the two strangers from Keilhau, in the house of the Frankenbergs, a family living in the country near Göttingen, and fervent disciples of Krause's philosophy. Also a young man named Hermann Von Leonhardi, afterwards distinguished as

Krause's most persistent and devoted disciple, was of the number who met and exchanged ideas in that quiet country-home of the sympathetic Frankenbergs, to whom Krause was the Prophet.

But how about the lights of Göttingen, the Professors in the University? With two or three exceptions, they looked at the whole set askance, as crack-brained dreamers and enthusiasts. Indeed some of them ridiculed the new-comers, whose external appearance gave only too much ground for a sarcastic titter among those sleek, well-fed, well-stalled and well-groomed Professors in the University.

For just look at the leader, Froebel, as he walks down the street of the town, dressed in the old-German costume, with long coat swashing about his long legs; he has no necktie; long hair is parted in the middle and fluffed behind his ears, dangling partly down his back; note his deeply browned visage from his out-door life, not "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." The rollicking students jeered, and the street urchin could not keep back a hoot. Middendorf too had the same costume, with the Keilhau long hair, and so enforced that lesson of antique rusticity given to the University of Göttingen.

When Froebel entered the drawing-room and began to talk, the impression was not lessened on closer inspection. Friend and foe agree in one

point at least upon Froebel, that he was the possessor of a preternatural homeliness. A long, pointed, somewhat curved nose, whose hook would crook over the more with his smile; enormous ears spreading out on each side of his head like a cabbage-leaf; low forehead, small eyes; his physiognomy is declared by one observer to resemble that of a Hindoo. (35)

When he opened his mouth and began to talk, it was easy to see that his speech was not elegant, but uncombed, even brusque; then it would fly off in a fit of ecstasy to regions where few if any could follow. He had a peculiar vocabulary not known to the Professors at Göttingen; it was derived chiefly from what he had heard at Jena nearly thirty years before, and largely belonged to the nature-philosophy of Schelling. All this was coupled with no small display of self-conceit — surely a fantastic appearance at Göttingen.

Still here was the genius, the very genius of the education of the Future let loose among University Professors, whose vocation is to deal with the Past, or rather the echo of the Past. Great was the contrast, externally and internally; a chasm lies between the two kinds of men, over which no bridge has yet been built. But Krause was there, the two formed a point of union in a man whose followers both of them were in a sense, namely, Schelling. Each, however, pro-

tested in true German fashion that he had "his own philosophy." So Froebel does not become a disciple of Krause, nor Krause of Froebel, and neither will acknowledge Schelling as master nor anybody else.

VI.

Helba the New Hope.

The visit to Krause took place in the fall of 1828, Froebel returned to Keilhau which was sinking deeper and deeper into debt and despair. But a new scheme appeared above the horizon, bringing with it a fresh crop of Hope. This was the projected institute of Helba, the plan of which was made by Froebel, who sent out an announcement of the enterprise in early spring 1829.

It seems that the proposition did not originally come from Froebel or his people, but from the court of the Duke of Meiningen, whose personal physician, Dr. Hohebaum, had given special attention to the work at Keilhau and had interceded with the Duke for the purpose of establishing a People's Educational Institute at Helba near Meiningen, of which Froebel was to be principal. Froebel was called into the Duke's presence, and an agreement was made by which the place known as Helba with thirty acres of land and with a yearly appropriation of 1000

gulden (4–500 dollars) was to be devoted to purposes of education.

Great was the joy which hailed Froebel on his return to Keilhau with this new scheme, which brought back fresh visions of food and of future usefulness to that little band now reduced almost to the starvation point. In fact it could not during the present year pay for what it ate. Hence the jubilation which saluted the bringer of the good news, who was by nature optimistic, and who probably colored his report with a certainty which the facts did not warrant.

But just see! Keilhau is to be the apex of a grand system of education supported by the State. No longer is it to pursue its solitary course in its secluded vale of Schaale; it is to become public, yea truly institutional henceforth. For the plan includes the following four schools or departments: —

1. An orphan nursery in which little children (three to seven years old) are to be cared for and developed. Note this as a prophecy of the kindergarden.

2. An elementary school for older children, which was to employ some new methods in education. These two schools or departments were located at Helba, and were to make the start.

3. A school for German art and industry was included in the plan, though it was to be carried out later.

4. Finally came Keilhau, "a school for higher knowledge," preparatory to the University. Thus Keilhau is placed at the apex of the system.

Such was the brilliant new rainbow that suddenly overarched the cloudy skies of Keilhau. Just in the nick of time does it appear, for, to tell the truth, we have this year (1829) only five pupils, who have in some mysterious way to support four families belonging to the school, and apparently some outside teachers. Now we can all have work and bread again; up spring our hearts, elastic with Hope.

Let the reader scrutinize the Helba plan somewhat closely, for it shows in certain respects a movement beyond Keilhau. The first thing which draws the attention is the scheme for developing small children. Says Froebel in a letter to Barop, under the date of March 11, 1828: "The education and treatment of small children from the third to the seventh year has occupied me a long time." Evidently the first impulse goes back to Pestalozzi, whose *Mothers' Book* Froebel had studied with care while at Yverdon, in 1809. (See his Report to the Princess Regent; also, Chap. I., Book II., of the present biography.) In the same letter to Barop, occurs the following passage: "I shall not call this institute a school, because it is not a school, and I do not wish the children to be

schooled in it, but to be freely unfolded * * * the divine element is to be guarded and fostered as far as it is possible for human beings." This concerning Helba some nine years before the first kindergarden at Blankenburg; no such institute for small children belonged to Keilhau. Such a forward step into his future work has Froebel here taken. (36)

What was impelling him? Already we have noticed the influence of Pestalozzi, but that lay twenty years back. The direct impulse came from his stimulating correspondence and personal intercourse with Krause, the philosopher of Göttingen, who just recently (1828) had pointed out to him the significance of the pedagogical writings of Comenius, and specially of the latter's *Mother's School*, in which the education of infants was strongly enforced. Froebel was undoubtedly ready for the suggestion, which he starts at once to realizing practically at Helba.

Another surprise awaits us in regard to the amount of constructive work which Froebel puts into his course of instruction. The materials which he uses are paper, wood, wire, clay, with a great diversity of forms. He evidently has the idea that every human occupation can be educative; the boy can be trained by a trade, and not simply to a trade. Through the fertile brain of Froebel seem to have passed all these modern schemes of education by means of some form of

hand-work. While I am writing this chapter (May, 1900) in Chicago town, here is laid before me the last new scheme in this same direction, running somehow thus: the humblest artisans are to be sought out and shown the evolution of their trade — and thus educated and elevated, not by some remote abstract study, but by the very thing which they are doing, in which and by which they live, for it, too, has a history as well as a state or a city. The poor woman, still plying her loom, can have her soul unfolded and uplifted by following the processes in the unfolding of her daily occupation. The school is not now to teach a trade, but the trade is to teach a school. Such is the idea already underlying this project of Froebel, still in the course of fulfillment.

Here we may see the psychical movement of education, as it lay in the plan of Froebel.

First, the child must do or make something; primarily he is Will, a productive being.

Second, the child finds out through doing that he needs to know, and thus rises in him the desire of knowledge; he must also be Intellect, a receptive being.

Third, the child finds that through knowing he can always do better; his Will must be laden with Intelligence, thus he can transcend limits and always be improving — a spiritual being.

Such is the project of Helba, prophetic; it passes before us as a grand forecast of the future, purely imaginary, for it was never realized. But it suggests that the practical utilitarian labors of man, agriculture, carpentry, weaving, etc., be transformed into a means of education, and thereby prophesies many things, for instance, manual training and the occupations of the kindergarden. Education was once to be made useful, but now the useful is to be turned back to its source and made educative.

But what next? Jealousy began to stir the hearts of the educational authorities of Meiningen at this new influence. The Duke had consulted Froebel about the best way of educating his only son and heir, and was told directly: "Educate your boy with other boys." The Duke followed this sensible advice, which was contrary to the former method; but Froebel incurred the enmity of the previous instructors, who naturally began to intrigue against the Helba scheme and its promoter.

All the reports about Keilhau were diligently gathered and brought to the Duke. And what could he not hear? Imagine him listening to a letter from Herzog, the demonic scourge of Keilhau, now at Jena. What a story would the Froebel boys, the estranged nephews, tell about their uncle, if called on to testify? And the

busy plotters might even get a word from Madam Christoph Froebel living not far away from Meiningen. Again that old Nemesis is at work destroying the new hope of Froebel. And it succeeds, all Froebel's thinking and planning for Helba during nearly two years come to nothing. The Duke begins to grow cool, to change the plan, to limit the number of pupils. Froebel, observing the Duke's change of manner and lack of confidence, and knowing only too well the reason, does not try to make any defense, but at once throws up the whole business and withdraws.

Thus another vengeful blow is delivered by the Furies of the Family Froebel, and all Keilhau sinks down reeling into a blacker despair than ever. That iridescent arch of Hope which spanned the Heavens with the bright name of Helba, festooned in all the colors of the rainbow, has vanished into night, the darkest Keilhau ever saw. It is reported that Froebel went almost crazy during these days; he often stood dazed and speechless under the terrible strokes.

The Duke, liberal and kind-hearted though he was, could not disentangle the diabolic farrago of calumny and intrigue, which netted him about on every side. What mortal could at that time? Many cannot now, looking through the perspective of almost three-fourths of a century, so intri-

cately woven of good and evil is this web of fatalities. Still we have to see Froebel even here in training for his future work. The Powers will no longer let him rest at Keilhau, nor at Helba, nor in Thuringia, nor in Germany. Their decree is expatriation — he has not yet heard it, but soon will.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

EXPATRIATION.

Every attempt on the part of Froebel to recover himself in Germany has failed. From the Helba project he has gone back to Keilhau, but he cannot stay there with nothing to do. It looks as if he would have to leave his native Thuringia and go to a foreign land. Ill fortune or perchance Providence has seemingly barred every way at home; only one road is open, and that leads beyond the German border — but whither? A new time of wandering and uncertainty has set in, as at former periods of his career. Are the destinies taking him in hand and preparing him, all unconscious, for the grand transition of his life into his new final vocation? At any rate one thing is certain: again the ques-

tion has risen with all intensity, "What shall I do with myself now?"

In this mood he resolves to pay a visit to Frankfort where he began his work of teaching about twenty-five years since. Thus he turns back the leaves of the book of life to that place and time at which his career as educator opens, taking a retrospect of the past and making an adjustment for the future. Back, back, to the starting-point, through a full quarter of a century, and cast the horoscope of life once more; interrogate the oracle of thy destiny on the spot where it gave thee the first response; listen to what it may say, perchance once more it will whisper in thine ear the divine word of direction.

At Frankfort Froebel finds his old patroness and friend, Frau Von Holzhausen, whose boys he trained as private tutor, and took to Yverdon, the school of Pestalozzi in Switzerland. The two, it seems, had occasionally exchanged letters during all the intervening years, and his former pupils were his friends. Thus a sympathetic, encouraging echo comes to him out of the distant past, out of the early days of his activity. Moreover, Gruner was still there and at work in his profession, at whose school Froebel began his pedagogical career. And this same Gruner was the man who voiced the oracle of life for Froebel, which has wrought and is still working: "Be a teacher." Perchance the voice will again

speak the pivotal word in the present crisis. Such is Froebel's return upon his early beginning, to the very starting-point of his vocation, with which the present Book of his biography commences.

Not purposed was all this, but rather the blind instinct of a new epoch of life, which must go back to its primeval sources. But who now crosses his path? As he unfolds his pedagogical principles one day, he has an eager listener, Xaver Schnyder Von Wartensee, a famous composer of music, a devotee of Natural Science, and a pupil of Pestalozzi, also a friend of Jean Paul Richter, author of *Levana*. At the house of Von Holzhausen this man hears Froebel, and is captivated, yea, he is electrified to the point of discipleship. Furthermore, he hears of Froebel's plan of a new school which is to complete the reform begun by Pestalozzi, and to give a fresh basis for all instruction. Schnyder soon discovers that Froebel is at present seeking a call, is indeed ready to start with something the very next day. Here, then, drops the oracular word from the mouth of Schnyder as if it were from Heaven: "Go with me to Switzerland and take possession of my castle of Wartensee on the shore of Lake Sempach, and there open your school." (37)

No sooner had the divine word fallen than Froebel recognized it to be the voice of the God,

and prepared to obey on the spot. The two friends set out from Frankfort together, both of whom heard the summons. On July 31st they reached the castle of Wartensee, and two weeks later received from the authorities permission to start their new institute.

Thus the great separation has taken place, from Keilhau, from Thuringia, from Germany itself — a separation which is indeed birth. Froebel has again gone into Switzerland, moving on his old track, yet with a new purpose, not now as pupil of Pestalozzi but as the successor and developer of the latter's work.

In 1831 this was, fifteen years he has been connected with Keilhau, which he must henceforth quit and transcend, could he but look into the Sybilline leaves of the coming time. Separated, indeed, yet for the purpose of a profounder connection; hence he may well write of this Swiss journey in one of his letters as "keeping the thread of my life unbroken and complete within itself" (see Poesche, Eng. Trans., p. 107). That is, the deeper thread of his life, visible only afterwards, not at the time; for the outer thread was certainly snapped or rather snipped by remorseless Atropos with her shears, that the new and far greater one might be spun by the Sisters three — which thread is now to be laid out before the reader.

I.

Wartensee.

Froebel is now in free Switzerland, a great contrast to the Germany which has shaken him off. An environment of freedom lies around the castle of Wartensee; not far off is the battle-field of Sempach, the Swiss Marathon, in which a small number of hardy mountainers asserted their liberty in a conflict which is counted among the world's most memorable battles. It is the region of Tell whose legend bespeaks the character of the people who made it and who kept it alive. Yet its greatest embodiment was the work of a Weimar poet, Schiller, with whom Froebel was on many lines connected.

The first note shows the change. Here we can have no Universal *German* Institute, though Froebel speaks only the German tongue, which remains the basic one in all his instruction. The Swiss people speak French and Italian as well as German, that is portions of them; here is the meeting place of Teutonic and Romanic culture; South, North, West — Italy, Germany, France interlink and form a mighty international knot in the mountains of Switzerland. Hence education cannot be Germanized, but it can be Humanized on this spot; the purely natural folk-spirit of Keilhau and of former years must be made universal.

Here too the people rule ultimately; Froebel must now educate the people. So he is whirled back into Pestalozzi's tracks, upon Pestalozzi's own ground. Fifty years old yet he is starting on a new career.

And not only Froebel, but all Keilhau, is to take this Swiss bath ere that school can be revived and rejuvenated. We shall see Barop, Middendorf, Langethal, not to speak of others, passing into this new world, and drinking in fresh life from its mountains. Keilhau is likewise to have its separation and return, when it will blossom forth into a wonderful new prosperity, greater than ever.

It must be added that Switzerland itself was, on the whole, ready to receive these men and their message. Not without conflict, indeed, still they were not rejected. The government was at this time in enlightened hands, the authorities welcomed all illumination. It was the period of the French Revolution of 1830, when the old Bourbons, obscurantists and reactionaries, had been driven out of France, and a new order had begun. The same breeze swept through the Swiss valleys and over its mountains, giving inspiration to the new-comer from Keilhau.

Undoubtedly Froebel reproduced Keilhau in his school at Wartensee. What else could he do? He puts the same stress upon inner development through self-activity, and has the same

general plan of study. Then there is also to be *free* development, and so the question of freedom rises now in a free land.

Just here lies the great lesson for Froebel and for Keilhau, the lesson of freedom. The contradiction must be solved; the Swiss people and the Swiss government show liberty ruling through law, or institutional liberty. No longer freedom, as individual caprice on the one side, and despotic authority on the other, as was largely the case at Keilhau, and indeed in Germany itself; order is not external and tyrannical, but its very object is to secure freedom. And in the school there is to be prescription yet combined with true liberty.

In the Swiss state, perchance in the Swiss mountain air is the secret restorative which is to heal the inner rent which we see cleaving in twain the *Education of Man*, and which helped to undermine Keilhau. To such a spiritual atmosphere have these men come and they must be made whole in it, recovering from their inner dualism; they must then go back home, the entire set of them, must return to Germany with their new health, and impart it there to the extent of their ability.

The Institute starts, Schnyder returns soon to Frankfort, the household is in charge of a young lady relative of his, Salesia. The opening is announced in the Swiss journals, and the project is

brought to public attention. But what means this sudden hostile noise of angry tongues? No sooner is the enterprise fairly launched, than a most violent and bitter attack is made in a Swiss newspaper against Froebel personally, assailing his character as a citizen, as an educator, and as a debt-payer. At first he thought of meeting these calumnies in a detailed explanation, and actually wrote an answer, but concluded not to publish it in full, but only the conclusion which declared that it would be "humiliating, degrading and disgraceful to deign even a word in reply."

The reader of the preceding life will understand why Froebel felt, on perusing his own defense, that it would be better to keep silent. He would have to admit certain things and explain away certain other things, which a skillful adversary would certainly twist into a confirmation of the charges. Better, therefore, drop the whole matter, and push on the great work, the positive work of education, quietly letting the Furies of the past hiss out their venom, till they sink back into night whence they came.

But who wrote the article? What was its source, its secret propelling motive? The writer referred to Dr. Carl Herzog in Jena as one of the vouchers, also to Schönbein, another Keilhau sore-head, not without cause, however. But is it not strange! The Keilhau fiend has pursued

Froebel to Switzerland and is striking him there, after having helped smite Keilhau itself into the dust. Shortly afterwards a statement appeared which was signed by Herzog and which assailed the institute and also Froebel. Still the work went forward, though not with the expected success; Keilhau had to contribute some means for its continuance. So the stroke had its effect, and the old Nemesis failed not in its power.

Then came an inner conflict between Schnyder and Froebel. They were quite equal in authority, partners in fact. Trouble was certain to spring up sooner or later. The first serious difference arose in regard to answering the personal attack; Schnyder demands that Froebel come forward with his proofs and annihilate the accuser. Whereupon Froebel writes to Schnyder a candid letter, giving his reasons for refusal. Evidently in that letter Schnyder heard of something which he had not before known.

Still another difference between the two partners came to light. Froebel felt the lack of the woman's soul in Wartensee, which was a male affair. Schnyder's female relative, Fräulein Salesia, had left the place in dissatisfaction, as she, too, missed the ministry of the woman in the work, and was apparently not able to supply it herself. Froebel applied to Keilhau, asking for Elise Froebel, the youngest of the Froebel girls, now some eighteen years old, but a trained

Keilhau housekeeper, and able to introduce domestic order into that masculine excess of men and boys. To this arrangement Schnyder was again opposed, and Middendorf sought to pacify and persuade him by a long friendly letter. But the breach was plainly too wide, and some new step had to be taken. Schnyder's distrust had been roused and fed by the insidious machinations of the Keilhau diabolus (reviler), who has already played such an important part in Froebel's life.

So the avenging Nemesis has pursued Frederick Froebel into Switzerland, shouting its demonic outcries into the ears of all who will listen. That deed of his, after driving him out of Germany, is hounding him still in his place of refuge, and seemingly from it there is no escape. It environs him everywhere, as if it were the very atmosphere of himself, which he bears with him in his flight.

But is there no release from this hellish pursuit? Yes, there is, and that is what thou, my reader, art specially to see and to take unto thyself; there is escape even from the Furies of thine own deed. Froebel is now heroically putting them down through long and wearisome combat; such is, indeed, the deeper phase of the present Swiss discipline, from which he will rise on this soil to his supreme act, the kindergarden. But not yet; let us return.

The Keilhau people were interested in the experiment at Wartensee, and resolved to send clear-headed, practical Barop to take a look into the situation there. Keilhau had little spare cash for traveling or for good clothes in which to make an appearance; still the journey must be made. So young Barop sets out, with an old summer coat on his back, and a thread-bare frock-coat on his arm, and with ten thalers in his pocket, gaily driving his span of shoemaker's nags over the hills and through valleys towards Switzerland, where he in due time arrives. Coming to the neighborhood of Wartensee he asks some inhabitants about those new school teachers yonder in the castle; the chief fact known of them seems to have been that they were heretics. Such is the little prelude sounding in his ears, which will turn to a deafening and threatening hubbub, ere he gets back home to Keilhau.

It was at once plain to Barop and to all concerned that Wartensee had to be given up. The castle was ill-fitted for a schoolhouse without important alterations, which Schnyder refused to make or to permit. Then there were deeper reasons, as already indicated, chief of which was the dual authority, which could no longer be tolerated. But whither are they to go now? Give up Switzerland and return to Keilhau, with mission unfulfilled? Not yet, not yet, say the governing Powers.

They happened to be sitting in a tavern not far from Wartensee talking over their struggles, when three men present began to take a great interest in their conversation. These men said they were merchants from Willisau, a town not far off — evidently wide-awake citizens of a free community. The outcome of the matter was their invitation: "Come over to our town, we want just such a school." (38)

Our friends did not think much of the little event, but those three men went home and stirred up their fellow-citizens, who responded at once. The result was twenty families of property united in a request to the teachers at Wartensee, having already obtained permission from the cantonal government and selected a building for the school, and provided forty pupils as a beginning. Another providential event dropping out of heaven just in the nick of time; surely we cannot leave Switzerland, where the free-acting citizen can do such things.

Accordingly Froebel takes a new step in his Swiss career, the transition to Willisau. Schnyder and his Wartensee have done their part, have drawn him out of Germany and Keilhau and set him down in Swiss air among the free Swiss mountains, and have even brought Keilhau to this fresh dip in the Swiss lakes. The people begin to call upon him and to support him; the State or the municipality now comes to the

front; we pass from kingship and aristocracy to the republic as the bearer of the new educational Idea.

II.

Willisau.

After a little more than one year's trial, the school passed from Wartensee to Willisau. Froebel himself meanwhile took a trip back to Keilhau, and even went as far as Berlin. But after a few months he returned to Switzerland, this time bringing his wife. On the first of May, 1833, the pair arrived at Willisau, and the school was formally opened the next day. Barop was already on hand, having prepared matters for their reception. In its methods the new institute was patterned after Keilhau; in fact the preliminary circular joins the two together by name, Willisau and Keilhau institutes, and is signed by Froebel as principal of both. Thus the institute with two heads passes away, or is somehow metamorphosed into one head for two institutes.

But see what crosses his path at the town of Rudolstadt, as he is setting out from his Keilhau home on this last Swiss journey. He goes to the police office to get his pass, and whom does he meet there? His deeply estranged nephew, Julius Froebel, co-worker in hate with demonic Herzog. The nephew has likewise come for a

pass to this same Switzerland, where he has obtained a position as teacher in a school at Zurich, not, of course, through the intercession of Uncle Frederick. The two glare at each other and separate without one word of salutation, truly a prelude to those Furies who have followed the Family Froebel in its flight to the Swiss mountains, pursuing its members relentlessly as they did Orestes of old. Julius has been on a visit to his mother at Volkstädt, whom the Nemesis of injured Love seems to be avenging with such fierce strokes; her the son will soon bring over to Switzerland, so that the diabolic situation at Keilhau will be exactly duplicated in that land, and the infernal powers of hate can keep their mill running, The two sides will be located near each other in neighboring cantons, one in Zurich and one in Lucerne. Vain is the flight from the Gods; there was no intention on the part of Julius Froebel to pursue his uncle into Switzerland, but a good position was offered him just there and just at that time, which position his necessities required him to accept. So he is suddenly whirled from distant Berlin to Swiss Zurich by the Powers, and set down as it were face to face with his uncle, of whose wrongs to his family he deems himself the avenger. (39)

But let us next cast our look upon Frederick Froebel, always the central figure in this varied picture of human life. Untiring in his activity

at the present time, he meets his lot as if seeking to ward off or to deaden the blows of destiny through work, incessant work, in whose very oblivion the harassed soul often finds its peace. Self-forgetful labor is the grand releaser from ills, giving to the hunted human heart a fresh plunge into the fountain of Lethe, especially when it is done for a great Idea. So Froebel labors at his lofty task unremittingly, being principal of two schools now, and soon of three.

It is well to mark at this point the difference between Keilhau and Willisau. The Swiss school was not called into existence by the fiat of Frederick Froebel, but by a body of citizens of a free community. Thus the institutional setting of the two enterprises is wholly different, in fact opposite — the one being autocratic and the other democratic. It is true that Froebel is autocrat in his school, still he is called by the people to his position and authority; what he had done is through their will. Quite a lesson is this for the absolutist Froebel, he too is going to school at Willisau. And Barop is there, learning the same lesson which he will take back to Keilhau with great profit to himself and to his school. Furthermore we shall see that all the other leading instructors at Keilhau will come to this Swiss fountain and drink of its waters.

But now for the other side, since there is a new devil assailing this young paradise at Wil-

lisau. The people of this portion of Switzerland have in themselves still the bitter conflict coming down from the time of the Reformation, they are divided into Catholics and Protestants. So the grand religious conflict of modern Europe rises and rages around the little school at Willisau, even to the point of endangering the lives of the teachers. The Catholic clergy, always claiming the right of educational control, grew extremely aggressive; a Capuchin monk making a violent speech to an inflammable audience on a public occasion, came near precipitating a riot. Barop relates that he was once in a public resort recognized by a priest as one of the teachers, and was then and there charged with heresy. But he crushed his adversary with the question: "Tell me, was Jesus Christ a Protestant or a Catholic?" Whereupon his audience actually applauded him.

Still the threats continued and the danger did not pass away. Froebel himself was once warned against going out on a certain road by a friendly old peasant: "Don't do it, they are going to kill you." No more walks over the mountains at present; such was the admonition of friends, who knew the intensity of the religious fury. Barop was sent to the authorities of the canton to ask for protection. They were friendly, still something had to be done to allay the excitement.

Now comes forward Edward Pfyffer, mayor of

the canton (Lucerne), a Swiss loving both light and liberty, and speaks the fitting word to Barop, saying, "Win the people." But how? "Get yourself ready and have a public examination; invite everybody to see what you are doing." The advice was followed, the announcement was carried by the press through all Switzerland; on the appointed day from far and near the people flocked to Willisau; even delegates were sent from some of the neighboring cantons, such as Bern and Zurich, to report the result. A mighty popular outpouring to witness the great struggle between the powers of Light and Darkness fought over again in the little town of Willisau: no wonder the people were interested, for it was just their cause.

Early in the morning at 7 o'clock the examination began, and lasted till 7 in the evening, varied with games of the boys, and closing with gymnastic exercises. A complete triumph: the high officials of the canton in council made speeches of warm commendation, especially Edward Pfyffer could rejoice, he who had uttered the pivotal word: "Win the people," which little breath of vocal air divinely sent and obeyed, was the source of the victory. The educators were granted certain privileges, and then came the tag-end of a petty revenge: the Capuchin who had made the inflammatory speech was ordered by the authorities to quit the

canton. But why not let the poor devil of a monk stay where he, too, may learn something!

Such was Froebel's appeal to the people, from whom, indeed, he was learning more than he ever taught, much as this was. Not now has he to seek the favor of the King or Duke or other potentate, that he may help his fellow-man, but he goes directly to the latter, who is to determine his own welfare, and to employ the means for his own development. A people, free, self-determined, is here standing in the background of his work, and great is the lesson. For he must begin to feel the difference between individual or capricious freedom, which he has hitherto known, and institutional or universal freedom, ordered and organized, which he is now getting to know.

And now Barop, who has been the leading spirit in the stirring events for many months, feels that his mission is ended, and that he must return home to Keilhau. He longs to clasp to his bosom his first-born, that baby boy of his, now a year old, whom he has never seen. Then a deeper plan is fermenting in his brain: he believes he can now rejuvenate Keilhau. From his Swiss experiences he certainly carries back an important lesson. Soon Middendorf and Langethal will go to Froebel in Switzerland, in fact they cannot stay away from him; then Barop will quietly but firmly seize the reins at Keilhau and turn it back to prosperity. Quite

secretly must the thing be done; let Froebel retain the name of principal, if he chooses; his idea will rule still, but not his administration. So Barop goes back to Keilhau and there builds a kind of fortress or place of refuge, which is destined to play a very important part in Froebel's future work.

In the place of Barop, Middendorf comes to Willisau, bringing with him Elise Froebel, youngest of the Froebel girls. No great sum of money flows into the treasury, as the priests still keep up their secret machination and do all in their power to deter parents from sending their children to the school. Middendorf will stay in Switzerland four years without once seeing wife and little ones. He deemed himself a sentinel doing duty at a dangerous post for the Idea; he could not think of deserting it. Then he loved Froebel personally above all others; sufficient it was just to be with him, and to share his trials, which were indeed many. For in addition to the religious conflict the old calumnies continued, which now furnish powder to the church fanatics to be used against Froebel and his associates, the magazine of malignity being just over yonder at Zurich.

Already the cantonal government of Bern, the most enlightened of the Swiss cantons, had its eye upon Froebel and his work. As soon as the school at Willisau was fairly established, Bern

sends five young men as normal students to Froebel at Willisau. This was in 1833. The next year he is invited to conduct a training class at Burgdorf (Canton Bern), which ran up to sixty pupils. He returned to Willisau at its conclusion, but the next year an offer was made whereby he removed permanently to Burgdorf (1835). Leaving Middendorf in charge at Willisau, he with his wife makes the third Swiss change, Langethal and wife going with him, they having meantime arrived from Keilhau, which is taking a complete and prolonged Swiss baptism in the persons of its leading instructors.

Thus Froebel passes from the Canton Lucerne with its bitter religious dualism, to the Canton Bern, where he finds peace and leisure to unfold his coming thought. A new environment, and a new stage in his life, of which the reader should carefully note the results, since here can be traced the most important of all Froebel's transitions.

III.

Burgdorf.

The little town lies in the valley of a small river called the Emme, which divides into many little channels turning many millwheels along its course. Above lie the lofty summits of the Bernese Oberland, looking down upon the smiling valley with its gardens and cultivated fields.

The giants, Eiger, Jungfrau, and Schreckhorn, tower in the distance. Such was the setting of Nature for Froebel's new activity, in which he seemed very happy. An exalted mood took possession of him, an inner elevation corresponding with the mountains, for he was not weighed down by the conflict which seemed to spring out of them over in Lucerne. An inner creative upheaval like that of the colossal scenery about him starts in his soul and brings forth a new epoch.

Burgdorf has, too, its educational suggestion, being associated with the name and work of Pestalozzi, who began here his reform of elementary instruction. Thus Froebel is connected through the locality with the great Swiss educator, of whom he is to be the greatest successor. Already, at Yverdon, there was an interlinking of their careers. Froebel, however, has passed beyond Pestalozzi's object-lesson into the work of the self-active will; he has made the pupil not only a receiver of the world but a creator of it, adding action to sensation. But now Froebel is to take a step further, he is to reach back of the school and prepare for that; the little child is to be wheeled into the line of the educational movement of his race. All this is seething mightily in Froebel at Burgdorf.

He is put in charge of little children for the first time; in 1835 he is appointed director of

the orphanage at Burgdorf, embracing orphans of the ages of four to six years. Here, then, is the grand new opportunity presenting itself to him at the right moment. Coupled with the orphanage is a kind of Normal School for the teachers of Canton Bern, who are given a three months' furlough every two years in order to receive professional instruction under Froebel.

The present period may be regarded as the highest point of his active life. He is now the head of three educational institutions, at Keilhau, at Willisau, and at Burgdorf. Through his position he was one of the authorities of the State, a member of the Bernese government; never before or afterward did he hold such a place in the political order.

But what has become of the hostile Powers, which seem to keep pace with his very existence? Have they ceased pursuit? Now comes the curious fact that the entire family of the Froebel boys with their mother have settled in Switzerland. Their separation from Keilhau has been already noted, and their deep hostility to uncle Frederick. In the beginning of 1833 Julius, the eldest, obtained the position of teacher in the Gymnasium of Zurich, and later he rose to a professorship in the University of that city. He was a mineralogist, developing quite on the lines of his hated uncle; also geography and map-making were his specialties, the product of his

Keilhau training and rambles. Then came his second brother, Carl Froebel, who obtained a position as teacher of English in the Industrial School. The youngest brother came, too, Theodore, and was a gardener in Zurich. Finally the mother and sister were brought from Germany, and so the whole family was reunited in Zurich as in the early days of Keilhau.

And Frederick Froebel's Keilhau people were coming at the same time to the neighboring Canton Lucerne, to Wartensee and Willisau. But there was no intercourse; both sides seem to have been lifted out of the old territory and set down in the new. Herzog himself returned home to Switzerland later as Professor. The former attacks were kept up, but Froebel seems not to have been much troubled by them at Burgdorf. The Canton Bern, whose official he was, held his work in high esteem, refusing to listen to detraction. But Middendorf at Willisau had the burden of the battle, which required continued watchfulness. Nor are the old enemies of Keilhau inactive over in Germany, though Barop's tact and administrative ability are bringing forth the second great flowering of the school.

Meanwhile Froebel has become intensely interested in the little orphans at Burgdorf from four to six years old. They occupy his thoughts and rouse his creative genius. He sees that these children must be developed from within; knowl-

edge is not to be hammered into their heads from the outside. He already grasps the function of play in their development; he exercises them in games, in songs, in bodily movements, in modeling with clay and sand; he also employs the story, the fable, the fairy-tale. In one sense all these things are not new to him; they occur in his programme of Helba, and he had made use of them long before at Keilhau. But the problem of their application to the little children is new, and just that is his labor. Something is wanting, something which gives him no rest — what is it?

Froebel has not yet seen the inner connection of his games and his materials of play, and hence he cannot order them into an educational system. Now, this inner connection is the deepest, most compelling principle of his own soul, as well as the fundamental law of all education. As long as it is absent there can be no adequate educative means for these children, and he himself can have no peace. Where is the germ, the organizing center of all these diverse, distracted occupations? The problem he carries about with him everywhere, it haunts him in his walks, perchance in his dreams; it becomes his ghostly counterpart, eternally pursuing him with its shadow.

One day he takes his walk through the fields, with that spectre of his thought flitting before

and around him, possibly stopping him now and then on his path. Behold, what is yonder? Children playing ball in the meadow. He stops and looks; that ball-play enters his fermenting spirit and unites with his struggling thought, whereby a new idea is born. We may hear him suddenly exclaim within: "I have it! The ball is the child's first plaything, out of which unfolds the cube, which is the second!" Thus he has seized the creative germ of the kindergarden, the inner central starting-point of the whole system of Play-gifts. Herewith Froebel the schoolmaster has vanished, and Froebel the kindergardner is born.

Book Third.

The Kindergardner Froebel (1835-52).

If we cast a look back at the preceding Book (the second) and grasp its total sweep, we shall see it as a whole to mean the evolution of the schoolmaster Froebel into the kindergardner Froebel. Starting at Frankfort with Gruner's winged words, "Be a teacher," he has gone through manifold pedagogic stages — subordinate instructor, tutor, normal student under Pestalozzi, till he becomes principal at Keilhau, enthroned, dethroned, expatriated — assuredly a man of divers destinies. The whole, however, has been his training till he be born a kindergardner, and therewith the kindergarden itself be born.

So we take the bearing of what has gone before us. Keilhau was the mighty discipline of Frederick Froebel for bringing the man out of his inadequate view of life and of the school in order that he become the founder of the new education. When Keilhau has done its work for him, it slips out of his hands in spite of all his efforts to hold it fast. If Keilhau had been a success we had never had the kindergarden; unless Froebel had been scourged by misfortune and disciplined by failure, he could not have done his later work. A castigation of the Gods it was till he performed his allotted task in the world, which was not merely to establish a boy's school at Keilhau, but to found the kindergarden. With stripes he goes forth from his cherished institution after many years' labor over it — a bitter parting. Not is he to return till he has the New Idea (the kindergarden) in his head and is ready to devote himself to realizing that and that alone. When he has finished his apprenticeship in Switzerland, he will get back to Keilhau once more and his beloved Thuringia — whereof the coming Book will furnish the record.

Still Keilhau has its marvelous glory, even through failure. Barop will take up the school after Froebel, will heal its inner trouble and make it a prosperous enterprise. And yet Keilhau a success under Barop, is not for a moment to be

compared with Keilhau a failure under Froebel. With the best intention, very few of us will ever care very much for successful Keilhau. There was a just ground for its disintegration; the suspicion against it on the part of the established authority was not wholly without foundation. Still it performed its task and will forever have its place in the history of education; it broke a path out of the old training of the child into the new, in spite of, possibly by virtue of, its faults.

Thus Froebel enters upon what we have called the third Period in the great total sweep of his life; the third and last it is, continuing some sixteen years or more, to the end of his days. If we should seek to express the supreme psychical fact of this Period, we would say that it shows Froebel's Return, his going back to his beginning, and his uniting that with his ending. Thus he rounds out his terrestrial existence into a complete Whole.

It is curious to note that this Return of Froebel is both outer and inner, it sweeps through Space, Time and Spirit. There is the external spatial Return to Germany, to Thuringia, yea, to Keilhau; then there is the deeper, temporal Return to his childhood and to his idealized mother; finally there is the spiritual Return to the primal source of all human development, "to the foun-

tain-head of the education of mankind," to the race-child, as it were, for a new training. Froebel himself was aware of this profound spiritual cycle in his life, and proclaims his consciousness of it, when he was nearly sixty years old, in the following words: "After progressing through the vast orbit of almost two generations, I have been carried round to the point of commencement, *to the fountain-head of the education of mankind*, but with the significant addition of a full consciousness of my task." (Letter to Madam Schmidt, under date of March 21st, 1841, in *Poesche*, Eng. Trans., p. 111.)

The third Period has, accordingly, one main underlying idea and purpose — the kindergarden, which works through it and determines it at every point. Moreover, we can distinguish three chief stages in its movement: the conception, the realization, and the propagation of the kindergarden, each of which will make a chapter of the forthcoming third Book.

As already indicated, the transition into the present Period takes place at Burgdorf, which thus has two sides; or we may say that there are two Burgdorfs in this biography of Froebel, one before and one during his conception of the kindergarden, dividing that little town just in the heart of it forevermore.

So let us again take courage, my patient

reader, and buckle down to this last stretch of our narrative, which contains the real end and aim of this whole writing, without which, indeed, the present Life of Froebel would never have been composed, as having little or no meaning for the great future, and which ought to be the most interesting and profitable part to thee of all this biography.

CHAPTER FIRST.

THE KINDERGARDEN CONCEIVED.

In the summer of 1835 Froebel with his wife settled at Burgdorf. The previous year he had given there a normal course for Swiss teachers, but after it was over he returned to Willisau. At the mentioned time, however, he removed permanently to his new position, which was that of director of the orphanage at Burgdorf.

The present year (1835–6) was doubtless the important year of his life in its creative aspect. His greatest thought opened and came to bloom; he seems to have been in a kind of continuous productive ecstasy. His writings during this period have a peculiar note, prophetic and far-reaching, yet often hazy and uncertain of meaning; his very soul became pregnant with a

universe which struggled within him for birth, but which he could not fully somehow utter — without form it largely was, but by no means void.

He has been four years in Switzerland, years full of discipline and instruction; one more year he must serve at Burgdorf, when the Swiss apprenticeship will end. He will give up his situation in an established order, which hampers him, and will devote himself fully and freely to the new-born Idea. No more school work, no more normal training; he has made the transition into his new vocation. To be sure there is also an external cause driving him from Switzerland, the sickness of his wife; but this cause is only the outer impact into his inner destiny.

Still, before the great return is made to Keilhau and to Germany, we must see what he is going to take back with him; we must consider the Conception of the Kindergarden, as it rose in his mind at Burgdorf among the orphans.

I.

The Child's First Play-Gift.

Already we have noticed the effect upon Froebel when he once saw some children playing ball at Burgdorf. A very common, indeed, trivial event, yet it bore to him the message of the God; hundreds of times he had seen and done the

same act without hearing any divine voice. But now he is ready, yea, is waiting for, and unconsciously praying for the supernal appearance, when just before him it stands and speaks to him the providential word at the right moment. So with Homeric eyes we may behold the God outside coming down from Olympus (or from yonder Schreckhorn towering in the distance above Burgdorf) and responding to the God inside that tall, spare man who has stopped along the road to look at children playing ball in the meadow. Such was the small occurrence which Froebel himself has indicated as the birth-point of the idea of the kindergarden Play-gifts, which on the spot flashed through his brain, if not an organized system, at least an organizing principle. Yet much had to be prepared ere such a world-creating flash could produce its result.

The meaning of the Sphere or Ball had been a matter over which he had long brooded. At the University of Göttingen (1811) he had regarded it as a kind of central or creative principle of the Cosmos. Later, at Keilhau, he notes its educative value in his *Aphorisms*, and he couples it with the Cube genetically in the *Education of Man* (1826). Already he had employed both these forms as outer symbols to unfold the inner spirit, or Ego. But when he saw these children playing ball, some point in the game, some word or act

waked his sleeping genius (as old Ulysses was once roused from his slumber by the ball-play of Nausicaa's maidens), and at once he spake to himself: "There! I see it! That is just what I have been long in search of. I shall now employ Ball and Cube as educative play-things for the little child, for my orphans. I shall put them together as one process or one Play-gift; out of this I see developing a whole series of forms, through which the child playing, will enter the creative workshop of Nature herself, and thus unfold into his spiritual inheritance."

Such was Froebel's first conception or genetic intuition of his Originative Play-gift (usually called his second Gift), which is the very germ and creative source whence flows the whole series of his Play-gifts, which constitute the center of the kindergarden system. Out of the Sphere is evolved the Cube as its opposite and outer counterpart; to these two main forms (Sphere and Cube) will be added the third (the Cylinder) in the course of time. The Originative Play-gift we call it, as the original and fountain-head of all the so-called Gifts and Occupations, and it is the central breast-work of the kindergarden fortress.

Froebel has now gotten his starting-point from which he can begin to arrange the little world of materials already gathered by him.

Out of this mass, more or less chaotic in his soul, the divine fiat of the Cosmos has been heard: Let there be order. And also the ordering principle has been revealed, so that the work of construction may begin. (40)

The Play-gift having been thus conceived, he is at the same time driven to another kindred conception, destined to be of vast significance in his system.

II.

Life's Renewal — The Play-song.

In these autumnal days at Burgdorf, probably on account of the incessant working and fermenting of his new conception, Froebel seems to have fallen into a kind of frenzy of productive energy. The fit lasted through the holidays and reached over into the spring of 1836 apparently, and it manifests itself especially in a document of his which belongs to the early days of the new year and bears the title: "The year 1836 demands a renewal of life." In this composition Froebel speaks like a man intoxicated with his own creative thought. The motive of the writing lies persistently hidden, yet always with an outlook upon some event which is happening or is expected to happen, in the fullness of time.

The central fact with him is the Family, as it manifests itself in the mother and child. This fact he contemplates in a kind of adoration, and

repeatedly couples it with the Madonna and the Christ-child. Various incidents of the sacred story — the Annunciation, the Lily, the Holy Family — are interwoven in his writings of the Burgdorf period. He shows often a vein of mysticism and ecstasy, which recalls the medieval devotee of the Blessed Virgin.

Some occurrence in life has roused his emotional nature in its deepest depths, directing and coloring all his thoughts. An intimate, personal throb of the heart we feel in his dark allusions; though we know not the cause, we respond to the secret thrill.

To this mood of Froebel at this time we ascribe the first germ, in fact the very conception of the Mother Play-song, which puts the mother and child at the center of a grand scheme of education. A new spiritual development of humanity is the object. Only the germ now it is, not yet unfolded by any means; some five years must pass ere this primordial conception can fully realize itself.

It is true that Froebel has had much antecedent preparation for creating just this Mother Play-song. Comenius and Pestalozzi before him, had placed the mother at the center of domestic education. Then at Keilhau and elsewhere, he had gathered a good deal of material from the folk-lore of his people, which is in due

time to be wrought over into the Mother Play-song.

Still, there was needed the mighty creative impulse roused to its full energy in the soul ere the man could start the germinal thought which was to unfold into the Mother Play-song. This happened at Burgdorf, in 1835–6. It is no wonder that Froebel refers to the year 1835 as the most remarkable in the history of his life — veritably his *annus mirabilis*. In Burgdorf he reaches the highest point of his purely creative power, for here he produces the Play-gift and the Play-song, to which his life heretofore has gradually ascended, and which his life afterwards will unfold and propagate. So he now becomes Froebel the kindergardner, evolving out of and sloughing off Froebel the schoolmaster.

The book of Mother Play-songs was the favorite of Madam Henriette Froebel, who wrote some of its verses and took a great interest in its progress up to the time of her death. Froebel himself regarded it as a kind of monument to her, and so spoke of it to the end of his days. It was indeed her book, very intimately connected with her life and experience.

Thus the Play-song of the mother and child, sister of the Play-gift in the kindergarden family, is born at Burgdorf during this fertile year, truly the highest genetic epoch of Froebel's entire career. (41)

III.

What Shall I Do With It?

The grand conception is born in his mind; the next question is, What shall I do with it? Whither shall I go to realize it? He could not see the means in Switzerland amid the varied duties of his position; he wished to be free of his routine in order to carry out unhindered his new plan. Moreover, the school, as such, had become a burden to him, and for children of school-age he had largely lost his interest; he was absorbed in infancy, the period before school-age, and its educational demands. The schoolmaster has quite vanished. So he can no longer stay in Burgdorf, or even in Switzerland; the Swiss epoch of his life has given its discipline, and come to an end.

The later portion of his essay on the "Renewal of Life" speaks of emigration as a part of his scheme. He had already passed through a stage of emigration when he went from Germany over into Switzerland. The broadening effect, the restorative power of such a step is present to his mind. He sees the need and the significance of separation from home and country — for a time at least — that estrangement through which the human soul has to pass in order to reach its higher self, its greater destiny.

The country to which he thinks of emigrating

is North America, where is a new land, a new world, fit home for the new Idea. The social and political fixity of aged Europe is not favorable to progress; the conventional, the established, the transmitted, is too powerful; the formable element in man has become crystallized in that old world.

Such was his first impulse, giving way to his impatience, perchance to his former feeling against his land's institutions and law, against the established order in general. But this is just what he is to recover from by his Swiss experience; the old idea of freedom as caprice is to be supplanted by the new idea of ordered freedom. Therefore his true movement is not to flee from the established but to return to it, to become reconciled with it, and then to transform it, in fine to inoculate the old stock with the fresh germ, with the new Idea. The going to America would have been a further and a deeper flight from his institutional world than the going to Switzerland. Not in that direction lies his true development; he must now return.

Then Froebel was a German, speaking the German tongue alone; he could never have had a ready vehicle of communication with Anglo-Saxon peoples. Also he had not their social background, he did not know their folk-spirit as he did that of his native land. We hold, therefore, that it was a wise thing that he did not

carry out his purpose of coming to the United States. Only a deeper estrangement, from which he could hardly have recovered, would have been caused in his spirit; whereas he now is ready to heal the old one by a return and reconciliation with his country.

Still it is curious to note how he always thought of America when German conditions became too unfriendly or oppressive. In the Thirties many cultivated Germans emigrated to the Mississippi Valley, their descendants are still found in Illinois and Missouri. Froebel felt the same spirit. Then after the political upheaval of 1848, there was another grand German hegira to the United States, of which we again find echoes in Froebel. Finally when the great blow fell upon him, the suppression of kindergardens by Prussia, he thought for the last time about emigrating to America, when he was in his 70th year, and in the same year he died.

So the scheme of emigration floats before him entrancingly at Burgdorf, and lures him across the ocean. But he finally comes to himself and says: "Here or nowhere is America," with one of Goethe's characters in *Wilhelm Meister*. The illness of his wife also determines him to leave his Swiss exile for home.

Accordingly the next step is the Return, an outer spatial Return to Fatherland, which, however, has its inner spiritual counterpart in the

Return to his own childhood, yea to the childhood of the Race, the fountain-head of all education. Bearing in his brain and in his heart those two young Conceptions of his, the Play-gift and the Play-song, behold him setting out once more on a new career.

IV.

Return to Germany.

When the warm days of 1836 had come, and traveling was a delight, Froebel with his wife quit Switzerland forever and turned his face toward Germany. In June we find him already at Berlin, where he stayed three months, arranging matters in reference to the estate of his wife, whose mother had recently died. While he is detained on this business, his thoughts are deeply occupied with his new work. He develops more fully his fundamental principle, and puts his materials into a more complete shape; he composes what may be called his first kindergarden essays, though he must have begun writing down his reflections on the same topic at Burgdorf.

The chief object of interest to him at Berlin was the day-nurseries, in which little children were cared for. This was along the line of his present absorbing thought, and so he looked into the matter with great attention. Something of the kind had been started in Berlin as far back as

1819. The purpose of the day-nursery (*crèche*) was mainly to attend to children whose mothers had gone out to work for the day; it was a benevolent institution, not educational, and usually more benevolent to the parent than to the child.

There is no doubt that Froebel through his present experience was led to assert stoutly that his new institution was not charitable, but educative, not merely for the children of the poor, but for all, rich and poor; it was universal. Such was the distinction which he now made and held to firmly afterwards. His games, gifts, occupations, are to train the child, not merely to amuse him; their very essence is their adaptation to unfold his spirit.

It is true that Froebel had precursors in this idea. There was Oberlin, the so-called apostle of Steinthal, who established in 1779 the first infant home; then came the work of the Scotch weaver, James Buchanan, with his infant schools, which spread throughout Great Britain, of which the first started in 1816 at New Lanark, under the auspices of Owen. This infant school had also the idea of discipline and training, and it employed games and songs, but in no sense did it possess the ordered instrumentalities of Froebel. So we see that the kindergarden is the flowering of a thought which was already germi-

nating in the time, and was shooting buds in a number of places over Europe.

In Berlin another question was anxiously discussed by Froebel: Where shall I plant the new institution? In Germany, certainly, but at what point? Berlin was considered, but there he had no support; in fact, he felt no great congeniality with the place; he was not a Prussian, and he could not forget the fact that Prussia had treated Keilhau with suspicion and worried the Duke of Meiningen about its supposed demagogic tendencies. Then Prussia and Switzerland are quite the opposites of each other, politically as well as territorially; they represent the extremes, autocracy and democracy, and Froebel took the middle ground. That located him in his beloved Thuringia, between South and North, and joyfully set him down in his home and the scene of his former activity. Moreover, it took him out of the city and gave him the country, the true environment for his enterprise in its infancy.

So back to Keilhau he goes, to his educational starting-point, after the Swiss separation. We find him there December 1st, 1836, writing to Langethal in Switzerland a letter in which occurs the passage: "Since leaving you I have been at work uninterruptedly, constructing, shaping, developing the fundamental idea of my life."

But at Keilhau all is not smooth sailing for

him. He demands money for his new Idea from Barop, who has control and under whom the school has risen to financial prosperity. Here Barop draws the line: so much and no more. Froebel insisted upon his right of control, but Barop again firmly held the reins which had years ago dropped from Froebel's hands. Faint echoes of a hot time at Keilhau during these days have come down to us; Froebel, with fire in his temper, and imperious by nature, stormed and raved at the limit put upon him in the school which he had founded; all to no purpose. It is said by friends of both that he even cursed (*verwünscht*) Barop, who, however, did not flinch, and whom we may hear saying: "You shall not wreck this school again and reduce our families to beggary. Still I shall help you."

Froebel does not get hold of Keilhau and never will again. The result is he quits it and goes to the neighboring village of Blankenburg, where Barop rents for him a house which had been an old powder mill. Evidently some kind of a compromise; Barop furnishes a part of the funds and Froebel has a little money from his wife's estate; with such a financial outfit, certainly not great, the enterprise is to be launched. In this struggle at Keilhau it is said that Froebel afterwards confessed that Barop was right, in which opinion the reader will be apt to agree with him.

Still, in spite of all drawbacks, Froebel has made the Return to his native land, to his own Thuringia, where he felt most at home. If not exactly in Keilhau, he is in its neighborhood; the Powers have clearly decreed that he cannot become its principal, or administer its affairs. Such a business might turn him away from his great new end, which he is henceforth to pursue, single-hearted and single-handed.

Back to infancy he has come, back to himself at the starting-point of life; back to the mother, the first educator, he has reached, to her who is now to be the center of his work, and whom he is going to train to her vocation. That ideal mother of his childhood (he had no actual mother) is to be made real; so he at the age of fifty-five wheels around to the beginning of himself and of the Race.

At the opening of spring in the year 1837, with the rejuvenescence of Nature, Froebel was stationed in the old powder-mill at Blankenburg, prepared to exploit the new Idea. Here the first kindergarden begins, which, hitherto chiefly a Conception, is now to move forward to Realization. But that wonderful old powder-mill at Blankenburg, hired for him by Barop, because he apparently had neither money nor credit in these parts! Soon from its deserted walls is to proceed a new kind of explosion world-encompassing, and increasing in mightiness as its detonations roll down Time. (42)

CHAPTER SECOND.

THE KINDERGARDEN REALIZED.

In the previous chapter we saw the kindergarden conceived, born in the brain of Frederick Froebel at Burgdorf. Now we are to see it realized, put into the world, and set to work there. The idea is to take on body, its hitherto scattered parts are to be united into a whole, into a system, which, if not entirely complete, will be complete enough to constitute the permanent working organism of the kindergarden.

This new unfolding of it took place at Blankenburg, which witnessed the beginning and end of the present period. Seven years it lasted, from 1837 to 1844, till both Froebel and the kindergarden were ready for its propagation. He was 55 years old when he entered upon this

Blankenburg period and opened his first kindergarden. The practical side of his creative power he exerts now, testing, evolving, constructing his greatest work.

Still this is not accomplished without a considerable crop of misfortunes and mistakes. He will seek to plant before the seed is ripe, and will be driven back to his toil by failure. He will attempt to establish a great central institution ere he has his system ready for such a step; the result will be a providential blow which will send him reeling back to complete his task. Poverty will pinch him black and blue, still he will manfully endure and perform his mighty labors. His bosom companion will be torn from him, but though stunned, he cannot be thwarted. Stronghearted man that he is, when felled to the earth, he cannot be kept from getting up again. So the fates of human existence will weave their reversible threads into the fabric of his life at Blankenburg with many an up and down and criss-cross, till the cycle of his years be rounded and his work there be done.

From Burgdorf to Blankenburg, then, we pass — from the thought to the deed, from the Conception to the Realization. Moreover, Burgdorf was an orphanage, a charity, paid for by the State, and under its control; Blankenburg is to be a free lance, with the object of imparting the new education to all, rich and poor. So we also pass

from the benevolent to the educative school for little children, which is ultimately to be supported by the State, not as a charitable institution, but as an integral part of a system of Public Instruction.

I.

First Years at Blankenburg.

So Froebel has taken position in his Blankenburg, or Shining Castle, which is veritably to illuminate the world. Like a medieval knight he has his Burg or Castle from which he sallies forth in full panoply against the Powers of Darkness. The village which goes by the name of Blankenburg is a romantic spot nestled on a small mountain stream and surrounded with gardens and wooded heights, lying not far from Rudolstadt, the chief city of this region, on the one side, and on the other side not far from Keilhau, the mother-school, which is to suckle the newborn infant. Into his dilapidated powder mill he has succeeded in gathering a little band of village children, not without some hesitation on the part of parents, it would seem, who naturally wondered what this curious business meant — an old gray-haired man spending his time in playing with little children.

He has as yet no name for his new enterprise except some roundabout designation like "Institute for the child's creative activity through

play;" the magic word *Kindergarden* he has not yet come upon, but will later. Still he is going to print at once, for the purpose of disseminating his doctrine; accordingly he starts the *Sonntagsblatt* (or *Sunday Journal*) which appeared first about the middle of the year 1837, continued in 1838, suspended in 1839 and was revived in 1840, shortly after which its publication ceased. Its articles were written chiefly by Froebel himself, and have become a classic authority for his early views. The *Sunday Journal* of 1837–8 contains an exposition of the plan of his Institute, also a full account of the Ball and of the Second Gift, or the Sphere and the Cube. We can see how deeply this Gift, which is the central one of all, the originative one, occupied him, as the printed explanations of it take up in the original fifty-two pages. This was the Gift which dawned upon him at Burgdorf, and which gave him the idea of his System of Play-gifts. It is elaborated with a fullness which the reader now finds somewhat wearisome with its repetitions and amplifications; but we must recollect that Froebel is here unfolding the germ of his entire kindergarden organism, is setting down the manifold turns of his own mind in thinking out the subject at various intervals of time. We may suppose that many of these reflections were written down before he left Switzerland. So the reader will follow with interest this earliest essay

when he considers that it leads into the primitive workshop of Froebel's kindergarden idea, which can be seen almost in the act of birth just here. There is as yet in the Second Gift no Cylinder, which is not yet evolved, but in its place is the doll, as an object representing life, and hence different in nature from Sphere and Cube.

As already stated, in 1839 the *Sunday Journal* stopped publication, which, however, was resumed in 1840. Then appeared for the first time the Third, Fourth and Fifth Gifts, in separate boxes with explanatory text and lithographs for illustration. The Sixth Gift seems not yet to have been worked out. We see, also, that his system of Morphology with its Forms of Life, Beauty and Knowledge was developed, as he shows these Forms in a number of examples.

We must add that the famous motto, "Come, let us live for our children," first appeared in the title to the *Sunday Journal*. This was published by Frederick Froebel, at Blankenburg, Keilhau, Burgdorf, and Columbus, Ohio. This last place of publication creates some surprise, but Froebel's friends, some of the Frankenberg Brothers, had emigrated, and were located probably in the mentioned American city.

Froebel had set up his own printing-press, as no publisher could be found for his work. Moreover, he had to have drawings for his Gifts, and lithographic plates had to be made. Herein

he was assisted by a very important man, Frederick Unger, painter, who spins the artistic thread through Froebel's later life. He was a former pupil at Keilhau, and entered into his teacher's plans with zeal and strong appreciation. It was Unger who prepared the pictures and plates for the later Book of Mother Play-songs. Indeed, without this strange genius, yet kind-hearted and loyal, Froebel could hardly have done his work, at least this part of it. They labored together in the so-called work-ship, both geniuses, both irritable and dogmatic, always falling out with each other, yet always making up again, for the one could not do without the other. So the picture-maker Unger has his own unique niche in the kindergarden temple of fame.

Having thus settled at Blankenburg and made a beginning, Froebel feels that he must at once start to planting his work in other parts of his beloved fatherland. This trait lay deep in him; he is the born teacher, he cannot rest till he imparts what he has discovered. Also he sets his disciples on fire; the Keilhau teachers carry boxes of Play-gifts along on their rambles through Germany, showing and explaining them at every opportunity. In this way the Idea gets introduced into Dresden, paving the way for Froebel himself. Thus during the year 1838 there is quite a little propagation in different

localities of central Germany, in which work the three Keilhau teachers, Barop, Langethal, and Middendorf all join, the latter returning from Switzerland during this year to help his friend in the new task.

Froebel was at this time the picture of the burning propagandist, forgetful of himself and also of others in his consuming zeal for the Idea. Every human being whom he met and from whom he could draw a spark of interest, he would detain and begin pouring out, pouring out unweariedly. A visitor at Blankenburg reports that he had scarcely reached the village, when Froebel knew of his arrival, and appeared at his quarters; at once that long, thin, bony, but elastic figure had whisked out his play materials and begun explaining them without further introduction. All this was accompanied by a flow of talk overwhelming in quantity and often obscure in meaning, which made the listener wrinkle his forehead and draw down his eyebrows in a tremendous fit of concentration. But under this exterior lay devotion to an ideal end, and in this strange talk lurked the new gospel of man's education.

The culmination of this period of his propagandism was his visit at Dresden. In company with Middendorf we find him in that city giving a lecture on Jan. 7th, 1839. Very few could follow his peculiar nomenclature when he spoke of the whole, and member and member-whole, of

the mediation of contraries, of the child in relation to the all-life. When he asked what is the mediating third between the infant and the world, he answered his own question: The Ball. Whereat the report is that a smile ran over the faces of the audience. Surely not a great success; the general public had hardly more to carry away from the lecture than their own confused heads, and the memory of having listened to an odd, if not addled, genius from somewhere down in Thuringia. Still let a single encouraging ray of sunshine be duly noted: the Queen of Saxony was one of his listeners, and, after manifesting much interest in his work, spoke to him in a personal interview: "These aims and efforts of yours are very beautiful and noble."

Froebel continued lecturing and working at Dresden for more than a month; the scientific men assembled once to hear him, and also the teachers. There was an attempt to found a kindergarden under the leadership of Adolph Frankenburg, one of his most devoted followers, but the little craft struck upon some unseen rocks. Also the scheme of a kindergarden training-school at Dresden was mentioned, but not carried out; indeed how could it be, in the present unripe condition of the work? February 14th Froebel and Middendorf left Dresden and journeyed to Leipzig, where again Froebel gave some lectures on his present theme and roused

some interest. But in this city of publishers he did not succeed in obtaining a publisher, which seems to have been one of his objects. He reached home at Blankenburg April 21st, 1839, after an absence of some four months.

Such was Froebel's first grand tour of propagandism, which is hereafter to be often repeated. But it was not a success and could not be, in the nature of the case. The kindergarden idea was born, but not yet realized, though in the process of realization. The organism was growing, but incomplete and immature; at most Froebel had but four Gifts to show, and not all of these were yet ready for distribution in boxes with printed explanations. This is to come later. So Froebel failed to make the large city of Dresden his center, but was remanded back to his little country village of Blankenburg for further study and development. Undoubtedly he sowed some seed and made some friends, so that the time was not wholly lost. But the chief lesson was the consciousness that his system was still imperfect, and must now be wrought out to something like completeness.

Then we must observe that his dearest friend and disciple, as well his most eloquent and winning expounder, Middendorf, could not help him, though with him on this journey. For Middendorf had recently returned from Switzerland after an absence of several years, and had not yet

made the kindergarden his own. So he had to stand by in silence for the most part, giving only to the cause of his friend his personal presence, which was a benediction. Later he will work with Froebel at Blankenburg and come to know the kindergarden as none other except its founder knew it; then he will employ that silvery tongue of his in its propagation with an eloquence which probably none of its advocates have since equaled.

When Froebel returned home from Dresden he found his wife in a sinking condition, in fact dying. She breathed her last May 13th, 1839, in the 59th year of her age.

Already the outlines of her life with Froebel have been carried along with the preceding narrative. She, a highly cultivated lady, "the pupil of Fichte and Schleiermacher," had left a luxurious home in Berlin, and had courageously undergone the hardships and reverses of Keilhau. She went with her husband to Switzerland, and while there contracted the malady which was to end her life. She had no children of her own but possessed very strongly the maternal instinct, which has its memorial in her husband's greatest book, the Mother Play-songs. Already at Berlin she adopted a daughter whom Langethal afterwards married; then she adopted a second daughter, Luise, who died only a few days before her.

Froebel's house was indeed a house of mourning after his return from Dresden.

Bowed to the earth by the blow, Froebel took refuge with his priestly friend Middendorf at Keilhau for consolation and recovery. He says that only with great difficulty he rose to his feet again and began work. In June, 1839, we find him once more at his task in Blankenburg, having now under his charge 30, 40, and sometimes 50 children from one to seven years old. He drowns his great sorrow in labor; he must henceforth, first of all, unfold and complete his system of Play-gifts, having found the grand opportunity in the little ones before him. Also teachers come to him for instruction, so that he has a little training-school connected with his kindergarden. But all of them are as yet men.

Still his larger thought on this subject is beginning to germinate in his heart. He seeks to interest women, married and single, in the education of little children. Toward the end of 1839 we find him occupied with the thought of founding an association of ladies for this purpose. The coming Christmas he would celebrate by the establishment of such an association. The loss of his wife seems to have vividly brought home to his feelings the place of woman in the household and in education; he sees the void when she is gone.

Such were the varied experiences of Froebel

during these first three years at Blankenburg, from 1837 till 1840. A good beginning he has certainly made toward realizing his Idea. Beside his work in the kindergarden proper, with its living overflow of suggestion, he has a printing-press to disseminate his thoughts. He has a little factory for making his play-material, of which the third, fourth and fifth Gifts in their boxes with explanatory text and plates appear in 1840. Printing, engraving, manufacturing are all carried on by the man single-handed and without money. How did he do it? One thing is certain: such a spirit cannot be put down by the fates of existence in their most malignant mood.

He was troubled about a fitting name for his new institution. Various designations he had given it, but he could not satisfy himself. One of these was *Kleinkinderbeschäftigungsanstalt* (literally *small-children-occupation-institute*), which was just a little too German for even the Germans. Nine syllables and four concepts thrust into one word! It will not do — a name wrapped in such a quantity of swaddling clothes, though it be for the babies! Another must be coined direct from the mint of the soul. Froebel was walking one day over the Steiger to Blankenburg, in company with Barop and Middendorf. He cried out repeatedly, "O for a name suitable to my youngest child!" Blankenburg lay at

their feet, pensively he stepped along. Suddenly he stood still as if chained to the earth, and his eye assumed a transfigured look. Then he shouted to the mountains, that the echo came back from the four winds: "Heuréka, I have found it! KINDERGARDEN it shall be called!"

Such is Barop's dramatic account of the birth of that magic word, which bids fair to pass into every living tongue on the globe and to outlast the German language itself. In the deepest sense did Froebel shout this word from the mountain-tops; the echo is still resounding from the four quarters of the earth, not dying away but strangely increasing in volume, like that famous "shot heard round the world." (43)

II.

The Blankenburg Festival.

The infant has now a name, verily a name with which to conjure. Not only born, but baptized, though by no means strong enough to make its way in the world; it has yet to grow, to develop, to become a complete, fully rounded organism, capable of standing on its own feet and marching toward its end. Still the impatient Froebel is eager to publish at once its happy name linked with its idea; far and wide must the word *kindergarden* be made to sound in men's ears. So he schemes a grand festival which is

to launch the *Universal German Kindergarden* at Blankenburg on the 28th day of June, 1840. In one festal day four anniversaries of birth-days are to be celebrated, Keilhau and Blankenburg joining hands for this purpose. These are the four which are to become one: —

1. The general birth-day festival of all the Keilhau students. It was a former custom at Keilhau to celebrate the birth-day of each pupil, but, with the increase of attendance, this had become impossible. So there was a general celebration of all the birth-days, which was placed on the 28th of June, for the present year.

2. On the same day was the festival of St. John the Baptist, who was also a prophet and forerunner of great events.

3. On the same day the 400th anniversary of the invention of printing was placed, the Guttenberg festival, which had likewise its deep significance for Froebel, who was his own printer.

4. Last but not least, the celebration of the founding of the Universal German Kindergarden, to which, indeed, the other festivals are chiefly many-hued halos encircling the glorified child.

Keilhau and Blankenburg, then, are to unite on this festal occasion, under Froebel, the founder of both institutions. Teachers and pupils, coming together from each place in different directions, before sunrise, assemble on the Dessau, a small mountain. There they await, in a sort of

nature-worship, the rise of the Sun, the suggestive image of the work of St. John, Guttenberg, and Froebel, all of whom were light-bearers of the earth. Barop saluted the grand luminary with a hymn, which reminds us of that old Greek hymn to Apollo, the sun-god of Hellas, who also had his festivals. The chorus of singers followed with their song. Then the procession, taking a fine view of the hills and valleys bursting into the gorgeous illumination of the morning, went down the mountain to the Keilhau schoolhouse, where Middendorf made an address, full of the glorification of all these birth-days. More songs, with a general salutation of all to each and each to all, followed by a universal halleluiah of those hungry boys, when the heavenly word dropped down among them: *Breakfast*. Such was the first grand act of the day, with a streak in it of old Aryan sun-worship, though now filled with a purposed symbolism in Froebel's vein.

Next comes the distinctively Christian part of the program, with many choral songs interspersed. After breakfast, at the proper hour, the children assembled at the church and listened to a sermon preached by one of the Keilhau teachers on the text: "Many Gifts, but One Spirit." We have to think of Froebel's Gifts in this connection — and why not? The preacher made an elaborate comparison between John the Baptist and John Guttenberg, those two great

lights of the past — and why should he not throw a side glance at the third great luminary now present? But enough! with prayer and song ends the forenoon of the festival.

In the afternoon when refreshments had been duly attended to, they began their festal pilgrimage to Blankenburg, which was the grand objective point of the whole celebration. See them in wagons decked with foliage, hung with festoons and flowers, over-canopied with boughs of trees — teachers and pupils, girls and boys, laughter and song, rolling down the valley of the little brook Schaale, through two small villages, where the people flock out to see and salute — the clouds above throwing down now and then a few drops of rain just for fun. At last they arrive at Blankenburg, and on the market-place they stop and salute the town with a festal song of praise, whose unpretentious refrain has a tendency to jingle through the head for a little while.

> Gegrüsset sei uns diese Stadt,
> Die schützend Kinderpflege hat.

This greeting to the "city" being ended, all pass to the Town Hall, where the Guttenberg part of the festival is to be celebrated. The chorus of Keilhau singers with some help from Rudolstadt now sing *The Miner's Salute* — the miner, who brings up to man and sunlight the deep-hidden treasures, hitherto valueless and

unknown, of Mother Earth. His salute to the world as he comes out of the shaft, is *Glück auf!*

Just at this point in the closing of the song, Froebel rises to speak, and, as the beginning of his address, he catches up from the singers and repeats three times the refrain: *Glück auf, Glück auf, Glück auf!* He is the miner now appearing who has brought from the deep, dark shaft of the primeval Mother certain precious truths, of which he is going to give some account in person.

Froebel speaks at first of Guttenberg and the invention of printing, which is the "mediator of Past, Present, and Future." But he soon turns away to where his heart lies, to education in general and specially to the topic of all topics, to the kindergarden, "the Universal German Kindergarden, to be called German on account of its spirit." So he feels himself compelled to defend that word *Deutsch* in the title of his institution, and it certainly needs his defense. Contradictory are the two adjectives, and are destined, like the famous Kilkenny cats, to eat each other up and vanish, leaving the word *kindergarden* to posterity and eternity. Strange! but Froebel in spite of his Swiss dip, could not wholly free himself from nativism. So he called his school at Keilhau long ago the Universal German Institute, to which appellation the philosopher Krause, we

recollect, strongly objected with good reason. But let the name pass, the thing is here.

Particularly in this address does Froebel appeal to women, married and unmarried. To them he looks for the chief support of his undertaking. Especially does he try to stir them from their "modesty and seclusion." Do not think our city too little, our country too poor, our resources too limited. Do not despise the small thing — the small place, the small start, the small child, the small kindergarden. Women, open your eyes, your hearts, and your purses — let each of you subscribe for a share of this stock.

Here we reach the grand purpose of Froebel's speech as well as of the whole festival. He had evolved a dazzling scheme of finance, though he had certainly not distinguished himself as a financier in his previous record. The assemblage breaks up, in an adjoining room grown people are invited to subscribe to Froebel's new enterprise, while the children run out into the open air, and play his games and sing his songs.

All Keilhau participated in this festival, Middendorf, Barop and the rest. But there is one person whom we look around to spy, but he is not to be found. This is Langethal, who for nearly thirty years has been the companion of Froebel, through all the ups and downs of Keilhau, and also of the Swiss period. But Lange-

thal has separated from Froebel, after a little short dip in the kindergarden, and has returned to Switzerland, where he has accepted a position in the Girls'School at Bern — "a step" says Barop, "which Froebel never forgave." So these friends have gone asunder, and Langethal drops out of Froebel's life during the whole kindergarden period. Only after Froebel's death will he, an old man and blind, return to his former place at Keilhau under Barop, and instruct the later Keilhau students, who will celebrate the fame of "their best teacher," though he did not and could not see the print of a textbook, knowing even his Greek Homer by heart. (44).

Such is the conclusion of the festival at Blankenburg. Strange destiny of the small German hamlet! Visited now by hundreds of pilgrims (destined to be thousands), and regarded with more love and reverence by more strangers than any other German town, large or small! This very year and month in which I am writing these words (June, 1900), the festival of 1840 is to be re-celebrated at Blankenburg, with dedication of the New Froebel House, center of the kindergarden world, whither kindergardners are now flocking from the ends of the earth, all with an apostolic fervor in their hearts. For they must make their pilgrimage to the cradle of the kindergarden, to the very manger, so to speak, where

lay the new-born world-child and first saw the light of heaven, in the little town of Blankenburg. "And thou, Bethlehem, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me, that is to be the ruler in Israel."

III.

The Blankenburg Bubble.

We are now to witness Froebel in a new and unique role, that of blowing a colossal financial bubble for the purpose of floating his scheme into the heaven of abounding cash. As he has described this process, let us hear him speak: —

"So be the contribution to the great educational work fixed at ten dollars (Prussian thalers) a person, in the form of a bond, for which the German women — wives and virgins (*Frauen und Jungfrauen*) — are to subscribe.

"Now let us take for granted that only one hundred women in the larger circles of life are so penetrated with the truth and beneficent effect of this work, that each one will take not only one bond herself (ten dollars), but will influence ten other women of her acquaintance so that each of these will also take a bond. Thus we shall have 1,100 women, German wives and virgins, as bondholders in the grand enterprise.

"Still further, with great certainty, it can be

assumed, on account of the purely human and religious spirit of the whole work, as well as on account of the purely human and God-united feeling and life of German women, that each of these new thousand women, if not directly, yet through the help of others, will obtain ten more wives and virgins for the furtherance of the scheme. Thus there will be altogether the grand total of 11,100 women participating in the enterprise.

"But let us assume only 10,000 actual shareholders at $10 a share; it is plain that there will be the full capital of *One hundred thousand dollars.*" (Extract from Froebel's prospectus, dated Blankenburg, May 1st, 1840; reprinted in Lange's edition of Froebel's *Schriften*, II., s. 463.)

Such was the gorgeous bubble which floated before Froebel's imagination during this time; he played with it till it became the most solid reality. He came to have no doubt of the instantaneous success of the scheme. He seemed to hear the money clinking in his coffers; he engaged a bookkeeper and business manager before a single bond had been sold — all on the strength of the fabulous 100,000 dollars.

Now what is he going to do with this money? A fairy world of grand projects filled his head, for the bubbles one after another kept rising and dancing off before him, filled with all the iridescence of unrestrained dreamland. But the

educational part of the program consisted chiefly of the following practical matters: —

1. A model kindergarden.
2. A training school for kindergardners.
3. A factory for kindergarden material.
4. A publication department for a periodical and for kindergarden literature.
5. A center for mothers' associations, for teachers of children, and for all those interested in what is now called child-study.

A large building was to be erected, or rather a series of buildings, for whose construction the judgment of the best German architects was to be invoked. The first hundred subscribers were allured with a special honor: they were to be called the Founders, and their names were to be eternally preserved by being placed under the corner-stone of the edifice; and this edifice was to be begun when a thousand subscribers had been secured. The whole was to be the property of the bondholders, and provision was also made for the distribution of the dividends, as the speculation would certainly be profitable to the investors, besides aiding the great cause of educating infants. And many other items, which the curious reader can still peruse in the above-cited prospectus.

But alack-a-day! Froebel's many-hued "joint stock concern" (to use the dialect of the Board of Trade) fell flat from the start, he had no

modern methods "of bulling the market." The thousand subscribers never subscribed, so the big pile of buildings never rose, never even fluttered to rise. Hence the Universal German Kindergarden, as planned in 1840, never existed; the kindergarden founded in 1837 did exist and will outlast this fiasco for a while, though badly shattered by its explosion. A great mistake is it to say that Froebel's kindergarden was founded in 1840 at Blankenburg — a statement which has crept into many books treating of this subject.

Three weeks after the celebration we find Froebel writing to his cousin, Madam Schmidt, complaining that subscriptions had fallen behind expectations, that the first hundred, or the Founders, had not yet come forward, in spite of the alluring promise of immortality under the cornerstone, or that other more solid promise of paying dividends on their investment. And so it continued. At last, on the 28th of June, 1843, just three years after the festival, a report was made by the officials of the Universal German Kindergarden, showing 155 subscribers instead of 10,000, of whom just 37 had paid up in money, so that the treasury possessed in cash 370 dollars instead of 100,000.

Quite a little sum of incidental expenses, however, had been incurred in all these proceedings; the printer, the bookkeeper, the traveling agent,

etc., had to be paid; shopmen also sent in sundry accounts for a variety of merchandise. As Froebel had neither money nor credit in these parts, Barop had to be his security in the first place, and now has to foot all the bills. Even Barop, the most level-headed man of the lot, seems to have lost his level head for a while, gazing at Froebel's grandiose bubble floating in all its glory over Blankenburg and Keilhau. But these bills soon brought back his mental balance, and he began to draw the financial rein tighter than ever on that heaven-scaling Pegasus, which was always running away cloudward with Froebel. Great and noble, as well as far-sighted Barop shows himself in these matters; loyal to the Idea always, he knew he could save it and Froebel only by providing a kind of inexpugnable financial fortress in his Keilhau school, to which Froebel and all the propagandists might flee in case of need. The history of the cause confirms the truth of what he says of his part of the work: "I restored the sunken credit (of Keilhau) by paying its debts, and, as the revenues of the school kept increasing, I soon owned the land on which it stood. From this point, then, I was more and more able to support the enterprises of the others, having secured a sufficient anchorage for the whole circle, and a place of refuge for every emergency." Such was Barop's share in the cause and it looks as if the vessel had

gone to pieces and sunk to the bottom but for his foresight and energy. (45)

Most complete, however, is the collapse of the Blankenburg bubble. Still the little kindergarden there will go on as before; people come for training, though few in number; play material is manufactured, though not in great quantity; the printing press is also at work in a humble way. Froebel, at first stunned by the blow, rises to his feet, and begins the completion of his great task; again he must show himself the Fate-compeller. Gradually it will dawn upon him that his cause was not ready for such a magnificent start; the kindergarden had still to grow, it was not yet organically complete, not yet mature enough for successful propagation. Providence he must again behold masking in the guise of misfortune.

All can now see good grounds for the failure of the scheme. Most of these 10,000 women would have to ask their husbands or at least some man for the money. But the German woman was not at that time emancipated to the degree she is now. And what could be more natural for a woman, even if she had the money, than to consult some business man about the investment. A crazy speculation he would say; so would you and I, though we would add: "By all means give Froebel the money." And the poorest kindergardner would buy a share, for the

sake of the man and the cause. We read that nearly all the stock sold was taken by the Blankenburgers, who might well see fame and profit for their little town in those large buildings, and in the pupils of the institution. But we can well understand how much banter that wife had to endure who asked her husband: "My dear, give me ten dollars for Froebel's speculation."

Yet it is significant to note how completely Froebel's dream has been realized since that failure, and through it, in fact. Not one German kindergarden now, but thousands among all civilized nations; not that single Blankenburg training-school, but hundreds in many tongues; not that one little factory for materials, but a notable branch of the world's business; and the kindergarden press not small, nor inclined to silence; and kindergarden literature incessantly pouring itself forth, of which this present book is but a tiny drop in a world-embracing cataract. So that wild Blankenburg dream of Froebel has been fulfilled — truly a prophetic festival, if there ever was one. Whimsical old Time in a fit of jealousy smote Froebel's scheme into nothingness, and then started with all his might to realizing it himself.

But the bubble burst, and Froebel was saved. Of all terrestrial phantasms, success can be the most double and two-faced. Without this Blank-

enburg collapse, there would have been no completed Mother Play-song, as far as we can now prognosticate; hence no completed kindergarden system. The discipline of failure has taken Froebel in hand, and sent him back with stripes to his apprenticeship which is to last for quite three years, sternly compelling him to do his divinely allotted task ere release can come. What this task is, may now be set forth.

IV.

The Book of Mother Play-Songs

Thus Froebel is thrown back upon himself by another blow of Fate, and he begins to digest his failure. But at first he is somewhat bitter on account of the result; he blames the people for their lack of spirit, he blames the women, married and unmarried, for their want of appreciation. All of which is very natural, but he must get over it, and proceed once more to grapple destiny by the horns. After some months, when he sees his glorious scheme utterly doomed, he goes back to his kindergarden at Blankenburg.

One day he has a very agreeable surprise. A deputation of parents with their little ones comes from Rudolstadt to visit his kindergarden. The result is he is invited by them to establish a kindergarden in Rudolstadt, the capital of the province. A very busy man; up to twelve

o'clock he gives lessons in Blankenburg, then punctually at one o'clock he starts for Rudolstadt where he arrives in a little less than an hour. A large field for experience he has in his two kindergardens, and we find him asking for the observations of others in his letters. Quite a little society for child-study he has already formed in the year 1840. In both kindergardens Middendorf is his constant companion and helper.

In this same year (1840) he resumes the publication of the *Sunday Journal*, which, however, suspends again after a brief existence. Still he keeps at work in spite of reverses. He prepares a little book of nursery songs (*Koseliedchen*), which he prints in 1841. It is the prelude to the book of Mother Play-songs, and its purpose is, as he says, "to train the body, limbs and senses of quite small children."

With this book he seems to have become at once dissatisfied, and he resolves to start over again and recast the whole work, in accord with his completed conception. Each play-song is to have four parts — motto, song, picture, and explanations, to which music must also be added. Then each play-song must be made a member of a greater totality, which constitutes at last the book. So the Mother Play-songs get organized, singly and collectively; but they, too, are only one part of the total kindergarden organism,

which more and more definitely is shaping itself in the mind of Froebel.

So the much-tried man, under the very hammer of misfortune, starts to producing his greatest book, in fact the keystone in the arch of his whole enterprise. During three years, as nearly as we can estimate the time, this book must have been his chief thought and occupation, employing also his immediate assistants. We can see him, day in and day out, working it over, testing it on his kindergarden children, and ordering it according to a fundamental Idea, which holds it together in an inner unity, and likewise distinguishes it from any other work of the kind.

Many tender threads connect the book with the past, and with those who are gone. He puts the mother into the center of the family and of his scheme of education. Of his own wife he must have often been reminded, as she had a share in its early conception and composition, and his mother also floated back to him from the distant days of his childhood, idealized of course, for he never really knew her.

During these three years he hardly leaves Blankenburg, he will not travel to propagate his Idea till this be fully wrought out and embodied in print. He sees the meaning of his failure at Dresden, and of the still greater failure of the grand bond scheme. His work is not yet ripe, his system is not yet ready for successful plant-

ing. Let him think it out and realize it both in writing and in material shapes. He is now alone, the widower Froebel, having a small household and eating at a restaurant. Little or no care he has, even for food, as Barop will not let him starve; so he plunges into his new task, which, among other blessings, gives him an antidote for his many sorrows.

And now we must devote a few words to Froebel's chief assistants in this work. Already we have mentioned the part of Madam Henriette Froebel in its origin and growth, but she never saw the completed Mother Play-song, much less the completed book, which underwent a good deal of development after her decease.

There is no doubt that he obtained manifold and continuous help from his dearest friend and inseparable co-worker, Wilhelm Middendorf, who possessed a versifying gift, and also the love of practicing it upon every suitable occasion. A certain power of reproducing the popular ballad, Middendorf shows in his published verses, a touch of the folk-song was his by nature; also, he was a good vocalist and much given to singing. Thus he could furnish most valuable assistance to Froebel, who was not a good singer, having a kind of a nasal snarl in his voice, and he says that he had no thorough knowledge of music, though passionately devoted to song. Middendorf was the father of a blooming family of chil-

dren, and had occasion to practice lullabies all his life in his own household, singing for his babies and with them, in romp and play. Thus he knew the Play-song before Froebel, and in a way that Froebel never knew it, as the latter never had any children of his own. But no one will ever be able to tell how much and what Middendorf contributed to the book of Mother Play-songs; he was content to have his work, his life, yea, his very Self sink away and be swallowed up in Froebel. Still there can be no question that Froebel was the creative genius of the book, the central sun which furnished the light.

The music in the original was the work of Robert Kohl, student of theology, and teacher at Keilhau. During this time he was betrothed to Elise, third and youngest of the Froebel girls, who have played such an important part in the history of Keilhau. The engagement, however, was broken, and some ten years later (in 1850) Elise marries Dr. Siegfried Schaffner, also co-worker in Keilhau. Kohl's music has found the least favor of any part of the work, and is now generally discarded. Editors (like Seidel) print usually a little of it by way of example, but feel that they have to mend even that little.

But the man who is to be placed next to Froebel in importance and in genius is Frederick Unger, the picture-maker of the book of Mother Play-songs. Already he has been mentioned as

the person who made the lithographic plates for the forms of the Play-gifts. But now he is called to do the great work of his life in conjunction with his former teacher, Froebel.

Unger had received his training in art at Munich. Especially in the setting of his pictures we can observe abundant signs of his previous studies, which were not superficial. He was for many years the chief teacher of drawing at Keilhau, and has left a name among all its pupils for oddity and originality. Bachelor, woman-hater, yea, man-hater too; yet strangely a lover of children, who, if they but appeared, had the power to divert his wonted tirades against humanity. Also he was a great lover of birds, of which he kept a large number in his bachelor quarters; these he would talk to and call by all sorts of caressing names. But let a woman dare enter those quarters! "The root of all evil," as he called her, would again be expelled from Paradise, for Unger had made up his mind to keep mother Eve and all her daughters out of his Eden. Then Satan would not even try to get in.

In personal appearance Unger is described as stout and squatty; broad-shouldered, red-bearded, with a beard as broad as a board; he always wore around his loins a big belt, in which he stuck the various implements of his art, such

as pencils and paint brushes; among these could be always seen a little short pipe, black with much smoking; shirt collar open, without necktie, his head jauntily set off with a skull-cap. Such was the outer visible appearance of the artistic genius with whom Froebel labored for three years and more in the work-shop at Blankenburg over the book of Mother Play-songs.

Matters did not always run smooth in that shop. Originals both of them, and both irascible in addition; both strongly self-assertive, yes, self-conceited, if the right word be spoken out; Froebel would take one of Unger's sketches, and if it did not please him, would tear it up and fling the pieces on the floor, with an outburst of disparagement. Then Unger's turn would come, and he would flare up, saying "You don't know anything about art"—a statement which has at least its grain of truth, as the reader may still verify in some of Froebel's interpretations of these very pictures. The next time, however, Froebel would be delighted, would praise the genius of his artist, even pat him on the back, calling him his good boy. For we must recollect that Unger when a boy was Froebel's pupil in the Keilhau school, years ago; which relation Froebel never could forget, so true of him and of the rest of us is the adage, "Once a schoolmaster always a schoolmaster."

So they fought out their three years' battle in that work-shop; if Unger would quit in a storm of wrath, he would always come back, for he somehow felt that just this was the grand task of his life. Certainly Unger could not have been working for money in that moneyless business with that moneyless man, Frederick Froebel. From drawing-lessons given to outsiders he will earn enough for sustenance; a piece of sausage, black bread, and smear-cheese will furnish the blood and brain for making these pictures, which have in them immortality. (46)

So hold fast to thy task, strong-hearted picture maker, though enduring much; of all the pictures made on this globe, thine are destined to be looked upon by a vaster multitude of human eyes than the pictures of any other mortal artist, even if he be a Raphael or a Michel Angelo. The greatest of all picture books for little children is thine, being so closely bound up with the kindergarden, from which it will never be divorced. Over Europe, over America, the shapes of thy pencil are scattered, yea into Asia; in Japan they have been reproduced for the Japanese little ones with a curious Japanese transformation in their outlines, through which, however, we can still see the hand of Frederick Unger, as it drew soulful figures in the small village of Blankenburg not yet sixty years ago.

V.

The System Completed.

In September, 1843, the work on the book of Mother Play-songs had so far progressed that the letter-press could be given to the printer. Not till the beginning of 1844 could the leaves be bound and the book launched on the market.

From the start it met with criticism and derision. And at the first glance it still seems a ridiculous production. By no means is it a flawless piece of work; indeed it is remarkable for the number and peculiar nature of its flaws. But its defects pertain almost wholly to its *form*, not to its idea, which is of the highest and noblest. Its artistic sins are indeed many — in it can be found bad poetry, bad prose, bad pictures; but the spirit is there, and the spirit is what makes it immortal. Tried by a formal literary standard it falls far short; but in educative originality it still awaits its peer. Its soul seems careless, almost defiant of its vesture; still it becomes at last fascinating in its very audacity. The idea gets itself expressed, not so much by means of as in spite of its form, and so its study turns to a kind of initiation into Froebel's apostolate. Rather pitiful is that educator who can see and exploit only its shortcomings, which nobody has ever denied. Very marvelous is the phenomenon: with enough imperfections hung around its

neck to drag it down to the very bottom of the sea of oblivion, it still keeps afloat, triumphantly swimming down the stream of Time with an ever-increasing buoyancy. The person who enters truly into its spirit, gets not only some flickering educational light about this and that topic, but he is transformed, he undergoes a genuine conversion, for he has heard the sacred Gospel of the Little Child. But it requires patience at the start, yea, some degree of literary self-denial — more faith, less wit, more charity, less criticism; then it will yield up its secret, for it is and will remain the chief canonical Book in the Kindergarden Bible.

Finally the work is done, not however, without a serious last obstacle. What is the matter now? Lack of funds; the treasury is absolutely empty, and every little fountain-rill feeding it has run dry. But in the very crisis, behold again! A small inheritance from his wife's estate comes trickling down from above somewhere into that dried-up money-box, and once more Life and radiant Hope appear in a fresh incarnation, for the child, after so many and such prolonged birth-pains, is actually born and set out into the world.

And on the title-page at the bottom let us note the significant fact: "Blankenburg, near Rudolstadt, published by the Institute for Little Children," that is published by Froebel himself.

No publisher again, as in the case of *The Education of Man*, no great publishing firm of Berlin or Leipzig has its name on the title-page; and that book which many regard as the greatest modern educational work, would never have existed if it had depended on a publisher. Froebel would have gladly shifted the cares of publication and of the whole business upon a younger man, or upon a publishing firm, but even friendly Doerfling of Leipzig, who was in the book-trade, was evidently afraid to touch the work. (47)

Again we hear a running shriek of condemnation from writers who berate Froebel for his lack of all business capacity, because he printed and published his own book. But he could not help himself. Imagine Froebel with his long hair, peculiar antiquated costume, sunburnt homely face, entering the dainty fastidious office of a great Leipzig publisher, who would be sure to get a dose of the New Idea in language unintelligible to any publisher that ever lived. To such a man or to his taster, imagine Froebel offering this Book of Mother Play-songs, and explaining a sample of its contents. Or for that matter, imagine William Shakespeare appearing in London to-day and offering to one of its great publishers the manuscript of *Hamlet*. Or, rising to the top of the argument, let us imagine Him who spake as never man spake, bringing a book

of His collected sayings, called *The Four Gospels*, to a New York publisher — would it be accepted? Every honest publisher will confess that in his publishing house the Lord himself would stand no chance.

All of which simply means that the truly original work, which has to fight its way in the world, and slowly to make its own public, lacks salability, which is the fundamental fact with the publisher. Not till the book with its author has been crucified, does it become a fit subject for publication. So Froebel, having faith in his work, had not only to write it, but to print, plant and publish it, if need be, with his heart's blood, or be false to the deepest call of his own soul. So in this matter Froebel shows again the granitic foundation of his character, and it is no wonder that his example calls forth in his followers not merely an acceptance of his doctrines, but a unique apostolic devotion to his cause.

With the completion of the Mother Play-song, the whole system of the kindergarden is fairly complete. It has still to grow, but the organism is on hand, and it is the organism which is henceforth to grow. Its main doctrines as well as its chief means of instruction are in print. So everything seems to have gotten itself in readiness for a great new step forward out of Blankenburg, out of the narrow confined horizon in which Froebel has penned himself up for several years.

Let us look for a moment at what has been done. Without going into details here, we behold the three great constituents of the kindergarden organism wrought out and working together in an ordered Whole. These are: —

I. The Play-gifts, in a well-rounded series with material and printed directions.

II. The Play-songs, collected and ordered in the book already mentioned.

III. The Play-ring (or circle), long known among children, but taken up and utilized anew by Froebel. In psychological order the Play-ring will be placed first.

What next? Forth into the wide world he must go again and sow the fields, but under changed circumstances; now with his sower's sheet full of good seed-corn, he can in time justly expect the harvest. The watchword is henceforth propagation, which will have many ups and downs, making a good deal of history, to which we shall devote our final chapter.

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE KINDERGARDEN PROPAGATED.

We have now reached the last epoch of Froebel's life, that epoch which is specially devoted to the dissemination of his work. This is the new propaganda, somewhat different from the former one, which had no sufficient basis. But now his system is fairly complete, though not finished; it is ready for the planting. He can organize the Kindergarden with its Play-circle, its Play-gift, and its Play-song. Moreover, he can furnish materials from his little factory. Then, too, he has a small department of publication, in which the literature of the new cause can be printed and disseminated. He has likewise a text-book for his training class, the keystone of his system, his Book of Mother Play-songs.

That which he has brooded over and worked over during the last four years in particular, must be scattered like seed throughout all Germany; what he has found, he must impart. Thus equipped for his fresh attack upon the demons of Darkness, our last Teutonic knight sallies forth from his Blankenburg (literally the Shining Castle) with his heart bent upon helping the most helpless of all creation, the little ones, the infants of humanity.

The present period extends from 1844 to the end of Froebel's life in 1852. He is sixty-two years old; at an age when most men think of retiring from the conflicts of existence, or at least of devoting themselves to a more quiet kind of effort, he plans his greatest, most active campaign. Single-handed he goes forth, aided only by the friends whom he can enlist in his cause, but not by any high patron, not by any great publisher, not by any influential School, or University, or Church, or Association. If a society helps him, he has first to organize that society; if a teacher is to instruct in his doctrine, he has usually to train that teacher. Amid keen opposition he pursues his career of planting; for eight years he keeps up the struggle with unconquerable valor, till he lies down to his final rest in the bosom of his primeval Mother. But he does his work, does it for once and for all, in spite of the heaviest blows of the Destroyer.

Nor must we forget, in the present record, the inner movement of Froebel's own development. The great trainer is himself to be put under training just in this training period of his life; ere he can reach to others the perfect flower of his soul, he too has to unfold, he must be sent to school. Very deeply absorbed he has been in the Idea, just a little too deeply; he has lived in his doctrine, excellent as it is, somewhat too partially and unreservedly; he is in danger of becoming an abstraction and flying off into pure ether, where no mortal can follow him. Let him be brought back to life and to the individual in flesh and blood, say the unseen ruling Powers which preside over his destiny and yours and mine. But what means are they going to use?

Frederick Froebel, old as he is and good as he is, has to be dipped once more in the Fountain of Love — the Love of man and woman, the wellhead and original of all Love, of God and of Man, on Earth and in Heaven — ere he can truly impart his doctrine with Love going out in overflowing measure to the child and to the race. A fresh baptism in the primordial sources of the human heart he has to have, for his own sake and for the sake of his cause; then he will rise up re-born to youth and tireless activity and enthusiasm; then too he can train kindergardners with the consecration of the soul to love of the

little child, which is his own, and which will beget an apostolic zeal in all his followers.

Such is the inner discipline, the discipline of Love, which Froebel is still to pass through with its softening of the spirit, of the outward manner, even of the voice till his whole being tenderly throbs in response to the least movement of that speechless little soul of the infant gazing into his face. Some time during these last days of his he will declare: "The greatest thing I possess is that I am still a child in my old age."

And the curious reader of the preceding narrative may possibly here inquire in advance: Is he now to be spared from that blow of Nemesis, which has hitherto appeared to be hanging over him everywhere, and which is always ready to descend upon him just at his happiest moment? Let the record tell, to which now we must at once proceed.

I.

The Wandering Propagandist.

In July, 1844, Froebel makes a start from Blankenburg, his little isolated world, in which he has been penned for four years and longer, and enters the great world, which is henceforth to be the field, the seed-field of his endeavor. An insuppressible impulse to wander and to plant comes over him, he must give what he has gotten

or perish of an inner surfeit. With a light heart we may see him stepping along, his genius winged with the new Idea and upbearing him toward his goal.

Something of the vagabond lay deep in the nature of Froebel, as in that of so many other prophets and seekers of the ideal. In every leading epoch of his life he was impelled to leave old surroundings and to wander to fresh pastures, always in search of something better, of some higher attainment for himself or for others. In his youth he meandered much till he reached Jena; there through many tortuous shiftings he came to Frankfort, and finally to Pestalozzi; more recently he again wormed his way back to Switzerland. So he has gone zigzagging through life, chiefly for the purpose of gaining and gathering; but now he wanders to plant, not to reap, and it is to be his last wandering on this planet, itself a kind of wanderer (*planetes*) of the skies outwardly, but, to inward vision, governed by strict law, which bids it always return to the beginning of its career (or orbit).

The first place to which he bends his steps is Frankfort-on-the-Main, a city to which he continually comes back when he wishes to make a fresh start. There it was that he once heard from Gruner the pivotal word of his whole career, *Be a teacher;* thence he sets out for Yverdon for his first training; thence, too, after

the Keilhau collapse, he goes forth with Schnyder to begin life over again in Wartensee. And now, on crossing the little border of Blankenburg, his soul's invisible magnet draws him to Frankfort as the starting-point for his last and greatest itinerary. He takes Middendorf along, his fellow-soldier for life, in this new war of liberation; he makes visits to old friends, he gives lectures, he puts fresh courage into the hearts of disciples, two of whom had already opened kindergardens at Frankfort — both of them men, be it noted.

A start has been made, the two friends move forth on their journey, having Heidelberg as their present goal, seat of a famous University. On the way Froebel stops at a small place called Nieder-Ingelheim, long enough to fling out a handful of seed on a little patch of good soil. Arriving at Heidelberg he finds an old friend, Von Leonhardi, also a propagator, living solely for the purpose of propagating Krause's philosophic doctrines, having married not only Krause's philosophy, but what is far better, having married Krause's daughter, the lovely Sidonia, who once flitted across our path in Switzerland. Many reminiscences of that notable visit which Froebel once paid to Krause at Göttingen, were brought up; and the reader has not forgotten (we hope) the two unappreciated

geniuses who then met in deep sympathy and mutual consolation.

Here Middendorf is compelled to separate from Froebel and return to Keilhau, for he had to think of bread, as he has a family and a large one, dependent on him. Froebel is a widower, solitary in the world; let him sow a while by himself, picking up his food as he can, like the wandering birds of the skies. The separation from Heidelberg moves Middendorf to versifying, he sends back a little poem to his friends there, full of sweet little turns and emotional exclamations. He goes home by way of Darmstadt where he finds friendly welcome; this calls forth another poem which has been printed.

Thus Middendorf cannot help scattering rhymes along his path, in accord with his well-attuned nature, which spontaneously utters itself in verse. This tendency the reader may again bring to mind, as it is our view that Middendorf had a chief part in making the rhymes of the Mother Play-songs. In this journey and others Froebel seems to show no such bent.

Froebel, now alone, passes to Darmstadt where there is a prospect of a new kindergarden. But he finds matters not yet prepared for him, so his restless spirit drives across the country into the valley of the Rhine, where he first comes to Mayence, and then moves up the river to Cologne. Unintermitted is his advocacy of the Idea; he

even tackles the editor of the Cologne *Gazette*, and wrings out of the editorial sphinx at least a promise of support. He then wheels about and returns; at Wiesbaden he wins an important man, Dr. Schliephake, who will later do important service for the cause. Touching at Frankfort, he again goes on to Darmstadt, and finds there one of his favorite kindergardners, who had in the meantime arrived to take charge of the work. Her name was Ida Seele, that is, Ida Soul, or Ida the soulful, of which name she was worthy, according to Froebel, whose love of punning ran so deep that sometimes it appears actually serious.

And still the Darmstadt business seems not yet ready for him — something must be the matter. At any rate his impatience again drives him forth, this time in the opposite direction, toward the South; he visits Carlsruhe, Stuttgart, Heidelberg once more, talking, lecturing, playing, inspecting all the institutions for little children, planting the Idea in every soul that would listen. After this sweep around the adjacent country he comes back to Darmstadt for the third time, where he stays three months occupied in training kindergardners and organizing the work.

Here, however, he becomes involved in a conflict with a Dr. Fölsing, a popular writer on Infant Schools, and a practical worker in this field. At first the two agreed and co-operated,

but finally fell to dissension and open rupture, which found expression in public print. Into this dispute we need not enter. Kindergardners have enough of such controversy at their own doors, for are they not perpetually engaged in illustrating the law of opposites, with the mediation left out usually? Dr. Fölsing objected to the name kindergarden, and to its methodical training, both of which, however, have survived his attack. And where is he? His chief fame at present seems to rest upon his quarrel with Froebel. He succeeded, however, in keeping Froebel's kindergardner, Ida Seele, to whom the latter wrote afterwards a sharp reproof for her abandonment of the name kindergarden.

During this period another activity of Froebel comes into prominence, that of founding societies of men, and specially of fathers, for advancing his educational ends. Previously he had expected his chief support to come from the women; now he seems to have dropped them and to have gone over to the men for help, since the new organizations appear to have been wholly made up of males. What is the matter? He seems to have lost his faith in the female unions, after the grand failure of the Blankenburg scheme, in which the women were to raise the money for the stock, 100,000 thalers. Four years have passed since that time, small is the subscription, and still smaller the hope; in fact,

it is plain to all except Froebel himself, that even the Blankenburg kindergarden will have to be given up for lack of support. Really, that is the chief reason why Middendorf has had to hurry home. In the Blankenburg affair the wives had to endure much teasing from their husbands, and even from their own sex, so that they appear to have been stampeded and to have taken to flight, leaving poor Froebel in the lurch, literally poor, that is, penniless. The woman will courageously face danger, as everybody knows; she will stand up before any kind of missiles, except one, the shafts of ridicule. When these begin to buzz about her ears, the female heart grows panicky; she is sure to pick up her skirts and run to the nearest cover, with manifest signs of demoralization. Even an Amazonian camp has been seen to fall into a state of wild uproar and consternation merely by the explosion of a little bomb of laughing-gas thrown by a wag into its midst. And if a bold band of modern warrior maids fighting for their rights cannot stand the little snapping and sizzling of a wit-cracker, what can be expected of modest German housewives of Blankenburg and vicinity.

So, the women having quit Froebel, Froebel has to quit the women. At least thus it is for a time, and the occurrence indicates a change in the standpoint of the author of the *Mother Play-songs*, who in that book places the mother in the

center of the family and makes her the sole educator of her child, the father being quite left out. Still the mothers have not supported him in his great enterprise. So he turns and makes his new appeal to the fathers, organizing the above-mentioned societies with much labor and zeal.

We may, however, here take a glance into the future and say that this project also is destined to an untimely end. As might be expected, he will find the men harder to rouse than the women, he will discover that the fathers are more indifferent than the mothers to his cause, which is that of infant education. About December, 1844, he began the present work with the fathers, he will continue it for three or four years, and then will go back to the women. But it will be a new set, and he will have a new purpose; from the training of the mother he will pass to the training of the kindergardner with her new vocation in the social order. Whereof something more will be said later on.

Such was Froebel's first journey of propagation; he went through the valleys of the Rhine, Main, and Neckar, sowing his seed in many a city and village. It is noticeable that he has sought to influence men chiefly, we read of but few women in this trip. But the male mind is not the most congenial soil for his Idea; still this experience he has to pass through in order to know. The woman's soul is the true seedfield

for him when he has rightly found her; but this is not yet, though he is going thitherward. Amazing is the activity he has shown, a downright outpour of exuberant youthful energy, pluck and even hilarity; he may well look back with delight on his journeyings overarched by rainbows of hope. Little or no gain did he gather from his efforts, quite satisfied to pick up his food, like the wandering fowls of the air, along the path of his migrations.

But autumn has gone and winter is passing, he must turn his footsteps toward home. Therewith the bright bow of promise rapidly vanishes into a dark, forbidding cloud. He has to quit Blankenburg, the cradle of the kindergarden, and its chief dwelling-place and center for seven years. Such is the lamentable outcome of the grand speculation: the great German kindergarden never got to be, and the little Blankenburg kindergarden must cease to be. In floating his bonds no fraud has been alleged, indeed the bonds were never floated to any extent. Froebel never would deceive anybody; in fact he never possessed the power to deceive anybody but himself, and this latter power he did possess in a very considerable degree.

Then follows another disagreeable necessity: he must remove his kindergarden to Keilhau, if it is to continue its existence. It took all the gentle, persuasive eloquence of Middendorf to

reconcile Froebel to such a step. But he could not help himself, for he had no money, and Barop was holding the purse-strings tight, had to do so, else Keilhau too would go to the wall, as it did not come out of the grand speculation unscathed. Such was the new move which had been resolved upon, and which had caused Middendorf to hurry home from Heidelberg, as he knew a storm was brewing. Barop's course was justifiable, though Froebel at times would let fly the curse upon his head for parsimony and disloyalty. But both Barop and Middendorf now had families growing up, which could not be sacrificed to Froebel's Idea. Very different was the situation at present from what it was twenty years ago in the first period of Keilhau, when both were young men, single, capable of endurance. Then both did surrender themselves to Froebel's cause and suffered. No doubt the women of the families, particularly Frau Middendorf, added a vigorous protest against yielding to the demands of Uncle Froebel, whose remorseless Idea they knew and feared as an all-devouring Moloch for themselves and their children and their husbands.

Under such circumstances the atmosphere of Keilhau could not have been pleasant breathing for Froebel. Still his other self, his Middendorf was there to help him, to shield him, to encourage him in his great work, yea to perform a priestly mediatorial function for his friend's soul

in moments of inner rending and deep despair. Froebel had been used to exercising authority unlimited; there was an imperious element deeply rooted in his character; but now he feels restraint on every side just in the place where he was once absolute master; he was treated with respect, and even with gratitude, still in all the arrangements of the school there lurked a word of command: Hands off. Keilhau became to him a bed of thorns, or perchance in accord with its name, a real wedge driven by fate into his sensitive spirit. Then the training school there was not a success in spite of Middendorf's efforts, having but four pupils.

Not many weeks did Froebel stay at Keilhau this time; apparently, as soon as he could scrape enough money together, he set out on another trip. April 19th, 1845, we find him at Dresden, being present at the wedding of Adolph Frankenberg and Luise Herrman, two of his ardent disciples, who had founded a flourishing kindergarden. They moved from old to new quarters while Froebel was there, he marching at the head of the procession of children bearing flowers and gifts. Luise Frankenberg, as she will henceforth be known, is deserving of mention as a very capable and devoted woman, who wove a thread of joy through the old man's life till its close.

From Dresden Froebel goes to Halle, and

there he comes in contact with some Free Religionists who had taken an interest in the kindergarden. Later this step was cited against him as indicating his theological views, and possibly did him some injury. But Froebel could not help being a friend to every friend of the Idea, be he Jew or Gentile. Froebel was preaching the Gospel of the little Child and would take all into his fold who declared their faith in that. Toward the established church in Germany he probably had no strong leaning, though he seems never to have broken with it outwardly.

Again in 1846, as in the previous year Froebel is the wandering propagandist of his doctrine. He travels over a new territory, with his sower's sheet encompassing him round the heart, reaching forth his hand and scattering seed on all kinds of soil, fertile and barren, up and down the valleys and over the hills, seeking also to establish wherever he could a society of fathers for the blessing of their own children.

After these summer excursions we find him back in Keilhau, November, 1846. He again starts his little training-class, which, however, shows decided improvement over the previous year, when he had only four pupils. Improvement specially in the quality of the applicants is marked — better preparation, greater ability, and the full measure of enthusiasm. Through such experience Froebel begins to change back from

the men to the women as the bearers of his light. His organization of the fathers was but too plainly a failure. Out of that darkness, however, a new luminary has begun its dawning. What is it?

More plainly does the future promise become visible in the training course of 1847–8. In this year's instruction three young ladies participated whose names must be mentioned, as they form the fairest illuminated figures in this fresh sunburst of Froebel's hope. Alwine Middendorf, Luise Frankenburg, and Luise Levin, are the three Graces, or the three Destinies, who gave Froebel his last decisive turn and sent him forward on his new career. For they now bring to his vision the ideal kindergardner as the future propagator and upholder of his work. Now the thought stands clear before him that he must train the choicest young ladies of the land and the time to be his defenders and his apostles, not so much through the word as through the deed. An apostolic band of missionaries, they will become faithful unto death and transmit his spirit to their successors.

Undoubtedly Froebel had been training young ladies in his work for many years, indeed, quite from the beginning; but he seems to have regarded them in a subordinate light, as nurses, attendants, companions for children. His mind was fixed on the mothers at first, then it passed

to the fathers. But now these three gifted, attractive, independent young women take hold of his work, and, co-operating in joint sympathetic effort, infuse into it a new spirit. Above all they teach Froebel himself a lesson which he at once starts to apply; in fact, he learns more than they do, much as they receive from his instruction.

Personally the most fascinating was Alwine Middendorf, veritably the daughter of her father, having inherited his imposing figure with all his charm of manner, and she had his large, blue, melting eyes, out of which "streamed all the heaven of poetry." Also she was a favorite with her grand-uncle Froebel, and she seems to have been the only one of the family who took the kindergarden training. Then came Luise Frankenberg, whose marriage has been already mentioned. Well educated, the daughter of a Professor, full of noble yearning; she had left husband for a time, and her Dresden kindergarden, to listen to the prophet's own words of inspiration at Keilhau. Then there was the other Luise, most beloved of all, Luise Levin, who had already wound herself more deeply into Froebel's life than any other pupil. Hereby hangs a tale which is hereafter to be told.

In another respect it is claimed that Froebel, while teaching them, took an important lesson from these young ladies. Like most German

women they were deft with the needle, skillful in sewing, weaving, knitting, netting, interlacing, and other fairy-fingered works. They soon learned what he had to give them in this line, and then gave him some glimpses into their own handiwork. Thereby his attention was directed to the so-called Occupations more than it ever had been, and this part of his system received many significant additions. Still it is a mistake to say that the Occupations were now used by him for the first time; he had long known their educative value, and employed some of them in the early days of Keilhau. Sewing, weaving, paper-folding, etc., appear in the plan of instruction for the school which he projected at Helba in 1828. (48)

A significant event in the life of Froebel during this period was the Teachers' Convention at Rudolstadt, in June, 1848. He had himself issued the call for the purpose of bringing his work and its object to the attention of the German pedagogical world. He distinctly declares in his prospectus his opinion that the kindergarden should become a part of the Public School System supported by the State. The education of children not yet of school age was to be the theme. He mentions his own work in this field, which he dates back ten years, to the beginning at Blankenburg (1837–8). It is also noteworthy that Froebel in this document signs himself the

principal of the School at Keilhau, showing that he still laid claim to his former position in the Universal German Institute.

The schoolmasters met and broke out into quite a lively skirmish all around. There was bitter, prejudiced opposition, peppered with hate; there was a large number of honest seekers whose inquiries had a seasoning of doubt; there was a cohort of warm friends ready to meet any attack. Froebel was the center and chief spokesman; such a bombarding with questions he had never before experienced. The nature of play as a means of instruction would not lodge itself with any degree of comfort in the head of the German schoolmaster, who cannot help sharing in the military character of his government and of his absolute sovereign. Here on this side is instruction with its method, its drill; there, on that side, is play, with its caprice, with its spontaneity, devoid of all method. Oil and water will not mix. Your kindergarden will engender a play-habit in school, and render difficult later instruction. So the battle swayed around in a kind of undulation, first for one and then for the other, the enemy reiterating, "We care not for your school in play, but we cannot have your play in school."

Still, on the whole, victory remained with Froebel. His friends resolved to present his cause to the German National Assembly of 1848,

then in session at Frankfort-on-the-Main. This duty was assigned to Middendorf, who consequently wrote his little work on the kindergarden, which has been considered one of the best expositions of the subject.

There is no doubt, however, that this appeal to the German National Assembly, which was a product of the popular movement of 1848, caused offense to the existing powers. Thereby Froebel's name and the kindergarden became identified with the free-thinkers, revolutionists, assailants of the established order, that restless element which still goes under the name of Forty-eighters. When the time of the re-action came, the counterstroke of this act followed, culminating in the prohibition of the kindergarden by Prussia. And it must be added that Froebel always did connect himself with the German folk-movement, rather than with German institutions, though he never directly assailed the latter.

And it should be added, for the sake of bringing to light the fatal chain of causation in which this innocent kindergarden for little children was getting itself involved, that Julius Froebel during these very days (October, 1848), was helping Nemesis entangle his uncle in her vengeful net. He was engaged in a revolutionary outbreak at Vienna, was taken prisoner, tried and condemned to death, but was permitted to escape on condi-

tion of quitting Austria in twenty-four hours. He bore the name Froebel, was educated by Frederick Froebel at Keilhau, and was a member of the German National Assembly to which the appeal for the kindergarden had been addressed. No wonder the family Froebel began to be encircled by a red revolutionary glare, which flashed the name in crimson colors all over Germany, since every important German newspaper must have heralded the facts above stated. (49)

After the Teachers' Convention, Froebel was called to Dresden in October, 1848, through the efforts of Luise Frankenberg who had gone home full of enthusiasm and sought to have every woman of her acquaintance listen to the prophet's wisdom. The result was a larger audience for Froebel than he had ever had. He formed a training-class, he gave instruction daily to three different divisions of pupils. A very busy man he was during this visit at Dresden. Some men also attached themselves to the cause, but not many. One of these must be mentioned: Bruno Marquart, a man of great force and courage, who established a training-school for kindergardners in defiance of strong opposition, and later (1851) was editor of the *Zeitschrift*, a periodical devoted to the cause of Froebel, and containing some of his writings.

A change in Froebel's method of exposition became noticeable in his teaching at Dresden: he

was more systematic, he sought to connect his lessons by a more formal procedure than previously. Hereby along with certain advantages came also some drawbacks. As he delved more deeply and formulated his work in abstract propositions, his system became harder to understand, and required good preparation in the pupil, which she did not always have. But she too often thought she understood Froebel's philosophy, if she only learned his terms and could rattle them off with fluency. Hence it came that Froebel along with excellent kindergardners sent forth a goodly number of caricatures of himself—young ladies with considerable assumption, but with little wisdom. There are indications that Froebel saw the need of certain attainments in the applicant for his training, though he never enforced them.

Froebel was occupied at Dresden during the winter of 1848–9. He had met with fair success, but was undergoing his own mental changes. First of all, he now felt that he must have his own permanent training-school in which he should be the supreme controller. To be attached to another school as a kind of pendant he could no longer suffer himself. Dresden could not give him an independent position, nor could Keilhau. His own institution in its own place, untrammeled by outside exigencies he must have, he will have. With some such resolve he quits Dresden.

Still further, this unsettled life of the wandering propagandist must be brought to a close, if for no other reason, on account of age. Sixty-seven years old and still roving, roving; I have sowed my seed, or perchance my wild oats; it is high time for me to settle down. For five years I have led this restless, peripatetic life; enough. I shall wind it up. I must give myself wholly to the training of the kindergardner, creating a new vocation for the woman in the social order — a vocation deeply consonant with her nature.

No doubt, too, another and deeper purpose had entered his soul and was stirring him to the last and greatest effort of his life. This secret, all-compelling motive, mightier than any other, underneath all the rest, we must now set forth.

II.

Liebenstein — Luise Levin.

Froebel has selected as the site of his new and independent training-school a well-known watering-place in Thuringia called Liebenstein, or Bath Liebenstein, on account of its springs which attracted summer guests from all over Germany. Beautiful mountain scenery surrounded the place on every side; connected with the neighborhood were historic associations dear to the German heart. Here was the oak of St. Boniface, whose story reaches back to the great

transition from Heathendom to Christianity; here was the Luther fountain, out of which the great Reformer is said to have slaked his thirst; in the town of Möhra not far away was his birth-place. And now the third great German Reformer has appeared, and proposes to begin his work in the same locality.

Liebenstein, then, is the chosen spot, whose name signifies the Rock of Love. It will vindicate its title to Froebel, who had an almost superstitious regard for the meaning of names. It is probable that he selected the place partly because of its suggestive designation. Here was also the home of the ducal court of Meiningen during part of the season; doubtless Froebel has an eye to securing its interest and influence for his work. So Liebenstein, the Rock of Love, is his newly chosen home.

In the spring of 1849, after his winter's activity in Dresden he had returned first to Keilhau. But he could stay there no longer; more than ever the locality has become distasteful to him, a downright impossibility for the home which is now throbbing in every heart-beat. His claim is that the physical environment of Keilhau is unsuitable, that nature there is not friendly to a training-school for young ladies. These are his words: "In Keilhau such an institution could never prosper; just look at the mountains and

the surrounding landscape and feel with me: nature will not have it there."

But we know other and stronger reasons why Keilhau was not acceptable. A tight rein was kept upon him financially; where he was once absolute monarch, he was now a limited subject. It is true that Middendorf, his most devoted friend and disciple, was there; and principal Barop was well-disposed, though he had to be firm in money matters with the old man, whose irreclaimable tendency was to fling everything and everybody into the insatiate maw of the Idea. But the women of the household, his own nieces, the Froebel girls of the early Keilhau period, two of them mothers with children grown and growing-up, were not so tractable toward uncle Frederick; they could not forget what they had gone through in the past under his administration, and they naturally felt some anxiety for the future of their offspring, of their husbands, and of themselves.

And now must be mentioned the deepest reason, in fact the real though secret reason for the new establishment at Liebenstein: Froebel has decisively made up his mind to enter into the bonds of wedlock with one of his kindergardners, Luise Levin. She had already shown herself his most responsive pupil, and had given him the staunchest support in his work. She had made herself, as nearly as another individual could be,

the complete incarnation and reflection of Frederick Froebel. Through the growth of years, adjusting herself to him as her ideal, she had become absolutely his female counterpart, and both had recognized the fact. There was but one thing left: they must seal this inner union by the vow which would incorporate and make them one before God and man.

Such a self-transforming power the unlettered village maiden had shown — veritably a kind of transfiguration into the object of her love. Moreover, she had revealed another gift, very attractive to Froebel at his time of life: she was supremely the home-maker. She noticed his smallest wants, she observed just what he liked at table and how he liked it, she knew far better than he did wherein lay his comfort; a divine atmosphere of peace she brought with her and threw about him as an enveloping yet invisible presence. No wonder the old rover concluded to wind up his peregrinations and stay at home, where he could breathe an air stimulating, yet reposeful, and enjoy that wonderful elixir producing a restful intoxication which the home-maker alone knows how to brew.

The affair had been growing a good while. Already in the Keilhau household, where Luise Levin at first belonged to the department of female help in the kitchen, and where her rank was not much above that of a servant, the affin-

ity had been noticed by the women of the united families, with the skill of their sex for spying out such matters. Of course they were scandalized, outraged, horrified, at the idea of such an alliance. An old man, old enough to be her father! He a distinguished personage, and that, too, a Froebel; she a common, ignorant country girl! Of course Luise Levin could not stay in that house any longer, subjected, as she must have been, to the never-ceasing small torture of female ingenuity. And we can understand that Keilhau could not have been a pleasant place for uncle Frederick in the spring of 1849, when he returned from Dresden with such a resolution in his heart. Certainly no "unification of life" could be celebrated at Keilhau on such a stormy background.

The career of Luise Levin is an impressive chapter in the life of Froebel. Born in the town of Osterode, in the Harz country, which was also the birth-place of the Froebel girls, she was their early playmate and neighbor. They moved to Keilhau in 1820, when she was five years old; but her connection with their family was never broken, especially with the youngest of the daughters, Elise Froebel, whose age was nearly that of her own.

It may be said that she grew to womanhood with the name of Frederick Froebel in her ears, and the thought of him in her heart. He had

first seen her as a little child 18 months old when he was on a visit in Osterode at his brother's; as an infant he may have picked her up in his arms, clasped her to his bosom, and kissed her. She had heard a great deal about uncle Frederick from the two sons of Christian Froebel, as they frequently made little trips back to Osterode to see their friends. They told of the wonderful deeds done by the boys at Keilhau, of the journeys, of the songs, of the work bodily and mental; they gave her some toys made there, which were her delight. Doing her task in her humble station, she grew to be a woman; but an ideal had been generated in her soul intimately bound up with the personality of Froebel; and an aspiration had dawned in her heart which was unconsciously working for fulfillment. She communed with him, having caught his spirit without seeing him; she knew him many years before she ever came into his presence.

Thus she served her long apprenticeship of consecration to an ideal, a kind of nun with a self-imposed vow, performing the simple duties of her home-life in the town of Osterode. Yet her face was always turned toward Keilhau as her Mecca, in some secret hope or prayer that she might yet reach the abode of her prophet. Thus her young days passed, in the silent discipline of the home and of the ideal, testing her

endurance and really moulding her character. But will the probation never end?

Yes; in July, 1845, the hour of her release strikes, and she sets out for Keilhau, on a visit, or rather on a pilgrimage, to what she at least deemed the sanctuary of her life. She was thirty years old, the flower of youth had quite passed; it was twenty-five years since the Froebel girls had left Osterode, still she was going to visit them, for did not that furnish the great opportunity? She sees Froebel, obtains an interview — not a difficult matter; she asks him certain questions about what she should do in the future, to which the old man responds with friendly, fatherly advice, suitable to the occasion.

But her resolution was secretly fixed on staying at Keilhau. How could she now leave? She takes service in the two families which constituted the household of the school; she is willing to become a menial, a very slave if need be, in the ministry of her ideal.

But now comes a harder, sorer trial. She soon discovers the unpleasant situation of Froebel at Keilhau. She sees that he is no longer the head of the school; she observes the restraint put upon him, and feels the fetters in her own soul. She notes the opposition of the women, the Froebel girls, to their uncle and his plans; she overhears their twittings, their sly disparaging remarks, not intended for the outside world,

yet painfully significant of the inside attitude of that household. She states that she saw one day Froebel, Middendorf and Barop walking up and down the yard in excited conversation. She stood and gazed: What's the matter? Says Frau Middendorf, with a spice of malice: "Uncle wants more money to propagate his ideas, but Barop will not let him have any."

Strong yet suppressed sympathy was roused in her heart by this situation of Froebel. So complete was her oneness with him that his sorrows echoed through her soul with an intense longing to help. But what could she do? In silence wait for the hour of deliverance.

Thus her first year passed, with a still tongue, yet with the heart aflame. In the following year (1846) Froebel was teaching a small class of young ladies the doctrines of the kindergarden. Luise Levin succeeded in getting one of these young ladies to repeat to her at odd hours his lectures. She hardly understood them in an intellectual sense, but in another way she absorbed them immediately; she accepted them as her gospel, as a kind of sacred word which can be received only by faith. Not through the intellect, but through the heart, she took up into herself all that Froebel was, she became the female Froebel.

She obtained a copy of his Mother Play-songs, which he used as the basis of his lectures. She

would turn over its leaves, look at the pictures, listen to its songs which seemed to sing in her very soul. At once she entered into its idea, and exclaimed: "How beautiful!" This was spoken in the presence of Frau Middendorf, who injected into that happy moment an utterance smacking of the bitterness of the Keilhau household: "No doubt, and it has cost money enough; more, in fact, than will ever come out."

Thus we catch many a little echo of the domestic environment of Froebel at this time. But such unfriendly words only confirmed the devotion of Luise Levin; she saw the lofty purpose of the man, his heroic loyalty to an Idea. It was like her own life, and she resolved to be herself the more loyal, in order that she might be worthy of him. Very uncongenial is that household getting to be, with its sly thrusts and snarls at uncle Froebel, his impecunious condition, his unremunerative work, his steadfast pursuit of the Idea.

And now, on the other hand, the fact must be noted that Froebel in turn is beginning to find her, he has started to casting deeply interested glances that way — toward Luise Levin, seemingly the only woman in that household who had any genuine love for him personally, or any real appreciation of his work. On her birth-day (April 15th, 1847,) he gave her a present and with it sent some verses. What does it mean? A little suspicious, old fellow! Making poetry

and giving presents to that woman! Is it simply gratitude for the strong sympathy and for the hundred little favors which she has shown thee in spite of hostile surroundings during the last two years?

Yes, gratitude and something more, something far stronger, more compelling. Froebel in his advanced years is to experience Love, is to be put under its discipline. Homeless he has roamed through the land, but now he is to find a home, which he once seemed to have quite renounced in his absorbing devotion to the Idea. Unappeasable, almost pitiless he is becoming in his pursuit of the one great object; he must be brought back, he must be made more human, that abstract world of his must be filled with life's deepest throb. This the providential Powers which stand guard over his life have decreed as necessary, deeply necessary for him and for his cause.

It must be looked upon as a most important and beneficial event in his career when the old Froebel began to grow warm and young with the love of Luise Levin. In thinking of a home for her and for himself, he thinks of a home for his kindergarden, its chief need just now; his newborn Love will beget the true spiritual atmosphere for his workers, very different from that of Keilhau, which he feels more and more deeply to be an impossible place for his new task.

So Froebel, having completed his system, has now to complete himself. He has wandered far and wide scattering his seed, but now he must focus his soul afresh in the burning center of a divine passion. He has trained others in the past, but the trainer is now himself to be put under training, the training of Love, ere he can impart to his disciples the deep human affection for the child which lies at the basis of their vocation.

Such were the forces secretly at work during that spring of 1847. Luise Levin is determined to be a kindergardner, and she resolves to take the course at first hand from the master. She joins the class of 1847–8, which has been already noticed as forming an epoch in Froebel's work, and now we may see more deeply the reason. She was one of the three famous pupils who caused in Froebel's soul the dawning of the ideal kindergardner, whom he was thenceforth to prepare with all diligence for her new-made place in the world's order. But she could no longer be an inmate of the Keilhau household, with that outlook growing clearer every day. In company with Luise Frankenburg she occupied a room in a peasant's hut, from which she issued forth to her daily lesson, beaming a peculiar halo round her face, which made the old teacher's heart leap with youthful delight the moment she came into his presence.

Thus Luise Levin goes to school to Froebel, but in a deeper sense he goes to school to her. An ideal she has too, has had all her life, but an ideal completely interpenetrated and transfused with Love. So, if he has much to give her, she has even more to give him, and the grandeur of the man is that he knows it and acts on it, in spite of all the world and its evil tongues. Luise Levin has taken up and become transfigured into Frederick Froebel with his ideal, but now Frederick Froebel is to take up and become transfigured into Luise Levin with her Love. Such is the training for and the prelude to the last great epoch of his life. (50)

The course finished, Froebel longed to get away from Keilhau, and she had no wish to stay, particularly without him. In the summer of 1848, he concluded to make the tour of the neighboring Thuringian towns, scattering some seed in that way. But what was to become of her? Why should she not go along? She possessed a peculiar excellence in the games, and a rare gift in dealing with children; she could illustrate Froebel's lectures by living pictures of the little ones at play. Then there was another reason for their traveling together, which need not here be pressed. The season was a success in one way at least, and of course they had a good time. But she could never go back to Keilhau after such a journey, which was re-

garded by the women there as something a little too much in the nature of an escapade. And Froebel himself must have felt less inclination than ever to face the music of the tongues of that household.

The summer ended, there had to be a temporary separation. He obtained for her a good position at Rendsburg, near Hamburg, where he saw her again about Christmas. He completed his peregrinations for the winter with a longing heart. When the Spring began to breathe warmly on the Thuringian hills, and the flowers began to bloom and the birds began to sing, he had chosen a nest for his mate, a home for his training-school and for his heart. We find him settled at Liebenstein, the Rock of Love, already in April, 1849.

The class begins and is at work, but Luise Levin is not there, she is still detained in her position at Rendsburg. Froebel has a grand-niece with him (Henriette Breymann, afterwards the distinguished Frau Schrader of Berlin), who is a good pupil and an excellent house-keeper and all that; but all that is not enough. So he writes urgent letters to Luise to give up her place and to hasten to Liebenstein, which without her is no Rock of Love. Accordingly in July, 1849, she appears and takes possession, Froebel hailing her arrival with a joy in his countenance which gleams like a mir-

ror, reflecting the most cherished purpose of his heart.

And now we must correct a possible misapprehension. The reader is not to think that Froebel's place stands upon some high eminence called Liebenstein, overlooking the world below in lofty serenity, like a medieval castle, whose lord he is with his lady Luise. On the contrary his training-school is situated in an ordinary farm-house not far from Bath Liebenstein, the watering-place which gives name to this region. A very ordinary farm-house it is, surrounded by stables, cowpens, and pigsties in close quarters, quite like the home of the German farmer everywhere. This place Froebel has rented for the summer, and the persistent band of young ladies has followed through all obstacles, not the least of which is the never-failing odor which rises from the premises, and penetrates the happy class-room. Teacher and pupils get used to it, but the untrained visitor who comes to see the work cannot help noticing this quality of the atmosphere of the school, and reporting it. Especially the fine lady, even the Duchess, majectically descending from the elegant rooms of the hotel at Bath Liebenstein, into that cow yard, is compelled to an unremitting use of fan and handkerchief, as she listens to the prophet expounding the Idea utterly oblivious of all finite things. Whereof some good stories are told.

But this is a small matter amid things eternal. The love for Luise Levin showed in many ways its transforming power over Froebel's life. A true renewal came into his days, a veritable rejuvenescence; a deeper meaning the home had for him, with a fresh, more vital penetration into the nature of the family; more completely and more concretely the function of woman in the education of the race rose up to his vision. So much and more the conduct of the simple unlettered village-maiden of Osterode taught him by her love, into whose creative fountains the genius of his destiny, working with him for his and the world's blessing, has had to dip him even in his old age.

So Froebel has quit Keilhau forever, having made it one of the famous schools of the world. And Luise Levin has gone, too, unable there to fulfill that which she now knows to be her first duty, the duty to Love. Only one person in the Keilhau household appreciated her devotion to Froebel, and that was a man, Wilhelm Middendorf, who had something of the same spirit of consecration to his friend. For he loved Froebel in his way as deeply as she loved Froebel in her way. To Middendorf Froebel was the incarnation of the Godlike, as much as mortal can be; the two souls during a life-time of fellowship had become not merely intertwined, but absolutely intergrown and inseparable, the Siamese twins of the spirit. So Middendorf could under-

stand and deeply sympathize with that lonely woman in her consecration, which so strongly told back to him his own.

III.

Liebenstein — The Baroness.

And now a new woman, belonging to a very different class of society, of quite another order of mind and of attainments, yet with a devotion equally great in her way, makes her appearance one day at Froebel's Liebenstein, and, after briefly witnessing the work and the spirit there, hears within herself the compelling inner call of her life, takes the sacred vow to her own soul, and at once begins her novitiate at the Rock of Love.

Froebel had already arrived at Liebenstein and was busily engaged in his task, gathering the peasant children together and playing with them his games, in which employment he was assisted by the young ladies whom he was training to be kindergardners. Up the hills and through the woods the happy band danced and sprang, in which sport the gray-haired leader never failed to do his part, a child still among children. It was indeed a strange sight; no wonder every person passing along would stop and gaze and ruminate. Already the unusual proceedings of that man had been noised about the neighbor-

hood; here is one report which has become famous: —

"At the end of May, 1849, I arrived at Bath Liebenstein in Thuringia and took quarters in the house where I had stayed the previous year. On greeting my landlady, she told me the following piece of news: a man had taken up his abode some weeks before at a neighboring farm-house, whose custom was to dance and play with the village children, for which reason people called him *the old fool*."

Such is the striking passage with which the Baroness Von Marenholtz-Bülow begins her book called the "Reminiscences of Frederick Froebel," truly an overture or suggestive prelude which gives the dominant tone to her writing. Evidently there are two Liebensteins; one is full of distinguished guests, people of fame, and authority, and high birth, and worldly fashion: this we may call Bath Liebenstein, the watering place. The other is Froebel's Liebenstein, located in that humble farm-house, not fashionable, without influence, without fame, ridiculed, despised; surrounded with stables, reeking with the odor of horses and cattle, and in close proximity to them, it vividly calls to mind that other stable in whose manger the Light of the World was born, Earth-encompassing and Time-illuminating.

Thus the Baroness has caught and repeated the echo which Froebel's Liebenstein is produc-

ing through the corridors and boudoirs of Bath Liebenstein. She goes on to tell how she met a few days afterward a tall spare man, whose name even she did not know, advanced in years, as his long gray hair plainly told, but playing vigorously with a group of peasant children, most of whom were bare-footed and poorly clad. The loving devotion and patience with which he managed his little ones, as well as the whole spirit and bearing of the man brought tears into the eyes of her attendant, and also of the Baroness herself, whereat she speaks the prophetic words, and for her own future career deeply significant: "They may call him the old fool, but he is probably one of those men who are by contemporaries ridiculed or stoned, but to whom posterity rears monuments."

Plainly can we see by these words that in the soul of the Baroness Froebel's Liebenstein is becoming connected with Bethlehem. Unconsciously she has spoken not merely the utterance of deep sympathy, but of still deeper consecration; a mighty response within is taking place on the spot. Of course she must talk to such a man, it is the opportunity of a life-time. She addresses him in a friendly manner; they converse together, the result is an invitation to his farm-house, which lies just across the meadow yonder, where he will show her his play-gifts for children, and explain their meaning.

The Baroness reports his declaration that "the destiny of nations lies far more in the hands of women — the mothers — than in the hands of rulers." But in the education of the child we must go beyond the physical mother; we have at present to think of preparing the second or spiritual mother for her task — the kindergardner who is to co-operate with the former, and whose training is henceforth the supreme object. Says he: "We must now educate the educatress herself, without whom the new generation cannot fulfill its function." This was the burden of all his thoughts, the outcome of all his remarks; this was the far-reaching conception to whose realization he was devoting his days; in proof of which behold here in this farm-house fourteen young ladies whom he has inspired with his idea, and whom he is training to the new vocation of their sex, life-renewing, race-transforming.

As the man spoke, his peculiarities came to light. He was often difficult to understand. He clothed his thoughts in a strange nomenclature; his sentences would become involved at times in a hopeless grammatical tangle, he would often repeat himself, and often before completing his proposition he would dash off in a wholly new direction. Still he revealed his wealth of originality; full of far-flashing gleams, of deep intuitions was the man, and of irresistible earn-

estness. "I knew that I had before me a true man, with an uncorrupted, original nature." Certainly here is strong, deep attraction, and that too at first sight; she has gotten a glimpse of the real Liebenstein, the Rock of Love. But the name of this man she does not yet know; at last she picks it up from the mouth of a pupil whom she hears calling him Herr Froebel.

Such was the first acquaintance of the Baroness with Froebel — she of aristocratic birth, having a long ancestral pedigree, of great personal dignity, and endowed, it must be confessed, with no small share of high-bred haughtiness in her disposition. No longer young — she is forty-two years old at this time — she looks on these unpretentious kindergardners taking lessons there in the farmhouse, and a great, sudden upheaval from the very foundation of her being takes place, followed by quick resolution. On the first day of her acquaintance, before she leaves the house, she announces to Froebel: "I wish to become one of your pupils."

And now daily the high-born dame can be seen passing from Bath Liebenstein to Froebel's Liebenstein, where she takes her place among Froebel's home-spun girls, listening to the words of the master, and specially absorbing his philosophic doctrine. Then again behold the lofty lady coming down from her courtly dignity and playing with Froebel's little barefooted raga-

muffins, singing and dancing with them through the woods and the fields. Certainly a marvelous act of self-humiliation on the part of that blue-blooded German aristocrat, a class not specially distinguished for its humility — what does it all mean?

Thus she is getting her reward, the supreme earthly reward — the inner liberation of her fettered spirit. She has heard what is for her the word of life; she has seen the deed which she is to do for the enfranchisement of her enthralled soul. She is learning from Froebel to compel Fate, hitherto the tyrant of her life. She has has had her domestic sorrows, yea, if report be true, domestic horrors, which she has bravely withstood, yet with deep sadness and disappointment. A strong consciousness, too, she has of a talent never realized, of a vocation never fulfilled. There is no doubt that she came to Bath Liebenstein broken in body and spirit, with the better half of her life hopelessly lost, according to all appearances. But in a celestial hour she takes that walk which leads her to the other Liebenstein, of whose waters she drinks; great, almost instantaneous, is the change, a sudden whirl and movement not merely toward physical health, but toward an inner recovery and regenation. For she has rounded the corner and has already started on the road toward a new exist-

ence when she can utter those words: "I wish to become one of your pupils."

And now we may imagine the lofty dame taking her place at the low, long table in the large room of that farm-house, seated on a small wooden chair, along with the rest of the girls, enduring every inconvenience and discomfort — she, the Baroness, reared in luxury, accustomed to lounge on silk-cushioned divans, and used to the fragrance of the boudoir, quite different from that of her present surroundings.

Such is the discipline of life which the Baroness brings to her work with Froebel. But she has great attainments in other directions, greater than Froebel himself. First of all, she is the woman philosopher; she shows thorough training in philosophy, and a decided aptitude for it, with a marked power of philosophic expression. Her education, chiefly the work of private tutors from the University, lay, not so much in the creative, as in the authoritative epoch of modern German philosophy, specially of Hegel. Froebel's stay at Jena, as has been pointed out, was in the midst of its creative epoch. The Baroness, therefore, has profound philosophic culture, of a Hegelian cast, as we think, and strongly characteristic of her time and people. It is on this side, more than on any other, that she will hereafter expound the doctrines of Froebel.

Then her early education as a lady of the court

has given her the mastery over the chief European languages, for which likewise she shows decided talent. This attainment will select her as the apostle of Froebel in foreign lands; she will go as a missionary to most of the countries of Europe — France, England, Belgium, Italy — on a grand tour of propagandism, speaking and writing in the tongues of all these peoples, for the cause of her master.

Moreover she has a natural bent for pedagogy, a born love of teaching. No little experience too in pedagogical matters; she has superintended the education of her step-children with great diligence and interest, seeking to learn educational methods through books and conversation with distinguished educators. Education was her delight, perchance her hobby.

Nor must we forget to mention the fact that she was also a woman of society, acquainted with nearly every person of importance in the various German governments, knowing all the subtle ways of securing court influence for her projects, diplomatic, insinuating, and prodigiously persistent. Herein she will perform services altogether out of the reach of any other person connected with Froebel's work.

Such was the new disciple, greatest of them all, which a chance hour, yet filled with a providential purpose, has led to Froebel. A great boon to him, but a greater to her; she recognizes

the fact with its duty, and at once starts on her task. She is to turn Bath Liebenstein down to Froebel's Liebenstein, that it quaff of the fountain of healing there; she seeks to make every guest do what she has done, in order that all may get what she has gotten.

The first class whom she will seek to interest in Froebel's work will be the ruling powers of the country, the high dignitaries, Duke, Duchess, Princesses. She will even succeed in getting Froebel invited to dine with their Highnesses and to expound his doctrine to them.

Then follows a line of lesser lights which she conducts continually to Froebel; Prime Ministers, Councillors of State, Professors from the University, famous educators, high officials of all sorts, together with distinguished and influential untitled people she whirls in an incessant daily stream to Froebel's school. Of course many find something to criticise, not a few become afflicted with secret laughter, hardly anybody will understand. But she will explain him, defend him, excuse him, yet in a very gentle way acknowledge his faults. She will proclaim him as the bearer of a great new Idea, which he must realize or be faithless to his destiny. She will have to apologize for his surroundings, in particular for his coat, which is of the old German pattern, resembling that of the village schoolmaster now seen in the most retired nooks of

Germany. She will feel outraged when the well-dressed summer butterfly of Bath Liebenstein makes fun of him, and if need be, she will settle the matter by a keen thrust of her woman's rapier, the tongue.

Thus she continues her propagandism, tactful, unwearied, amiably persistent, yet combative when necessary; she chooses her people, those who ought to go, extorting a promise often unwilling, but the easiest way out; a few who flatly refuse she leads to the farm-house by stratagem. In the most charming way she gives them no peace till they get rid of her in the only possible manner, by an excursion to Froebel. She would join parties taking walks through the mountains, and by a dexterous detour would bring them down into Froebel's barnyard. She had to stand no little teasing and some rebuffs; no matter, she goes on with her undismayed proselytizing.

So she captures, for instance, Dr. Gustav Kühne, a great man in literature, editor of one of the leading literary periodicals of Germany, who could scatter the doctrine far and wide, and hence a man whom she must win at all hazards. On her first solicitation he said he had come to this watering place, not to study educational methods but to rest and enjoy himself. Still she devises a way to lead him to Froebel, so that in the end he notices the kindergarden in his

widely-read periodical, and, as it would seem, influences one of his nieces to take the training.

So for three seasons the Baroness continues, seeking to make converts to the new Idea, among the summer visitors, turning the stream from Bath Liebenstein down to Froebel's Liebenstein. Very important were these men in their day, the great ones of the world; excellent people, no doubt, the most of them — but where are they now? Almost wholly vanished, the entire set of them — these Prime Ministers, Privy Councillors, Dukes, Duchesses, Professors and Authors. But the man whom they looked down upon, obscure, located in a farm-house, has become a light illumining the world, growing brighter year by year. The ephemeral and the eternal — such seems to be the difference between Bath Liebenstein and Froebel's Liebenstein.

Another favorable occurrence in these days must be recorded. It so befell that not many weeks after the Baroness had met Froebel, the greatest educator of Germany, Adolph Diesterweg came to Bath Liebenstein. Editor of a most influential teachers' periodical, writer of famous educational books, for many years head of the chief Prussian Normal School, he undoubtedly stood next to Pestalozzi in the German pedagogical world, with whose name his was often coupled in honor. The Baroness, seeing him, thought to herself: That is just the man I

must get for my Froebel. Off she starts and salutes Diesterweg, whom she knew previously — she seems to know everybody — and tells him by way of introducing her subject, the story of *the old fool*, at which he had a hearty laugh. Then she comes at once to the main point: Early to-morrow morning you must go with me to Froebel's class.

Diesterweg tries to excuse himself. He has heard vaguely of this new doctrine, he does not like play in school. But the disciple is ready for him, she answers all his objections with knowledge, for she has now been a student some weeks, and he does not know the subject. No possible chance against her; so Diesterweg submits with resignation, saying, "Very well, to-morrow I shall go with you wherever you may lead."

The time comes, though the new school-boy is somewhat late. They arrive at the place, the class has already begun, the two slip in and listen to Froebel's exposition, as he stands in the midst of his pupils. At first the face of Diesterweg showed streaks of irony, which, however, gradually vanished into deep attention and admiration. After the close of the lecture, the Baroness introduced the two men to each other, who spoke together with strong, mutual admiration and sympathy. So absorbed was Diesterweg that she had to remind him that the dinner hour was

at hand, and they must think of returning to their hotel. On the way back Diesterweg would walk a little and then stop a little (he was a thick, heavy-set man), always talking of the wonderful teacher and his profound insight into the nature of children. And she reports that tears came into the eyes of the strict methodical pedagogue at the things he saw and heard — an unusual display of emotion on his part. Diesterweg himself was at that time an object of persecution and disparagement; how could he help seeing something of his own life in the man before him?

Thus a good beginning has been made, but a new duty has dawned upon the first schoolmaster of all Germany, that land of schoolmasters, and this it is: he must again go to school. He secures a copy of the text-book, "The Mother Play-songs," and begins his study. No more tardiness; he is now the good school-boy. Every morning almost he would appear promptly under the window of the Baroness' room and cry out: "Frau von Marenholtz, it is time to go to school." So Diesterweg also, the greatest educator of his time, has come down from Bath Liebenstein and joined the unpretending band of kindergardners; moreover, he, too, the stout, short-breathed man skips and hops through the fields and woods with Froebel's little bare-footed ragamuffins — thirty to forty of them.

So the mornings passed, but in the afternoons

the two men would take long walks together conversing on educational topics and on the times, with which both of them were sympathetically somewhat at odds. Also plans were laid for propagating the Idea. But behold them walking alongside of each other, the two illustrious schoolmasters: Diesterweg, thick rather than tall, corpulent, round-faced, round-nosed, with a jovial look, having a tendency to universal rotundity, spherical in feature, cylindrical in trunk and in the totality of him; Froebel on the contrary, long, thin, wiry, bony, straight-lined, sharp-nosed, with a tendency in every part of his body to shoot into the rectilineal like a crystal, everything about him seeming to run into long right lines — long coat swashing about his long legs, long hair down his long neck, long nose, and it must be confessed, excessively long, large ears. No wonder that Froebel in his Gifts has put such stress upon the rectilineal, he has simply produced himself in them. If Diesterweg had made a set of Gifts, they would certainly have been curvilineal. Still these two war-horses of education, the short and the tall, the long and the round, the short-stepping and the far-striding, are now harnessed together into a team, quite inseparable, deeply affectionate and responsive, and so they go, down the road and over the hills, through the halls and grounds of Bath Liebenstein, ever together, talking, talking,

whereat one of the sharp-tongued glittering dragon-flies of the Bath gives them a jingling nickname from German storyland, calling them "Eisele and Beisele," which jingle will produce an echo in every empty head of the place, followed by titter and tattle.

Thus Diesterweg is completely won, he becomes a zealous co-worker in the cause of Froebel and remains so ever afterwards. He was a man who had suffered for his ideas, for his advanced views; he was just then suffering for them; he was too liberal for the Prussian Government, now in a strong tide of reaction; in this very year of 1849 he was displaced from the headship of the Normal School after many years of devotion and successful service. Mellowed by his experience he came to Bath Liebenstein for a little recuperation; he met this old man who was also giving his life to an educational ideal, and seeking to realize it in a humble farm-house, under the most adverse circumstances, to which those of Diesterweg bore no comparison. It is the greatness of Adolph Diesterweg that he, the first educator of Germany, could on the spot resolve to go to school to Froebel, who was able to give him instruction, not merely by his talk, but by his shining example; instruction not merely in the kindergarden doctrine, but in a thing much deeper, in the mastery of the fate of human

existence, in that freedom of the spirit which is the end and fulfillment of all education.

It was on one of these fair days, while conversing with the Baroness and Diesterweg, that Froebel seemed unusually happy. He could not keep the good news: he announced that Luise Levin would arrive, having thrown up her comfortable position, and would join the circle at the farm-house, converting it into a true home, for just that was her surpassing gift. But who is this wonderful Luise? Froebel could not hold back the deeper secret, so he says: "She is my betrothed." Indeed! It must have caused some surprise, that announcement, to the two friends, when they found that the Love-god was weaving his little thread, in fact, the chief thread of all, into this Idea of Froebel. The Baroness claims that she was delighted by the news, and that she and Diesterweg approved of the match, which she defends with some arguments which seem of the head more than of the heart.

Diesterweg remained firm and faithful to the cause of Froebel, though he could not give his life to it without reserve. "Too old and too much to do," was his reply to the Baroness when she urged him to offer himself a living sacrifice to the holy work, as she had resolved to do. But he promised to write and to speak in its favor whenever opportunity would present

itself, and most loyally he fulfilled his promise. Still the strongest and most affecting testimony to his faith he gave the following year. Among the band of young ladies who then assembled at Marienthal for Froebel's instruction, appeared the daughter of Adolph Diesterweg, sent by her father from her home to become one of Froebel's kindergardners.

A great summer this has been for Froebel, and likewise for the Baroness, who came to Liebenstein a woman of sorrow, disappointed in life, dissatisfied with the court and its false shows, possessing a talent unfulfilled, imprisoned like Ariel, yet beating its wings mightily against its prison walls. She has found the man, the grand liberator of the woman, who has let out her incarcerated spirit, and given her a vocation in which she can realize herself to the full and attain an inner peace, though coupled with great outer activity, by becoming the woman apostle of the New Education. (51)

Many hearts she has turned from Bath Liebenstein, the gay, the worldly, the ephemeral, to Froebel's Liebenstein, the humble, the ridiculed, the crucified, yet the eternal. But she does not stop with this form of propaganda, she seizes the pen, she writes articles in the newspapers, which Froebel commends; she interprets him, and he recognizes that she often expresses his thought better than he can. In the presence of visitors

he will at times turn to her and say: "Tell it to them, they understand you better."

Meanwhile she becomes more and more indoctrinated, yea, transfigured, into Froebel's Idea, particularly in its philosophical aspect. Summer after summer she comes to him for study and conversation, till she is saturated and transformed with it, an incarnation of his brain, and in many respects a clarification of it, for the stream of his thinking often ran turbid.

Two women Froebel has now won, who take their places in the innermost circle of his disciples. One is the simple village maiden of humble birth, of poor education, but with her heart she has so deeply absorbed the master that she has become his other self in a way that means indissoluble union. The second woman is the high-born aristocrat, of courtly manners and of profound learning; she, through her intellect, mainly, yet not without strong feeling, has become so permeated with Froebel's thought that she will rise to being its most loyal as well as profoundest disciple, his self-chosen missionary to foreign lands. Such are the women, coming from quite opposite social directions, with quite opposite gifts of culture and nature, who have taken up Froebel and given him an intimate share in their very personality. Yet both reveal the eternal-woman (*ewig-weibliche*), who has been called forth into living energy by that man, the apostle of

womanhood and of her first and deepest relation, namely, to childhood.

But there is a third person in this innermost circle of Froebel's apostles, a man, Wilhelm Middendorf, often named before, which person completes the trinity of consecration. This man was a student of theology, but his evangel was the Gospel according to Froebel, to which he gave his whole life. An eloquent man, very fascinating in speech and manner; but he had ultimately one article of faith, one text, from which he preached, namely: Froebel and him crucified. He was more deeply ingrown with the prophet than either of the women disciples; he was the bosom companion of Froebel forty years, in war and in peace, developing with him, imaging him in all his stages of growth. He does not show the separation or the twofoldness of Froebel which we see in the two women; he was the whole Froebel, both heart and head; still he had the power, through his gift of speech, of translating Froebel into Middendorf, lending his own transparent soul as an outer garb for the dark, oracular spirit of the prophet.

These were the three beloved disciples, the persons in the nearest relation to the master, those who received most directly and intimately his spirit. From these it will pass to others and be perpetuated, the two women long surviving Froebel, but never faltering or even stopping in

their work of disseminating the faith. Such is the primal, most immediate circle of the Froebelian Apostolate, coming directly from the central soul, and then propagating itself in ever-increasing concentric waves around the Earth and down Time.

IV.

Froebel at Hamburg.

Very delightful has been the summer of 1849 at Liebenstein, and very fruitful. It seems as if the period of happiness and of success has at last dawned on the storm-beaten man of adversity. Froebel has made his greatest conquests on the Rock of Love, which has showered upon him all the good gifts promised by its name. Around his thought-life the Baroness has thrown an atmosphere of deep appreciation and devotion, around his home-life Luise Levin has poured out the very spirit of Love. Then a band of faithful pupils has mirrored his apostolic zeal in their own. Verily Liebenstein this year has been to him the Rock of Love.

But the time has passed, the people are scattering, the leaves are falling, the winter is coming. Froebel also is getting ready to depart, for he has received a call to Hamburg, where he is to stay six months, devoting himself to the work of the kindergarden. He is promised a handsome stipend for his services, one hundred thalers a

month with expenses paid. An unusual emolument for him; he had to take it, though he was tired of his wandering life. Aged 67, he again starts out with an alluring hope to beckon him forward; for who knows but that a great city like Hamburg may be his true destination after all? So he leaves his farm-house with its idyllic peace and love, for a new career in a new world.

The outlook was indeed enticing. There were a number of ardent supporters of the Idea in Hamburg, and at least three kindergardens. A very active woman, Doris Lütkens by name, head of a flourishing school, a skillful writer, and a defender of Froebel in the newspapers, was his chief reliance. Then Alwine Middendorf was there, the charming Alwine, a superb kindergardner, yet a more superb proselytizer, to whom mortal lips seemed powerless to say no. She had already chosen her life's own knight, being betrothed to Dr. Wichard Lange, a young man of great attainments and promise, a writer of power, and a favorite pupil of Diesterweg. Lange would certainly be wheeled into line with his pen, and, possibly, as he was a teacher, with his vocation, by the beautiful kindergarden in general, and specially by the beautiful kindergardner, Alwine.

Such, at least, was Froebel's hope, as he set out for the city of the North. He was a man who could nourish great expectations on small

capital, and who was liable, therefore, to disappointments equally great.

A Woman's Club, powerful and aggressive, was the center of an aspiring movement of the Hamburg women at this time. Emancipation was its watchword — emancipation of the female sex, after long suppression and servitude. The term was indeed vague, and had a number of different meanings in the Club; but it was very stirring, and roused the hearts of the women like a trumpet call; what they lacked in clearness of head, they made up in intensity of emotion.

Two delegates from this Club appeared at Liebenstein one day, in order to get acquainted with Froebel, whom they had heard of as the great coming apostle of woman. By chance they first saw Middendorf, who happened to be present on a visit from Keilhau. At once they concluded that he must be the prophet, he the stout-bodied, full-faced, broad-chested, and not that other lank, long-haired man sitting not far off. Curiously enough, these women of the North selected their own countryman by a natural affinity, for Middendorf was a North-German (Platt-Deutscher), from Dortmund, while Froebel was rather a South-German, from Thuringia. But the loyal Middendorf pointed them to the real prophet there present, who, however, did not please the ladies as well as their

own landsman, with his beautiful blue eyes and great shock of hair, with his winning manners and his sweetly-tuned speech. At once they declared: "But you must come to Hamburg, too." This was agreed upon, as it was generally the policy that Middendorf should speak in advance, like John the Baptist, and prepare the way for the greater one coming after. Then the father had a natural longing to see daughter Alwine, who was making such a stir in the great city of Hamburg, and also to take a look at young Wichard Lange, his future son-in-law.

So it came to pass that both Froebel and Middendorf set out for Hamburg. The two friends were men superbly equipped with the virtue of Hope; both were still good dreamers in spite of many a disallusion, and their journey lay under a sky which was one succession of rainbows. Perhaps after all Hamburg is the true place for the home of the Idea, and the institution may have to move from its secluded country nook to the busy life of a great city.

For the present let the two old boys pass on their way under the high-sounding arches of great expectations, but let us turn and look at the other thread which the Destinies are secretly weaving into this Hamburg scheme. Those same two women delegates who had appeared at Frederick Froebel's Liebenstein, were on their journey homeward from Switzerland, whither they

had gone to see Carl Froebel, at that time principal of an educational institute at Zürich, who had also published to the world his Idea, that of a great Female High-School or University (*Hochschule*), which was to be the grand, illuminating center for woman's emancipation throughout Germany and the whole world. Certainly Hamburg was just the place for such an institution, and the Woman's Club just the right patron for its protection and promotion. Accordingly, Carl Froebel was engaged and appeared at Hamburg at the same time with uncle Frederick, having brought along his wife, a very capable and active woman, tremendously enthusiastic for the emancipation of her sex, and, of course, for her husband's new Female University.

Now, the reader must remember this Carl Froebel as one of the Froebel boys of the old Keilhau period, sons of Christoph Froebel, for whose education uncle Frederick Froebel had first established his school, more than thirty years before. The reader must also remember the withdrawal of those boys from Keilhau, twenty-four years since. Again in a strange city nephew and uncle are thrown together in a very similar, if not quite the same cause; at least both have a common purpose in the education of the woman and of the child.

Still there is a decided difference between the doctrines and the purposes of the two Froebels.

Carl, besides his Female University, is a full-fledged radical, and is propagating a socialistic scheme, which brings him into politics and throws him into opposition to the established order — an attitude which his uncle always avoided, even though he was not very favorably impressed with the existing institutions. Then again Carl Froebel's emancipation of women meant quite a different thing from that of Frederick Froebel, who chiefly intended to educate the woman to be the educatress of the child, as mother or as kindergardner.

Assuredly a splendid opportunity for the Goddess of Confusion has presented itself in Hamburg — confusion between names, things, and persons. And she will not be slow to seize her chance, causing a great uproar and display of Hate, of which no outsider and very few insiders can tell the source. And to make this confusion more confounding, Carl Froebel has, so to speak, appropriated his uncle's special work and latest invention, the kindergarden, incorporating the same into his scheme of education and socialism. It should also be added, that both these men were engaged and supported, for the most part, by the same set of people. Such are the chief elements which the above-mentioned Goddess (Confusionaria let her be called) will proceed to mix together in a diabolic compound of misunderstandings, vilifications, plottings and

counterplottings, that all Hamburg will be transformed into a veritable Inferno, and uncle Frederick's visit, though heralded by a glorious sunrise, will come to resemble a dolorous journey through the dark Netherworld, not unlike that seen by Dante. (52)

The reader will ask, Why did not nephew and uncle join hands in the work which both had in common or nearly so? Uncle, too, having educated this nephew, might have sufficient influence to restrain him in his extravagant theories and actions. Not at all; utterly impossible is anything but Hate, for the old curse has now begun to work far down in the depths of their souls, though they be kindred in blood. There enters that fatal heritage which has run its underlying line of dark descent through the whole mortal life before us; again there rises to the surface from its hidden haunts in the human heart that unquenchable revenge, which the sons of Christoph Froebel felt toward their uncle Frederick Froebel, for what they deemed his wrong to their mother. And the uncle on his part has his counter accusation against these sons, charging them with base ingratitude toward himself as well as treachery to the Idea, inasmuch he had given up his early life chiefly to their education.

Thus the Furies of the Family Froebel are turned loose suddenly in the distant city of Hamburg, where chance has thrown uncle and

nephew together in a common work and with a common purpose. Chance is it or the unseen Ministers overwatching the human deed and seeking the right opportunity to bring it back to the doer through the most devious, unexpected channels? It is now a quarter of a century lacking one year since Julius and Carl Froebel left their uncle at Keilhau, burning with a sense of his injustice, uttering in their hearts an imprecation which time has not softened but intensified. A long period, but Nemesis has a long memory, and reckons up compound interest on all her debts.

So there will be no co-operation between the two Froebels, and no compromise, but quite the opposite; they will seek to undermine and to destroy each other's work and influence. Two parties will spring up from this fatal drop of dragon's blood; they will name themselves, after the age of the leaders, the Old Froebelians and the New Froebelians, keeping up a copious hail-storm of mutual disparagement, in which the lie was one of the chief projectiles on both sides. This whole Hamburg period will be one prolonged maneuvering and struggle between the two parties. People will divide and grow hot in quarrel, of whose hidden source they have not the least knowledge, fighting like the Homeric hero in a cloud, which, however, seems to make them only more infuriated. Into such a mad

discordant fermentation the jolly Hamburgers are set by a few vitriol gouts of that old Froebel blood-feud.

The two protagonists, however, uncle and nephew, have enlisted for the war. Apparently no word of conciliation drops from either's lips; their secret demons are interlocked in an inexorable grip which cannot be broken till one or the other be hurled from the field. Which one of them will it be?

Meanwhile let us go back to the side of Frederick Froebel and see what he is doing with his time. First, Middendorf gives his preparatory lectures, according to the program; very successful they are, quite too successful, since Froebel who is to follow cannot help producing disappointment by comparison. Not elegant in manner or eloquent in speech; not stylishly clad or comely in person; using strange words quite unintelligible to most of his hearers — he is not for a moment to be compared with silver-tongued Middendorf in expounding his own doctrine. Then he has the unfortunate habit of blinking with his eyes during his address, sometimes closing them altogether, as if he were merely talking to himself, quite oblivious of his audience. A disenchanting habit, almost disrespectful; it is true that Middendorf has the same habit or one very similar, but in him, the favorite, it is not so bad; it is actually interesting. So criticism

takes its usual tilt at poor Froebel, the sole creative genius in this whole business.

Still he goes ahead with his lectures, imparting instruction to every willing listener, training pupils in the kindergarden principle and practice. With all its ups and downs, it is a prolific time for him; he seems to have unfolded quite a scheme of philosophy, and formulated it as the underlying foundation for his educational structure. And yet could he help feeling the dissonance within? Preaching the reconciliation of opposites as the fundamental law of the kindergarden, of life, of all creation, he must have experienced a chilly blast from that unreconciled opposition in his own heart, the cleft between uncle and nephew. "All-sided unification of life" — such is the watchword; yes, but what a scission in thine own bosom with thine own blood! Conceal it as he might, such a discordant thrill must have darted through him often in the very glow of his exhortation to unity. But no self-exaltation on thy part and on mine, good reader; rather let each of us ask himself: Hast thou never felt in thine own intimate experience with thyself the same accursed shiver of dissonance between thy spoken word and thy unspoken heart? Then confess to thyself in silence thy remorseful throes and perchance thy penitential tear. Not merely thy pity for the soul-rent Froebel is thy due, but a living fellow-

sympathy from just another such like-limited mortal treading the wine-press of life.

In the meantime it must be noted that Dr. Wichard Lange is showing great activity and devotion to the Froebelian cause, as has already been prophesied. He becomes editor of the *Wochenschrift*, or Weekly Gazette for the advancement of Froebel's efforts. This was started in January, 1850, and it contains important papers by Froebel himself, chiefly the product of his lectures at Hamburg and Liebenstein in their latest form. Thus journalism is made to take part in the Hamburg contest.

But Carl Froebel is not behind hand on his side. He also employs the printed page for attack, defense, propagation. He writes a pamphlet under the title, *High Schools for Young Ladies and Kindergardens*, which is destined to be the very thread of Fate itself woven into the earthly career of Frederick Froebel. Note that title employed by him, how he takes up and intertwines with his own scheme the special work and property of his uncle, so that the two men with their purposes become hopelessly bound together and confused in the mind of the public. Who can now tell which is which? But that fateful pamphlet — its full history is still to be told.

Yet the other fact was painfully manifest: these two men, uncle and nephew, bearing the

one name, and advocating the one cause apparently, were the bitterest foes. People in general who sought to interest themselves in the new doctrine, stood dazed at this enmity, for which no reason appeared on the surface, and of which the real reason was concealed naturally by both parties. Uncle and nephew had good grounds for shunning every allusion to that old wrong, real or supposed, which was the dark underlying fountain-head of their animosity. Still both knew the fact, knew it well, and furthermore both must have known it to be the mainspring of their present bitter warfare.

Thus the demonic Powers lurking deep in the heart of uncle and nephew fought their battle for months, and dragged into their nefarious struggle all their innocent friends in Hamburg quite unaware of what was the matter. Advantage and repulse, now on this side, now on that, with much shifting about and fluctuation; on the whole Carl Froebel seems to be gaining. Certainly things did not mend on the side of the old man, who, worn out with the conflict outside and inside, at last exclaimed: Let me get out of this Hamburg Hell, let me flee back to my Rock of Love, my Liebenstein, away from this pit of Hate, to which I came in an evil hour.

And now we may see Frederick Froebel in full flight from the city of the North, which he had entereda few months ago almost borne aloft by gold-

en-winged dreams of future triumph. Exhausted, broken in spirit, profoundly disillusioned, he flees out of his diabolic environment which has called forth not only a fierce outer conflict, but a fiercer inner one, for he must have felt a sharp twinge every time he uttered that pivotal wording of his soul's deepest striving, *Life's unification*. Such a rending by the demons without and within he can no longer endure; off he speeds, with the resolution that if he can get back this time, he will never again quit his Liebenstein. Thus we may bring his soul before ourselves, seeking to catch an inner glimpse of it during this flight.

But what about Carl Froebel? He holds the field of battle, and can well claim the victory. Evidently he is not too good a man not to chuckle over his departed antagonist, though his own uncle, with a triumphant look of satiated revenge. He erects his trophy; the Female University is started and thrives for a short time; but it begins to wane, and after two years it sinks to rise no more. The counter-stroke of destiny comes to him also, and then it is the nephew's turn to flee from the Hamburg field, as the uncle once fled.

Such is the fateful story of the meeting of the two Froebels in the distant city, their conflict of hot revenge, their separation. Still Carl Froebel has left behind him his printed word in that pamphlet, whose chief effect is yet to come, with a blow descending upon the head of the uncle

like that of the Destroyer. And we must add that Time, the grand Adjudicator of colliding Ideas, has strikingly justified the thought of Carl Froebel in the matter of the Female University and the higher education of women.

This Hamburg conflict must also be noted as the opening of the long series of great kindergarden quarrels. They have the authority of Froebel's own example, he began them. Already we have seen quite a little tussle of his at Darmstadt with Dr. Fölsing. As the elder Disraeli wrote a book on the quarrels of authors, so a big volume might be written on the quarrels of kindergardners, tracing their course from Froebel down through quite all the great apostles, particularly the women, so many of whom seem by their conduct to illustrate the law of opposites without the reconciliation.

Happily such a discordant theme belongs not in this book, and so let it be dropped just here. Far more pleasant is the task now before us: to follow Froebel's return from his infernal journey back to his paradise.

V.

Marienthal.

In the spring of 1850 Froebel was again located in Liebenstein at the farm-house, and was making preparations to begin his work with fresh

zeal. The Hamburg nightmare with its awful discipline was over; more than ever he could now appreciate his home on the Rock of Love with its peace. Luise Levin is on hand, the center of this home-life, the very incarnation of the woman as home-maker. No wonder Froebel loved her more than ever after the Hamburg experience; such a happy-making atmosphere he had not breathed while out of her presence; no such woman — she is quite perfect in his eyes now — had he seen in his travels. So our German Dante, having escaped from Inferno, finds again his Beatrice who is to lead him into Paradiso.

But look around, what does all this bustle mean? Things are taken from their places and packed up; household articles are brought together, the mirror is lifted down carefully from the wall and put between two bed-ticks. What! moving again! Yes, Froebel is about to leave the farm-house with its adjacent pens and stables and smells, and settle in Marienthal, a hunting-castle belonging to the Duke, which is near by, and is very suitable for the purpose of a school. Quite respectable our quarters will now be, yes, elegant in a moderate way; the high-toned guests of Bath Liebenstein can henceforth visit the man Froebel and see his work without such a fearful outlay of condescension, and so much actual discomfort.

But how was all this brought about? Through the Baroness, now the most devoted adherent of Froebel, and always looking out for his personal welfare and the good of the cause. During the preceding summer (1849) they were taking a walk in the neighborhood of Liebenstein, and passed near the Duke's pleasantly situated hunting castle, called Marienthal. Froebel stopped and said: "That would be a fine place for our institute. Then the name would suit so well — Marienthal, the valley of the Marys, whom we intend to educate as the mothers of mankind, as the first Mary educated the Savior of the world." Thus his work has a religious cast in his own mind, and he connects it with sacred story. These new Marys are the kindergardners, not one, but many, yes all women: these are now to do for all what the one Mary did for one long ago — train a divine ideal.

In such fashion Froebel's symbolic fancy was in the habit of playing with names, putting into this kind of play also a profound meaning, as well as into that of children. But the Baroness has gotten her cue in the matter — Froebel would like to have that unoccupied hunting-castle Marienthal. In her courtly way she moves the Duchess, and the Duchess moves the Duke, and the Duke speaks to the officials, who throw obstacles in the way. Such was the first wave spending itself upon the shore of indifference; but the

persistent Baroness starts another and still another, always tactful yet never ceasing; in the most delightful way she bores nearly to death every official who has anything to do with that hunting-castle. Of course she is going to get it — what mortal can hold out against such ceaseless trituration? — though the impatient Froebel quite despairs on account of the delay.

In this connection she tells a good story. Through her influence Froebel had been invited to dine with the Duchess and to explain his doctrines to the company. Of course he could not appear at court in that long old-German coat of his, so he takes out his holiday dress, his good clothes, which he had not used for some time, from a drawer in the closet, which, like the whole farm-house, was permeated with the smell of the stable. To this smell, however, Froebel had grown so accustomed, that his nasal watch-dog never barked the least notice. So, forth he goes, is ushered into the ducal parlor, and takes his seat. Not long afterwards the majestic Duchess with her daughters, gay frolicsome Princesses, sweep into the drawing-room in state, the Baroness following. At once the Duchess observed the change in the atmosphere of her apartments, and, seeing a window open not far off, concluded that this new odor must come from the outside. She commanded the windows to be closed, but that only made matters worse.

The Baroness, from her own experience at the farm-house, recognized the familiar smell, and at once divined its source. She whispered to the Duchess, and was overheard by the daughters; at once there was an outbreak of hilarity from the group, especially from the merry young Princesses. Froebel, who must have been astonished at the mirth of this reception, was tactfully informed by the Baroness of its cause; whereat he joined in the laugh with a happy turn: "Your Highness sees that I have brought along with me a new argument in favor of moving to Marienthal."

After some months the Baroness had the pleasure of presenting to Froebel the official document which granted him permission to occupy the much desired premises. So we may henceforth consider the aged prophet to be located in a happy home and in beautiful surroundings at Marienthal.

When the Baroness arrived at Bath Liebenstein in June, 1850, she found Froebel settled and at work in Marienthal. She had returned for another course of instruction and of conversation; indeed, she could not stay away. She had heard the call to a new duty and new life during the previous summer, no doubt of it; she must again see and hear the prophet in his own home. Then her services are needed sorely; better than ever she can expound his doctrines,

better than ever she can turn the stream of high personages from Bath Liebenstein to Froebel's new and agreeable quarters, which he has obtained through her intercession. But if she needed Froebel, Froebel needed her also — her profound sympathy and appreciation. He never had such a listener, at least not for his thought — one who could so dexterously wind after him through all the labyrinthine tortuosities of his subtlest thinking.

They had been separated some eight or nine months, during which both had been active and had gathered rich experience. She had started her propaganda, she speaks of lecturing at Merseburg on the kindergarden in February, 1850. Indeed, wherever she was, she was using her influence for the Idea. She had taken her vow to the cause, and she had found her vocation. She was now going to do what her deepest nature had always demanded, but which had hitherto been suppressed by the conventions of her station in life. To vindicate her original selfhood is now her purpose, and to become the apostle of just that vindicated right. She will not only assert her right of unfolding her inborn talent, but will make herself the champion of that right, even in the little child.

In a conversation with Froebel she speaks thus, which we take to be her own confession: "The originality of human nature must be res-

cued; the innermost, peculiar Self of each individual must be able to come forth in freedom, in order that the more gifted, the strongest souls may not let themselves be stamped with the impress of mediocrity, or be compelled to consume their lives in pain because they are not able to find satisfaction in conventional existence among people of mere form. Whoever knows this pain of not being allowed to show one's best and truest Self without being misunderstood and branded as a heretic, that person will be your ally," and that person is the Baroness, who has here given quite a little peep into her life, and her conflicts with her high-born environment.

What has trained her to this sacrifice for a great cause, in which she meets with the opposition of her family, the hostility of her aristocratic class, the ridicule of all? We again may hear in a passage the note of confession: "Only those who have passed through deep suffering, who have learned, under the weight of the hardest trials of life, to renounce the personal element — only those will be found willing to undertake the task of laboring for the improvement of future ages. These are only the few," and the Baroness is one of them, having been suppressed in the very germ of her individuality by the conventions surrounding her birth, and also having had to undergo the sorest afflictions in her own domestic life,

Thus she has suffered, doubly suffered, the hardest blows from the hand of Fate, the outer compeller of life. But it is manifest that she has made the grand turn and is henceforth going to compel Fate itself, that it no longer have the controlling power over her career. She has now asserted her freedom, and her liberator is Froebel. Through the discipline of suffering, which is all that Fate can impose upon the human soul, she has risen to the point of self-renunciation, and thus is a free being, a Fate-compeller. Every man and woman have or ought to have their Declaration of Independence, whose very day, or perchance hour, they can often tell. Not only is there a national but an individual Fourth of July, to be celebrated by every human being; it may well be observed more sacredly than any physical birth-day, being the spiritual birth-day of manhood, of the liberated Self. So the Baroness had her Independence Day; that was the day, yes, the very hour when she met a gray-haired man ("the old fool") skipping and playing through woods and fields with the bare-footed, ragged peasant children of Liebenstein — and she resolved to follow him. Still after the Declaration of Independence comes the long, hard, weary struggle to make it real, sometimes a seven years' war before the final triumph. These intervening months the Baroness has devoted to fighting the battle of her Independence

with all the outer powers arrayed against her freedom, which have been hitherto her enslaving Fate. But now having overcome, thrown away, renounced forever "the personal element," through which Fate clutches the human soul and enthralls it, she is the Fate-compeller.

And thus having become the liberator of herself, she takes the next higher step, which indeed must be taken in order to confirm and secure that previous step: she becomes the liberator of others, specially of the woman and child. Her means is, of course, the means through which she has been saved, the doctrine and work of Froebel, in which she sees the vindication of the right of the Self to its free development, and of this right she feels every pulsation of her heart driving her to become the apostle.

She has returned to Marienthal a consecrated woman, seeking again the presence of her prophet, who cannot help testing a little the depth of her devotion. We may distinctly hear the holy vow in the following conversation between the initiate and the master:

FROEBEL: "Will you continue your service to the work which is to renew and rejuvenate human existence through the right training of childhood?"

THE BARONESS: "Yes, assuredly; to the extent of my power, that is what I shall do."

FROEBEL: "Whoever labors with me, takes

up a great burden, must endure censure and scorn, must let himself be torn in pieces and burnt at the stake — can you hold out under all that?"

THE BARONESS: "I hope to be able."

Such is the resolution which she has brought back with her to Liebenstein, showing many a gleam into the War of Independence which she has waged during these months of her absence. (53)

During these same months Froebel had also had his war at Hamburg, which has been already recorded, of which the success has been somewhat doubtful. One of the first matters he speaks of to the Baroness after her arrival is that terrible experience, which still rouses him to great excitement, though weeks have elapsed. Particularly the Female University of Carl Froebel stirs him to a fit of fury. He evidently regarded that Idea of woman's activity as a dangerous rival to his Idea, as in the following outburst: —

"This Female University spoils everything for me with its word-cram which they call philosophy. And they ask me to join hands with them. Never, never! I know my own way, which God has pointed out to me, and I shall continue in that, though the whole world turns against me."

This last sentence is probably a direct thrust at the Baroness herself, who saw some good in the

Female University amid its mistakes. Still, she sought in every way to calm the excited prophet and declares again and again her adherence to his doctrine. Thus we still feel the throes in Froebel's soul of that Hamburg conflict far away in quiet Marienthal after many days.

In this matter, however, the pupil shows herself broader-minded than the master, who has allowed his outlook to be clouded by his animosity to his nephew. Nothing is now plainer than that the Female University was also a prophecy, a wonderful prophetic forecast, which Time has already largely fulfilled. The Baroness sees it, and very gently vindicates it, unwilling to ruffle too much the old man's feelings. And why not vindicate it? Is she not herself the woman-philosopher, if there ever was one? She was hit deeply by Froebel's passionate objection, which unwittingly smote that very talent of hers so effectively exerted later in his cause. Very inconsiderate in Froebel, and indeed suicidal was it to declare against philosophy for women, who seem destined to be the chief future cultivators of his and of all philosophy.

But these little thrills of discord vanish in the grand general harmony of Marienthal, truly the Valley of the Marys. The building, as now used and occupied, we may call the modern convent, still dedicated to the Mother of God,

whose new nuns are the kindergardners, at present going through their novitiate for a great fresh service to mankind. Assuredly here is devotion to a sacred cause, perchance the inner vow; hither they are flocking, those who have heard the call and are responding with faith in their hearts, and with renewed consecration, among whom stands out the Baroness, and another whom the stranger will always note for the sake of her father, "the daughter of Diesterweg."

So we have made the transition from Hamburg to Marienthal, veritably the rise out of Inferno to a terrestrial Paradise, with a few Purgatorial pangs throbbing in between these extremes. Behold a perfect downpour of sunshine on blest Marienthal! Froebel's stormy life is intercalated with a year of celestial peace — the Happy Year, we shall name it — which we shall next invoke our reader to witness as a kind of panoramic forecast of the Grand Jubilee in the coming New Jerusalem.

VI.

The Happy Year.

We have now arrived at the happiest period of Froebel's later life, from the spring of 1850 to the summer of 1851, somewhat more than a year altogether. A time of peace quite unruffled, yet of continued activity; more success he had than

ever before during his kindergarden epoch, more recognition, more love. An emotional harmony and elevation pervaded all persons and everything in his environment at Marienthal, which he called the all-sided unification of life (*allseitige Lebenseinigung*). This expression, often used by him previously to designate his ideal end, he now seems to have realized, and to have applied to an actual place and institution.

The Happy Year was also a year of festivals, small and great. Every day almost had its festivity. The little children led by the kindergardners were to be seen in the yard before the house, all of them playing the games with a festal zest. The old man was also there, springing and dancing mid his barefooted urchins, with long, gray locks leaping up and down on his neck and shoulders in tune to the strain of young voices. Says he: "Song must accompany everything." Such is the musical mood of Marienthal during these months; the inner harmony is continually throwing itself outwards into vocal attunement, and making its atmosphere melodiously warble with one prolonged carol. He is reported as saying: "You must learn your mother tongue by singing it, as the old Greeks learned their Greek from the song of Homer." So these little ones, and big ones, too, were to speak only as the nightingale speaks — in a song.

Visitors from Bath Liebenstein flocked to the

new institute in greater numbers than ever. Some saw in him the prophet, but to the multitude he was still "the old fool." It is reported that the most unfruitful class of guests, the most indurated, hide-bound, least accessible souls, were the professors from the Universities. On the whole, the women were the most responsive to Froebel's work. Upon a long table in the large reception room, the playthings and articles made by the children were displayed; the master himself, at stated hours, was there to explain his inventions, the use of his materials, and the principles involved. He was also ready to sell his book, *The Education of Man*, or a copy of his *Mother Play-songs*, to all who were willing to buy — not very many. He had no publisher, he had to be agent for his own wares — not a good agent.

Certain people of a supersensible daintiness were always repelled by the home-spun and the homely in Froebel, for he was never a handsome man, and his beauty had not improved when age had crooked his back and knocked out his teeth. But the little ones knew their friend. They would run to him in groups, whenever he would appear, take him by the hand, or cling to that long coat of his, eager to touch even the hem of his garment. The well-dressed children of the guests of Bath Liebenstein, and the little rustic tatterdemalions belonging to the

peasantry would leap upon him and around him in a common joy, and the distinction of rank and wealth was sunk in love for one whom they instinctively felt to be their greatest benefactor. They never failed to find him out — the man who above all others gave his life just for them, and whose every action spake: "Come, let us live for our children."

Equally great was the fascination of the child for Froebel, especially in this latter part of his life. The sight of a little one at play wrought upon him like a spell; in that small shape he seemed to behold the image of his own genius in its most transparent earthly manifestation; it was as if he saw the genius of play which was his own, revealing itself to him in visible outward form. We find it stated that he would go out of his way across a field, in order to cast a glance into the eyes of a child which he saw playing in the distance. He ran after it as if to witness a divine appearance flitting there before him, which he must look upon or miss the opportunity of a god-like presence. An all-consuming love of human infancy came over him, it was a kind of possession or worship, as if every child were a Christ-child, and he repeating the adoration of the Wise Men of the East, not toward the one, but toward all, as children of God.

Such a paradisaical life old and young were leading in Marienthal during these days — a re-

turn to the childhood of the race, to Eden. Yet the purpose of this going back was to go forward, to give the training for the task of the present in its very germ. Besides this environment of little faces reflecting his joy, Froebel was surrounded by pupils who were becoming imbued with his doctrine and spirit. Moreover the two devoted women were present, the Baroness and Luise Levin, each of whom in her own way was a living counterpart of himself, and mirrored back to him the highest realization of his talents. Then the third one, the man of this inner circle of discipleship, would come over from Keilhau now and then, and add the unique rich tones of his musical life to the harmonies of the Marienthal choir.

But Marienthal cannot keep all its happiness to itself, that were indeed a kind of selfishness. It must impart the good it possesses in order to possess the same completely. Accordingly, Froebel plans a grand festival, a play-festival for all the children in the schools of the neighboring villages. He secured spacious grounds in front of the castle Altenstein, where the Duke resided, an elevated place mid delightful scenery. More than a year he labored at the scheme; he visited teachers, roused their interest and co-operation, stirred up the parents. At last he brings together more than 300 children from five towns, led by some 25 teachers and assistants. A

great day for that whole region; the humble peasant turns out as well as the aristocratic guest from Bath Liebenstein. Even the Duke and Duchess with their little daughter are present.

Of this small army of little ones Froebel was generalissimo, directing its movements with a military precision which was suggested by his soldier-life; Middendorf, coming over from Keilhau and helping him make everything fit harmoniously, was second in command. Thus the two aged veterans had another campaign together, which was to be their last. From the War of Liberation (1813) they had been fellow-soldiers in a common cause for nearly forty years, and had been fighting a foe even greater than Napoleon.

The five columns from the five different towns met at a common place, and entered the grounds which were in the form of a large square, inside of which square were eight different circles of children, one within the other. Thus we behold the play-rings of the kindergarden magnified and transferred from the school-room to the open air, in which fact we may see a vast new application of Froebel's idea. The world is to be kindergardenized.

Over the entrance was the motto festooned in flowers and oak-leaves: "Deep meaning often lies in children's play." These same words, taken from Schiller, are the motto for Froebel's

book of Mother Play-songs, wherein we may again see the connection between this play-festival and the kindergarden. Every person, therefore, who entered the inclosure, was reminded at the start that this play was not capricious or merely for recreation, but was educative, having a profound significance. It was to be free, happy, spontaneous, yet ordered, with an inner meaning, in its way giving a lesson.

The evolutions began, the marching and wheeling in many a twist and turn and combination, whereof no description can be here given. Then many games were played, popular sports were indulged in, of course all with a meaning. It was the kindergarden made universal, which was thereby seen to be the true principle of a grand folk-festival. Froebel's little institution had burst its bounds and was streaming out over the adjacent country with the ambition to take possession of the amusements of the people, and transfiguring them into the kindergarden. He says that this festival was intended to be a picture of the all-sided unification of life. Different villages, different classes of society, different ages came together in a festival, and were unified by ordered play. The circle on which they gathered had this meaning, with its one invisible center, and its visible rim made up of individuals, each of whom was a unit belonging to a whole which both determined them and was determined by them.

A suggestive image it was of man's relation in the institutional order above him yet in him, which the child here plays before enacting it in life. Thus he is trained to what may be called Institutional Virtue, the essence of all the Virtues.

Such was the great play-festival of Altenstein, a very important act of Froebel's life, one upon which he spent much time and thought, and one which suggests a new evolution of the kindergarden, which it has hardly yet entered upon. Strong objections are made to such exhibitions of children, and they have their dangers. Such a festival, however, cannot well cultivate spectacular display and love of appearance; as Froebel conceived it and carried it out, it has an ethical end, the very highest, that Virtue which underlies the whole Social Order. (54)

The day given by nature was very beautiful, even more beautiful was the day given by man. When the declining sun announced its close, the entire body went back to the first meeting-place and separated, marching thence to village and to home. Out of the bosom of the family each child came that morning, uniting with his fellows for the high festival, which played just this act of association for the little ones, and which, when done, was followed by the return of each into the bosom of the family, in which they disappeared from the public view, passing back into their inner world, into their birth-place.

But this family, this inner world founded on the love of man and woman, is also an institution and must be celebrated; indeed, it is to have the next grand festival in Marienthal, to which the Altenstein festival may be deemed the happy prelude. A new and more intense celebration, that of the heart itself in its supreme joy, we are invited to witness, and of course shall not fail to be present.

Again the festal leader and deepest participant is Froebel himself. He is now to celebrate the formation of the family by marriage with Luise Levin. The center and inner germ of all unification of life is to be brought forth and made real in a most significant deed, around which will play the third and most soulful festival of Marienthal. This step is, perhaps, the most characteristic in the man's whole life, and has been and still is judged very diversely even by his admirers, some of whom, having come to this brink, stop aghast and take a hasty look over the precipice, then shrink back, secretly saying to themselves: "Thither I cannot follow thee." But there are others, and not by any means the oldest of his followers, who will respond to the question, "What do you think of it?" with sparkling eyes and smiling lips, faltering out in a soft tone of voice: "Better an old man's darling than a young man's slave."

Already the reader must have noted in both

parties the signs of what was surely coming. The history of Luise Levin has been outlined in a previous section: how she dreamed of Froebel in her secluded humble life at Osterode as a kind of ideal man, how at last she succeeded in coming into his presence and serving him in many little ways at Keilhau, how she became a kindergardner filled with his play-spirit, how in fine she won the love of the old man and transformed his life, supporting him sympathetically in his work and smoothing for the weary wanderer a pillow of rest in a home. The time has come when these two souls, already united in love, must take the vow before the world and celebrate in a happy festival their life's unification.

Not one of Froebel's direct kindred could be called a follower of his, he had no disciple bearing the name Froebel; he was going to give it to that person who above all others deserved it, and who might be able to perpetuate it for many years to come — which event actually happened. All Keilhau was estranged except Middendorf, the women there would not even visit Marienthal. Those nephews whom he educated had a still deeper hostility. None of his family, therefore, can be heirs of his work and propagators of the Idea. All this he was going to transmit along with his name to another, to a woman whom he knew to be love and loyalty incarnate.

Nor must it be thought that this was merely

the case of an old man who married a young woman that she might take care of him. Luise Levin was indeed an excellent housekeeper — a matter not altogether to be overlooked by any man, young or old, in taking a wife; still higher she stood as a supreme home-maker; highest of all, she was his spiritual co-worker and helpmate in all his labors, especially possessing a play-soul adapted to the very essence of his task. And Froebel, according to eye-witnesses, did not seem old; marvelous vigor of body and mind he still had, visible in the amount of his daily work. By nature as well as by vocation he had the spirit of eternal youth, even in its gayety; ever playing with children in childlike ways, he remained as a child. In fact, how could he help staying young, daily quaffing of the fountain of rejuvenescence, the veritable El Dorado, the kindergarden?

Froebel had imparted the coming event to his two friends at Bath Liebenstein, Diesterweg and the Baroness. Says the latter: "Both of us could only agree with him in his purpose. We rejoiced that he was to have somebody to look after him in old age. His robustness, which still supplied him with a power of restless activity, made the thought of a second marriage appear less surprising; nobody would have taken him to be 68 years old at that time." Herein he has been compared to his countryman, the poet Goethe, who at a more advanced age than that of

Froebel, was still deeply susceptible to woman's love. Undying youth and freshness of spirit belonged to both, for the one was a poet and the other a kindergardner, both having a creative power to the last, and hence self-creative.

In July, 1851, the wedding took place, the supreme act of "all-sided unification of life." In the presence of pupils and guests, the ceremony was performed by the pastor of the neighbering village of Schweina. Standing up with the couple was another couple, Middendorf and the Baroness, who had taken the part of groomsman and bridesmaid. Thus the inner circle of Froebel's disciples was there around him, and in one sense they were all married on that day — married to his Idea. Froebel with his three beloved, most faithful followers, one of whom was his spouse, participated in this marriage, which was a kind of apostolic consecration.

Then the festivity broke loose wildly in that hall, which was festooned with all sorts of flowery emblems. Poems, allegories, plays, poured forth; then came song and dance. Both the old boys, Froebel and Middendorf, danced with the bride, and with all the fair damsels, the kindergardners, to whom these teachers gave an unusual lesson. Why not? Had not the two men been playing with the children for many years? Middendorf was the favorite whom the young ladies adored "as a God." The testimony has been

handed down that "he stood nearer to us girls than Froebel himself." In his most radiant mood we have to picture Middendorf with his swimming blue eyes and fluffy mane of hair undulating with his body in the dance, whom all men admired, and all women loved at first sight, but who had for himself one only idol, one single object of love and adoration, and that was Froebel.

And it must be recorded that the baby also appeared in that household, not Froebel's, but baby Opitz. A happy day it was when a young widow of this name arrived at Marienthal with her little suckling barely nine months old, and applied to receive instruction for the sake of her infant boy, as well as for the purpose of gaining a livelihood most consonant with her maternal nature. Froebel, gazing into the eyes of the little fellow, said: "Yes, I shall take you, Madam, on one consideration: you must bring that child with you." Great was his delight to have such a youngster in his household, now it was complete. Over the reception of this infant there had to be another festival, yet another festival. Middendorf happened to be present just at this time — he always seems to appear at Froebel's side when prayed for — and he poured himself out in a poetical effusion which echoed his friend's happiness from his own musical soul. Froebel took the infant from the arms of its mother, flung it up into the

air, hugged it and kissed it, as St. Anthony did the Christ-child, while his pupils festooned all three, mother, child, and Froebel, with chains of roses, chanting at the same time the poem by Middendorf.

Such was the festival called forth by the arrival of baby Opitz in the household of Marienthal: truly a symbolic affair. But at another time Froebel had to say to his wife: "My thoughts are my children, cherish them."

Thus runs the joyous stream of festivals through this year, certainly the Happy Year of Froebel's checkered life. The grand culmination was in this marriage, with Luise Levin as bride, with the Baroness as bridesmaid and Middendorf as groomsman. One cannot help thinking that Madam Middendorf had some reason to be jealous of Froebel, so completely did the latter hold the keys of her husband's heart, and turn them too. Middendorf, the middle man and mediator of the world with his beloved Froebel, reconciling present and turning away future trouble from his friend. He comes to the Baroness and whispers to her: if any discord threatens these festal days approaching, help me keep it off. Evidently he feared that some harsh note from Keilhau might drop down upon Froebel and interrupt the joy. He was the sole representative from Keilhau, for he could not remain away, and got married himself in the marriage of Froebel.

Through this step, however, the rent between uncle Frederick and the Keilhau women became deeper. So he was estranged from his nieces, the Froebel girls, daughters of his brother Christian, by this his second marriage, as he was estranged by his first marriage from his nephews, sons of his brother Christoph, the Froebel boys. Thus it came about that the old man was destined to end his days in complete alienation from his kindred. It is pathetic to learn that his elder brother, Christian Froebel, who thirty years before had given up home and fortune to the young school of Frederick, was still alive at Keilhau, though we hear nothing of him during these festal days of his brother, now an old man also.

So the conscientious biographer has to note down with an unwilling hand that "the all-sided unification of life" has still a side not yet unified even during the Happy Year of Marienthal. Such is the finitude lurking in all human effort, alack-a-day! The limit appears somewhere, the widest horizon hath still a bound, yea, perchance a little storm-cloud gathering in the distance, not larger than your hand, and slowly bearing down this way.

Still it has been a great and glorious year for Froebel, and the sympathetic reader of his varied career will love to dwell upon it as the sunniest spot of all his days, as the untroubled period when the hard fates of existence seemed to have

relaxed their grip on his life-thread, softening perchance into reverence for his age.

So we may let the little discord with Keilhau pass as a small cloud-rack floating in the sunlit welkin. But something dark and troublous rises up from the past destinies of this life of Froebel, a kind of foreboding which utters itself anxiously in the question: Will that Nemesis of the Deed, hitherto so remorseless in its pursuit, spare the aged man in the top of this last joy of his? Let us see.

VII.

The Final Blow.

Of all the Prussian Ministers of Education, the one most distinguished, the one whose fame is destined to be carried over the entire world and transmitted down Time to the remotest generations, bears the name of Von Raumer. This celebrity which he has obtained, and is fated still further to obtain, springs from one seemingly small act of his, the nature of which is seen in a ministerial decree issued by him under the date of August 7th, 1851, of which the following extract gives the purport: —

"Whereas it appears by a pamphlet written by Carl Froebel, entitled, *High Schoöls for Young Ladies and Kindergardens*, that kindergardens form a part of the Froebelian socialistic system, which is calculated to train the youth of

the country to atheism, such schools and kindergardens cannot be suffered to exist."

Here rises again that Goddess of Confusion once so active at Hamburg, but whom we imagined to have been left behind forever when we fled from that city to Liebenstein, the Rock of Love. Is she, then, following us hither, aided by the dark Powers of the Air? At any rate she has gotten the ear of a Prussian minister, who, in strange obedience to her promptings, has sent forth the above edict.

Such was the blow which seemed to fall from the clear sky upon the happy innocent circle at Marienthal, performing its simple task in obscure paradisaical harmony. The most powerful, the most enlightened state in Germany, doubled up its giant fist, and certainly without adequate provocation, smote the old man, harmlessly dwelling in his Eden, giving up his aged days to playing with little children, and teaching others to play with them.

Even in aristocratic circles the decree created surprise and disapproval. The Baroness has given a dramatic account of the way in which the news was received by the ducal family of Meiningen. After dinner, at which she was a guest, the Duke stepped up to her with newspaper in hand, and said: "The Froebelian kindergardens are forbidden in Prussia." The Baroness thought he was jesting. But he handed

her the paper and said, "Read." Sure enough, there stood the decree. The high personages present were all taken aback; they agreed that there must be some mistake somewhere; to prohibit children's games as dangerous to society seemed not quite reasonable. A mistake, a mistake, thought the Baroness, let us try at once to correct it, and so she hastened to Froebel, who had already heard the news.

The confusion between the two Froebels, Carl and Frederick, was manifest in the words of the decree itself. The Hamburg conflict with its secret hate had passed to Berlin and had there begotten a monstrous offspring, which turned and smote both contestants, the nephew and the uncle. The old fatal thread of retribution spun of the deeds of the Froebel Family was woven into the interdict of the Prussian Minister, through whom the nephew again brings home vengeance upon the uncle, though calling the same blow down upon his own head.

Thus we must trace the interior leading-string which directed this crushing trip-hammer stroke, to the Hamburg feud, which, however, has its deep-seated source further back in that ancient Nemesis working in the blood of the Family Froebel. Strong, yea, bitter opposition Frederick Froebel always showed to the Female University of his nephew, yet the latter helps forge the thunderbolt against him. Then his inno-

cent kindergarden, through the nephew's adoption of it, is found by the government in such bad company that it is at once hustled out of the world, or the Prussian part thereof. Then the charge of propagating socialism, true of Carl, is untrue of Frederick, but it strikes him none the less. But the blackest, most damnable falsehood of all is the alleged atheism of Frederick Froebel, whose deepest trait was his religiosity, of whom it may be said as of Spinoza, that he was a God-intoxicated man.

But such is the terrible irony of Nemesis, by whom he is made to suffer for that which he has not done, apparently in order to atone for that which he has done. For in a little dark nook of his heart, lurking in night, lay the crouching Furies, still capable of being roused to vengeance in spite of deep religious convictions and a devoted, yea, a holy life. Such a rent garment of mortality and finitude we must see still clinging to him and tremble, while we justify the ways of Providence, who puts even the righteous under his discipline, unto the one supreme end, perfection,

A great confusion between two men of the same name, and a great mistake on the part of the Minister; Froebel thought he could show this confusion, which was indeed plain enough, and then have the mistake corrected through a rescinding of the decree. He wrote to the Minister, sending proofs, documents, his own publi-

cations during a long life; he declared his adhesion to Christianity, he proclaimed his opposition to the plans of Carl Froebel — all with no result. The Minister acknowledged the confusion of names, but confirmed with fresh emphasis the interdict, asserting that the systems of both Froebels, whatever their differences, were one in their hostility to Christianity.

Thus the prayer of the old man for justice only brought down a second heavy blow upon his devoted head. Under it he began to droop, to show a sinking within himself which cast a shadow of the coming end. Then his aged frame would rise to moments of exaltation and of wonderful rejuvenescence, as he would say: "I shall go to America, the new world, where is new life, where the new education of the human race is to begin." So would speak the bold youth of seventy years, looking across the ocean to a land whither he had always turned his eyes for fresh hope in days of despair. Then the fighting mood would get uppermost, and he would break out in a kind of Berserker fit of old Teutonic war-rage: "I want struggle for my cause, without fight the truth never celebrates a triumph. No silence, no skulking in the rear!" Still, in spite of such flashes, there was a manifest drooping, a slow relaxing of the grip, physical and mental, a gradual letting go of the earth.

Now for the work of the Baroness in this critical period. With all her skill and energy she set about having the obnoxious decree withdrawn, or if not withdrawn, circumvented. Heroic courage and apostleship she shows, she, of noble birth, a court lady and knowing the way of courts, yet giving herself unreservedly to right the wrong done to an humble, unoffending man whose cause she has espoused. She goes to Berlin, she pleads with people of influence, official, aristocratic, yea, royal; she even has an interview with the terrible inquisitor, Von Raumer himself, at whose blind fanaticism she is horrified. When she is repulsed by the mighty heresy-hunter who discovered atheism in little children's games, she resolves to reach out beyond and behind him, to the King of Prussia himself. There was a reception given by the Queen, at which the King was present; up steps the Baroness with a document in her hand, which she presents to him: it is Froebel's petition for an investigation. The King receives it with a friendly, that is, diplomatic smile, but the whole thing comes to naught. Still she works and pleads and proselytizes and buttonholes all Berlin — a most persistent, lion-hearted woman, importunate, putting to flight many a man during these days when she but appeared. Malice sped its shaft against her too, though she defied it, charging her with being a red-hot revolutionist in her heart, and even an atheist. But

what of it? True to her vow of discipleship she is going to remain, though she is getting a foretaste of martyrdom.

Still of no avail is her effort; she hears the final word of the Minister, which has in it the sound of anger and of brute force: "I shall never permit the establishment of Froebelian kindergardens."

"But you cannot hinder families from employing Froebel's play-materials for their young children?"

"Therein we have no power," said the Minister.

"Then we shall show you the unrighteousness of your judgment," answered the bold Baroness to the official mouth-piece of the Prussian State. Behind the Minister, behind the King, behind the State, she is going to go, and reach down into the Family, the foundation of all institutions, and there plant the kindergarden.

Heroic is her act of valor, especially in bureaucratic Germany, with its vast horde of officialdom by nature truckling to the powerful and tyrannical to the powerless. Forth she goes and establishes a family kindergarden, and calls one of Froebel's trained kindergardners to take charge of it, in the very face of the Minister's prohibition. Thus she opens her campaign, and to stand back of her with succor she founds a kindergarden association at Berlin. Nor did she

remit her efforts with the authorities for the rescinding of the fateful decree. At last, in the year 1860, the Minister of the "New Era" comes into office, and removes the prohibition, which act is chiefly to be ascribed to her efforts. But Froebel had lain in the grave eight years before this reparation took place.

Thus the Baroness with heart-stirring courage has proven her discipleship. She has stood the test of fire and crucifixion, showing her adamantine fidelity to Froebel and his cause. She has written in shining letters her deed, which tells what she meant when she said she could endure censure and scorn, could be torn to pieces and burnt at the stake, if the call should come for such a sacrifice. And a strong prelude of such a call has come in this recent experience, a prelude like the sound of a trumpet. She has proven the might of her faith, she has fulfilled her vow of consecration which she once took in the presence of the master himself.

Such was the famous Prussian decree against the Froebelian kindergarden, a kind of medieval Papal ban of interdict and excommunication, though issued by a modern Protestant State. Yet, as is usual in such cases, it worked both ways, showing something of the nature of a boomerang. Testimony began to flow in from every direction to the merit of the work and its author. Many teachers praised it, headed by Diesterweg,

the greatest of them all. Parents bore witness to its excellence. Liberals adopted it into their program of education; yea, the radicals, the real revolutionists, became its active supporters, just because it was suppressed by the reactionary government, though Froebel had little in common with them. Then it took wings and flew to all free countries, to England, to distant America, that it, in the fullness of time, unfold unhampered to its complete stature. The Berlin comic paper, the *Kladderdatsch*, helped with its ironical fun, pointing out as objects of suspicion those three-year-old demagogues with their inflammatory speeches, those red-handed revolutionists in swaddling clothes.

So it came to pass that the kindergarden, in spite of its author's quiet and retired activity, was whirled out of its secluded nook into the sea of politics; it became a national question and a party shibboleth. Chiefly it divided the school-people of Germany and does so to this day. The Twentieth Century is here, and we still read of fierce attacks on the kindergarden in the assemblages of German pedagogues followed by hot defense, spoken and printed.

Very striking in this story is the contrast between what is small but everlasting, and what is big but ephemeral. The great events and great men of great Berlin, great at that time, are now fast ebbing in ever-diminishing ripples toward

the shores of oblivion. But that little rural point at Marienthal where Froebel began playing children's games with barefoot peasant boys, has given rise to a vast ever-increasing tidal-wave which already encompasses the earth. Something eternal, surely, lies in the man, something God-like is working in these seemingly little, insignificant acts of his, which are thus symbols of him, reflecting strangely his own symbolic doctrine in his life. An original divine germ lurks in his work, which is to be fed and fostered to its full growth by all time and the whole world.

Still, we must not forget the mortal, finite element, which is mingled with and winds through his earthly career — the ominous fatal thread which we have seen spinning itself into the very texture of Froebel's terrestrial existence. In the happiest moment of his life the ancient curse is secretly at work, the Furies of the Family Froebel have in hand and are raising over his head the iron sledge of Fate. The blow of Prussia reaches back to Carl Froebel, from Carl Froebel to his mother, and from his mother to that one deed of Frederick Froebel, which in a subtle, tortuous, hidden path, winds down through many years and many persons and smites with its Nemesis the doer in the very consummation of his bliss, in the very midst of his honeymoon, not a month after his marriage. We have not forgotten that something quite sim-

ilar happened just after the double wedding which was the flowering of Keilhau.

But, old man! often before hast thou been stricken to earth, yet thou hast always risen again to thy feet, and defied all the Fates and Furies of existence to the uttermost, doing thine allotted human task in spite of the Nemesis of even thine own act. Up again, and at them as of yore, though thine aged frame totters to its fall! Thou hast still the god-like stuff in thee to rise under this last and heaviest stroke descending even from thine own wrong; thou art greater than any limit put upon thee by thine own deed, and canst surely mount above it to a new triumphal entry into the paradise of thy supreme freedom. Up, cry the angels in Heaven; once more rise to thy feet, and prepare to come to us, for this is thy last and sorest trial.

VIII.

Last Days of Froebel.

Valiantly the gray-haired veteran stood up under the repeated strokes of his foes, and set himself to meet their charges. Assistance and appreciation began to come to him as never before, so that he could begin to see the ultimate triumph of his cause. The next month after the decree a Teachers' Assembly was held at Liebenstein (Sept. 27–9, 1851), and gave the highest

recognition to his work. The means for its propagation were discussed, and a declaration in its favor was addressed to the pedagogical world. Diesterweg was in the chair, distinguished men bore testimony to the merit of the kindergarden, the whole meeting became a kind of Froebelian love-feast. Froebel himself was present, and was the center of interest; he gave an address upon his educational labors, with his old fire and energy, producing a deep impression and calling forth universal applause. Wounded but by no means out of the fight, the aged war-horse had again sprung to his feet, and he showed his ancient mettle by another dash at the enemy, the sons of darkness.

Full of fresh hope and desire for work Froebel still was, as we see by the following promises which he proposed at once to set about fulfilling. First, he would write a compendium or text-book for kindergardners; second, he would again establish a periodical for advocating the cause. The latter came to light in the *Zeitschrift*, edited by Director Marquart of Dresden; but the former was never written, seemingly never begun.

This was a misfortune, the effects of which are experienced to this day in the training of kindergardners. Already during Froebel's life the need had been felt of having some definite and complete statement of the system as a whole.

The Teachers' Assembly had voiced this need, and Froebel had consented to do the work. But he wanted to have the help of Middendorf, who could not at that time be spared from Keilhau. And the Keilhau people probably thought that the result would be only another unsalable book, like the *Education of Man* or the *Mother Play-songs*. Middendorf himself did not feel free to make the sacrifice just then, as he had so often done before at the call of his friend. He probably thought, too, that there was still time enough, as Froebel seemed so vigorous.

The result of the delay has been that no kindergarden manual or compendium, giving a complete and connected survey of the system in its totality, has come down from Froebel. Slight sketches do, indeed, exist, but these are confessedly imperfect. Froebel's writings on the kindergarden are a disconnected mass of lectures, essays, conversations, letters, articles for newspapers, all of which were written piecemeal and in a hurry, and extend through a period of fifteen years, during which time he was testing, changing, unfolding his work and his thought. Hence inconsistencies, contradictions, obscurities and repetitions abound in them, and there is no doubt that they need a careful, critical overhauling and ordering, which ought also to show the historic genesis of the system from its first early stage to the latest ripened product. The manuals which

we know, sprang up after Froebel, and have their history also.

Still Froebel had given his training to a good many pupils, who have handed down his ideas and his manipulations in an organic order. Thus they have kept in living activity the kindergarden organism, and have nourished it to an unprecedented growth. To this day there is a surprising amount of tradition in the kindergarden, most of which seems to have come down from Froebel himself. Such was the greatness of the man: he could build an institution, which would keep on growing and developing long after his death, with the outlook of becoming truly universal and embracing the whole earth.

In spite of these efforts it was noticed by observing friends that Froebel had spells of lassitude; he could not hold out in his walks as formerly, he had often to stop and rest. Then he had frequently fits of silence, even in the presence of argumentation, which was a marked contrast to his previous indefatigable talking-power. Expressions dropped from him which indicated that he deemed his life-work done, and had only to look back upon it with impartial calmness and resignation. He is no longer impatient at the slowness of the time in accepting his doctrine: "Now I know it will be centuries before my view of the human being as child, and the education corresponding to it can be accepted.

But that troubles me no more." He had sown his seed, the future will reap the crop. His striving in the Present is drooping, he is peacefully looking to the Beyond.

The winter of 1851–2 he passed in a kind of mild serenity, as if in waiting for the summons. Love surrounded the old man with its watchful care and all-anticipating devotion — love of wife and pupils and friends. He lived in the afternoon sheen of the setting sun, that luminary of which he was so fond, being a sort of sun-worshipper, as Middendorf implies in the statement, made after Froebel's death to the Baroness: "He had a great love of the sun, and would gaze upon its rising and setting in worshipful contemplation: the reason why I always forgot to ask him."

But the cold weather has gone, the vernal breezes have again come to Marienthal, touching the buds and kissing the hills, whereat a newborn life at once leaps into existence. In the very heart of spring lies Froebel's birth-day, the 21st of April; thus he began life in the full center of Nature's productive season, and seemingly partook of its character of creativity, which he showed in his work and carried over into education. Moreover, he has reached the Scriptural limit of life, three score and ten, with genius still creative. Surely there must be a celebration of the event at Marienthal, which is to be the last grand festivity in Froebel's career. Here we see

everywhere the hand of Middendorf the poet, the friend, the adorer. With the rising sun the pupils break forth into a song which wakens Froebel from his sleep. Getting up and dressing himself, he steps forth from his chamber into the Hall of Instruction, standing for a moment in surprise and joy at what meets his eye. The room is decked with flowers, plants, wreaths, richly festooned with all the variegated paraphernalia of Flora herself in her gayest season. Another song by the young ladies, his pupils, dressed in white festal garments, with green garlands on their heads, salutes the approaching hero, verily the Sun himself of this little world, who is really the original of it all, the primal source of all these vernal glories.

Madam Froebel first draws near to him with her offering of flowers, then follow the pupils, the blessed maidens, bearing to him an orange tree with leaves, buds, flowers and fruits all shooting together out of one living trunk — truly the outer visible image of Froebel himself, who still shows all the periods of life, childhood, youth, manhood, age.

Then behold the presents spread upon the tables, tokens from far and near, with congratulations by the bagful — the postman brings in and throws down a bag of letters. In the afternoon, kindergarden children come in processions from the neighboring villages and throng the

house, bringing their own little gifts made with their own little hands to the greatest benefactor they ever had in this world, whose principle of life was just to live for them. Singing songs, reciting poems, playing games, they wreathe him around in a festoon made of his own kindergarden, and one of them at the close places a green crown upon his head. Then the old ever-young player himself springs into the play-ring and conducts one of his own games, as if the ancient Sun might step down out of Heaven, and take part in one of his own Sun-dances leading the children of light.

But the day is done, the Sun is setting, the children must turn homeward now, singing their parting song to their life-bringing luminary. The festival began with a song at his rising; such is the melodious beginning and end of this celebration, reflecting in a kind of solar symbolism the life of Froebel from sunrise to sunset.

The whole is the work of Middendorf, and is a kind of Apotheosis of Froebel, ere the latter goes beyond. The songs written by Middendorf breathe love and reverence reaching up quite to the point of adoration. One of the significant pictures given to Froebel during the festival was a print of Raphael's Madonna and Christ-child adored by the boy St. John. We recall the answer of Langethal when somebody said that Middendorf was a St. John in character: "Yes,

so he was, and Froebel was his Christ." Underneath this joyous celebration runs a deep current of religious feeling, like that of a happy Greek festival given in honor of some Hero or God, and overflowing with hymns and dances and games. It was Middendorf's final tribute to his living friend, and unconsciously to himself — a dedicatory offering to their eternal friendship, which, as we shall see, Time cannot interrupt.

Yet the spells of weariness are becoming longer and more frequent with Froebel, showing his bodily break. Also his mental break begins to make itself felt. The question about his religion is discussed by the newspapers in a way very distasteful to him, so he writes a declaration upon the subject, which is suppressed by the advice of the Baroness, supported by Middendorf and Diesterweg. But he is almost worn out by the writing of this document; says the Baroness: "He could no longer collect his thoughts, as formerly, and write them down without effort."

Another honor awaited Froebel during these days, an honor which must be recorded. He was invited to attend the National Convention of German Teachers at Gotha. He declined the first invitation, as he thought the presence of a person who had been placed under the ban of the Prussian Government might cause discord. But the Convention unanimously passed a resolution inviting him the second time, probably for the

purpose of intimating its opinion of the Prussian prohibition. He came, and when he entered the hall, the entire body of teachers, though in the midst of their regular proceedings, rose in honor of the man. When the business in hand had ended, the president gave him a hearty welcome which was followed by three cheers. He thanked the members, and then spoke on the subject before the meeting (instruction in Natural Science), being heard with the greatest attention.

Froebel returned from the Convention to Marienthal in good spirits. Still the periodic attacks of weakness kept coming oftener and lasting longer; evidently life was slowly relaxing its grip, though he still maintained his hope and his serenity. On the 6th of June came the spell which sent him to bed permanently; he was now a sick man for the first and the last time. Middendorf hastened to him from Hamburg, also Barop came from Keilhau. With the aid of these he arranged his affairs and made his will. Then he asked for his godparent's letter, a religious document which he had carefully preserved, and which he now desired to be read to him, in accord with an old Thuringian custom. This letter he called his credentials — credentials to the court whither he was going.

And in these last moments he did not forget

Keilhau, the estranged — how could he? He exhorted the family there to show itself the pattern of domestic concord, to be an example of "life's unification." He noticed the absence of Dr. Schaffner, who had married Elise, the third of the Froebel sisters, in 1850. The Keilhau women, his nieces, daughters of his brother Christian, were all absent, and we hear nothing of that brother Christian, still alive, whom the Baroness found at work the following year, doing cheerily his little task in the cellar at Keilhau.

But, chiefly, the matter which lay nearest to his dying heart, yet still full of love, must rise to speech and be considered: What is now to become of the dearest one on earth, my wife, left alone without help or money? He commended her to the protection of Keilhau; Middendorf and Barop honestly promised and intended it, not, however, without some misgivings. Alas, why?

Many of his last thoughts evidently turned to religion. The charge of atheism contained in the ministerial decree, worried him to the close. To his physician he said: "I am a Christian man." The latter replied: "Nobody doubts that." He was getting weaker, weaker; he could barely raise to his lips the little hand of a child who had brought him some flowers and a dove. On the evening of June 21st, 1852, he opened his eyes for the last time; his body

was almost in a sitting position, conforming to a wish of his that he might meet death in that way; he took two long draughts of air, when breathing ceased.

Says Middendorf: "The close of Froebel's life was that of the setting sun which he loved so much, and which he now manifested in himself. And as I, at the view of the sunset have no thought of its vanishing, but of its return, so here I felt the certainty of the immortal life. Never before did I experience such a complete extinction of all the terrors of death."

On the 24th the funeral took place. He lay covered with flowers and wreaths, a gentle smile playing round his lips; his face, as a whole, had the appearance of looking inward. The procession, composed of children, kindergardners, teachers and friends, passed to the village of Schweina, not far away, where the pastor preached a sermon and Middendorf made an address. The latter has a peculiar note, as of one friend speaking intimately to another; the discourse seems hardly directed to the audience present. The living talks to the dead as if heard across the chasm, and speaks of "the recognition of the truth proclaimed by Thee," in a vein of exalted prophesy. By the disciple here the master yonder is addressed directly in the second person as "Thou who during life didst travel the ways of suffering for

our sake" — language which recalls the ancient apostleship on the plains of Judea. A poem, also by Middendorf, was sung, followed by a hymn, when the mortal part of Froebel was committed to the earth, amid many demonstrations of love and gratitude on the part of those present.

Upon the mound at the grave stands now the monument designed by Middendorf — Sphere, Cylinder and Cube — a very significant conception. For it is taken from the second Gift, the truly originative Gift, since all the other Play-gifts are derived from this one, which thus represents the very center and creative principle of Froebel's work. Moreover the second Gift with its three shapes and their unity was a growth of Froebel's whole life. Middendorf's conception shows how deeply he lived in the very soul of Froebel and could think its thought when the friend and master himself was no longer visible. Upon the monument are inscribed the words which have become the motto of consecration for the kindergardner the world over: "Come, let us live for our children."

IX.

Middendorf, The Baroness, Madam Froebel.

Already we have designated an inner circle of disciples who stood nearest to Froebel, those in whom he was most completely incarnated — Mid-

dendorf, the Baroness, and Madam Froebel. Of these we may give a very brief account and bring to a close this biography.

Many other devoted followers Froebel has had, but these enjoy a peculiar distinction; they partake not only of his doctrine, but of his personality, they are more than Frobelian, they are in a sense Froebel himself; they voice the man, not simply the man's ideas. Through close individual contact, as well as through a unique sympathy they received as their inheritance from the master a share of Froebel's own self, so that they are the direct heirs of his spiritual property, the only property he had. They looked upon him with a kind of worship, his spirit went out into theirs and became a living presence, it sank down into their unconscious being and directed their conduct. In a sense he was their embodiment of the Divine upon this earth, and his word was a kind of Gospel. The Baroness speaks of a doctrinal letter of his which she kept by her as a sacred treasure, carrying it with her on her journeys and imparting its contents to the initiated with a species of holy awe. A deep sorrow overwhelmed her when the original was lost by accident, though it was preserved in copies. The three were Christians, yet to their eyes Christ had received a new incarnation in Froebel. The mentioned letter was known among the set as Froebel's Epistle to the Baroness, a

very important document in this Newest Testament, containing Froebel's Evangel of the Little Child.

Of the three, Middendorf was most completely bound up in Froebel; that is, the whole Middendorf sank away into his friend, his individuality was quite lost, or, rather, such was just his individuality, to be lost in his friend. The result was life became intertwined in life; forty years they had worked together, and were twinned in a union which is now to be tested by the first real separation. Middendorf threw himself into the work after Froebel's death; he assisted Madam Froebel in every possible way, he sought by an outer activity to fill the great void in the world, and in his own heart. Apparently he was happy as usual, he went on his walks, nor did he seem to relax in his power of work.

Still Middendorf's heart was breaking, he could not stand the separation. We see by his conversations with the Baroness on what he was always thinking. They both had a common sorrow; she by her sympathy and love opened the sluices of his soul. His delight (and hers, too) was to talk of the departed friend, to recall the words, the actions, all the scenes connected with the one whom both named master. Middendorf went back to the beginning of their common life in the war of 1812. He did not forget

to mention to the Baroness the woman-soldier in that campaign also. Then his thoughts would turn to the future, and the possible reunion and activity over the border. Also they made pilgrimages to Froebel's favorite places, and to Froebel's grave.

So the days passed till the Baroness began to notice that Middendorf was no longer so robust, in fact, he seemed to be breaking physically. Like Froebel, he commenced to show signs of exhaustion with every small effort; he, too, had a presentiment of whither he was going. One day when he was wearied, the Baroness took his class and heard the lesson. He listened with deep appreciation, and remarked when she was done: "You must take my place when I leave the world." Evidently some dim premonition of the coming transition was present to him at that moment.

After Froebel's decease Middendorf's heart was beyond with his friend. He could think of nothing and talk of nothing but Froebel. As in life so now; wherever Froebel went, he followed; as Lange says, "they were the inseparable ones; if Froebel but appeared, Middendorf was not far away." And at the great separation he will not stay long behind.

Still the inner circle of disciples met again together the following year (1853). The Baroness came to Keilhau, whither Madam Froebel

had removed from Liebenstein with the training-school. Middendorf was the center, but the work gave signs of transition. This was to be the last time of their meeting together.

On the night of November 27th, 1853, Middendorf passed away without apparent previous illness, in consequence of a paralytic stroke, as the physician reported. Thus he held out a little more than a year after Froebel's departure. Only conjecture can account for his sudden demise; without warning he took wings and sped forth in the night.

After the decease of Middendorf the two women disciples remain — the one, Froebel's wife, representing more his instinct and heart, the other, the Baroness, representing more his intellect and his thought. Both will survive Middendorf and Froebel many years, and each will devote herself to the propagation of the truth in her own way.

The Baroness is the apostle to foreign lands; Europe is her seed-field which she takes and cultivates with marvelous energy and success. Her own country at first will not listen to her, so she goes forth and makes the kindergarden not simply national but international, not German merely, but European. So great have been her services that she may be called the mother of the kindergarden. Later she returned and devoted

herself to Germany, but she never succeeded in removing the early hostility to her cause.

When Middendorf was gone, Madam Froebel could no longer stay at Keilhau. It was a very trying ordeal for her to go back to that place from which she had been in a manner exiled, but she obeyed what seemed to be the dying wish of her husband, and the gentle persuasion of Middendorf. He could protect her while he lived, but now there was no protection, at least none which could render life supportable. She soon goes to Dresden, but her stay is made unpleasant in that city; then she goes to Hamburg, which becomes the field of her future labors. These continued many years till she saw the light of the 20th century, when she expired (Jan. 8th, 1900). Thus the inner circle of Froebel's disciples has reached down to the present.

With the death of Madam Froebel the biography of Froebel and of his immediate circle comes to a close, extending from his birth in 1782 till 1900.

NOTES.

(1) p. 2. That which is usually called Froebel's Autobiography is his Letter to the Duke of Meiningen, which is commonly assigned to the year 1827. (Translated by Michaelis and Moore, published by Bardeen; translated also by Lucy Wheelock — with omissions, we notice — published in Barnard's *Kindergarden and Child Culture.*)

The early life of Froebel is almost wholly drawn from three long letters of his — all of them autobiographic. These are:

1. The Meiningen Letter just mentioned, which is the chief document. It breaks off suddenly about the year 1815.

2. The Krause Letter, so named from the philosopher Krause, to whom it was addressed in 1828. Partially translated by Michaelis and Moore.

3. The Letter to Christoph Froebel, written from a place near Frankfort, and dated March-April, 1807. This letter, therefore, is twenty years earlier than the two preceding. No translation of it in English is known to us. A peculiar letter: Sentimental and pre-sentimental.

All three are to be found in the German edition of Wichard Lange, *Friedrich Froebel's gesammelte pädagogische Schriften, Erste Abtheilung, Erster Band.* Berlin, 1862, Verlag von Enslin. The first volume, we shall briefly refer to thus, *Lange*, I, and the second similarly, *Lange*, II, adding, of course, the page when necessary.

Before each of the three letters Lange prints as a caption *Aus einem Briefe*, which must mean that he has chosen not to give the whole letter, but to make certain omissions. The reason for such omissions he has not told, except in the case of one passage in the Krause Letter, and then the reason is not very satisfactory. From this cause (among others) there is a call for a new and *complete* edition of Froebel's works in German, though Lange did a great service in his day by his edition.

We follow chiefly the Meiningen Letter as far as it goes.

A critical reading suggests the following conclusions about it: (*a*) Quite a portion of it was composed before the year 1827. (*b*) The parts which refer to the Duke of Meiningen seem to be later interpolations for a special occasion. We think we notice two such interpolations in *Lange* I, s 37, and more decidedly s. 78 (corresponding passages in translation of Michaelis and Moore, p 9, and p. 56) Also other passages of the kind may be noticed. The interpolations belong to the year 1827 or thereabouts. (*c*) The style, different from Froebel's style, is doubtless Lange's, though the facts are Froebel's. See later, note (20).

(2) p. 3. This fact, not mentioned anywhere by Frederick Froebel, is given by Julius Froebel in his *Ein Lebenslauf*, s. 3, with an added experience in America.

(3) p. 22. See, for instance, Hanschmann's very jejune account in his lengthy Life of Froebel, p. 20.

Here we may state that this work of Hanschmann's is the standard biography of Froebel. The full title of it runs: *Friedrich Froebel, Die Entwickelung seiner Erziehungsidee in seinem Leben*, von Alexander Bruno Hanschmann, Eisenach, Verlag von J. Bacmeister. The preface is dated May 1st, 1874.

A translation of this book has appeared in English, condensed and "adapted," under the following title: *The Kindergarden System, its Origin and Development as Seen in the Life of Frederick Froebel*, by Fanny Franks, London, Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; also Syracuse, N. Y., Bardeen.

Our references to this book are always to the German original, as *Froebel's Leben*, or at times *The Life of Froebel* by Hanschmann.

(4) p. 28. The preceding section is derived from the Meiningen Letter. Through Batsch (August Johann) Froebel connects in Natural Science with Goethe, who had sent Batsch to Jena some fifteen years before this, and had directed his studies. See Düntzer's Life of Goethe, p. 343. Eng. Trans.

(5) p. 36. The most elaborate account of Fichte and Schelling is given by Kuno Fischer in his *History of Modern Philosophy*.

(6) p. 41. The most complete work on the present subject is Haym's *Die Romantische Schule.*

(7) p. 57. For Goethe's relation to Jena see especially his *Briefwechsel mit Schiller,* and other portions of his enormous correspondence.

(8) p. 57. See her *Reminiscences,* p. 121.

(9) p. 59. The account of this rough experience is quite fully given in the Meiningen Letter, and is repeated by all the biographers. This brother, Traugott, though he resided at Stadt-Ilm, not far from Keilhau, and was physician and burgomaster there, falls completely out of Froebel's life and career, in striking contrast with Christoph and Christian, the other brothers. Brother Christoph had also been suppressed by the father who seemingly had made him a clergyman against his will. Hence one ground of strong sympathy between him and Frederick.

(10) p. 71. These "Aphorisms" have been printed by Lange, I, 262. This title, however, (Aphorisms) is not Froebel's, but Lange's, who makes a selection from one of Froebel's pamphlets bearing the date of 1821. See a translation of some of these Aphorisms, which show a stage of Froebel's development, in our *Psychology of Froebel's Play-gifts,* p. 93.

(11) p. 73. For the place of Novalis in the romantic movement, see Haym in *Die Romantische Schule.* Carlyle first made the name of Novalis known to English readers by his essay in his *Miscellaneous Writings,* first published in a magazine. Herder also belongs to those who would find in nature the movement of the human spirit, or the unity between nature and spirit — naturalizing spirit and spiritualizing nature. Such was the essence of his great work: *Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit.* Also a stimulating but scattered genius, like Schelling. As to Novalis, the statement of Haym is: "For the author of *Ofterdingen* (Novalis), nature is finally but a symbol of the inner world of man." See *Die Romantische Schule,* s. 610.)

(12) p. 87. See the appendix to Lange, I, 524, *Aus einem Briefe an Christoph Froebel.* Specially p. 535. Dated March-April, 1807.

(13) p. 93. See the passage in the letter just cited, p. 533. This passage, however, is taken from a previous letter under date of August 24–26, 1805.

(14) p. 95, cited in the Meiningen letter, Lange, I, 78. Pestalozzi's words: *es geht ungehür.*

(15) p. 98. Correction: the special fact stated here is a mistake; it was Pestalozzi who wrote in Froebel's album the misspelt word, and not the reverse, as given in the text. See Hanschmann's *Leben*, p. 38, where the verse is printed. Still the general fact as stated in the text, in regard to Froebel's grammar and spelling, remains true, as his editors testify.

(16) 107. Pestalozzi's description of the advent of Schmid is given in his booklet, *Meine Lebenschicksale* (*Werke* Band XV.), in whose composition Schmid's hand has been seen.

Froebel was not present when Pestalozzi had his coffin brought into the school, and, taking his place beside it, made an address — a desperate utterance of his despair — saying that harmony has fled, discord and selfishness rule. This blood-curdling Alpine metaphor — for such seems to have been its purpose — was enacted on New Year's, 1808. Froebel appeared at Yverdon some six months later.

(17) p. 119. Sir William Jones had already compared Sanscrit with European tongues; also Frederick Schlegel had done the same. But the great work in Comparative Philology, Bopp's *Comparative Grammar*, had not yet been published.

(18) p. 120. See Froebel's account in the Meiningen Letter, Lange, I, 103. But in the Krause Letter he seems to refer his first thoughts on "the universal spherical Law," to his Jena period. (Lange, I, 129).

The significance of these reflections on the sphere and its law, and the place they occupy in Froebel's development of the kindergarden, are set forth in the author's work, *The Psychology of Froebel's Play-gifts*, pp. 92–100.

It may be here stated that Froebel's early occupation as a surveyor caused him to adjust nature to geometric lines and forms — a fact so prominent in the Gifts. Also the idea of Measure is paramount in surveying.

(19) p. 133. For the soldier-life of Froebel, see Meiningen Letter, to which the Krause Letter adds one or two facts. (Lange, I, 144.)

The episode with Prohaska is not mentioned by Froebel, but is told in Langethal's book, from which Ebers has taken copious information in his *History of my Life.* Evidently a forbidden incident of the war, at least not to be told to the Keilhau boys. Still Middendorf alludes to it in his conversations with the Baroness shortly after Froebel's death. (See her *Reminiscences*, p. 313.)

The deeds of the Lützow Corps were a constant theme of glorification afterwards at Keilhau. But Goldammer tells us, in his biography of Froebel, that this Corps utterly failed to fulfill the expectations formed of it at Berlin. Such was evidently the Berlin military opinion.

For Froebel's statement of the reasons why he became a soldier, see Autobiography. (Lange, I, 107.)

(20) p. 138. In the midst of this crystallographic period the Meiningen Letter comes suddenly to an end. The Krause Letter mentions the transition to Griesheim, and gives a brief abstract of the events at Keilhau till 1826.

Lange says that he had to decipher laboriously the Meiningen Letter from an almost unreadable sketch; also "my own *style* helped out here and there, though I have always stated the *fact* with the utmost fidelity." (I, p. 116.) In another passage at a different place Lange says: "To the Autobiography I had to give *a new form* almost throughout." (*Vorwort.*)

The Meiningen Letter (Autobiography) is usually said to have been written in 1827, hence the period of the Krause Letter and of the *Education of Man.* Yet its style (German) is wholly different from that of these two productions. Doubtless it has Lange's style, for the most part.

Froebel implies in the Krause Letter (p. 135), that he quit the Berlin University because he found it too narrow for him.

(21) p. 148. See Lange I, 146, note, for Lange's report of Froebel's promise to the widow.

For an account of Froebel's early scheme of a school in

the country, see the plan published in Lange I, 539. This plan reaches back to 1807, if not before.

(22) p. 151. There is a good deal of literature on early Keilhau, written by both pupils and teachers of this period. The cited corrupt French word is taken from Hanschmann, p. 110. See also Julius Froebel in *Erster Abschnitt* of his *Lebenslauf.*

(23) p. 161. Langethal also has written an account of his life, extracts from which the reader of English can see in George Ebers' *History of my Life.*

(24) p. 173. Lange's statement of Froebel's promise (I, 146) is of course written from Froebel's side. All the biographers repeat simply what Lange has said.

But the student of Froebel's life who wishes to see the full character of the man must read Julius Froebel's statement in full: *Erster Abschnitt* of *Ein Lebenslauf.* A very good account of the Keilhau customs is also there given, with many characteristic anecdotes.

So many men in America, particularly old German emigrants, will say, "I have seen your Froebel here in this country." Whereupon follows stout discussion, which usually ends in the discovery that Julius Froebel is meant, who wandered nearly everywhere, making a line of acquaintances up and down the Mississippi Valley, along the Atlantic coast even to Central America, leaving a faint echo of the name Froebel almost around the globe. Old readers of the New York *Tribune* will recollect his letters, as he was one of its correspondents.

(25) p. 179. Julius Froebel's book bears the date of July, 1889 (Zurich), full seventy years after these events at Keilhau, Frederick Froebel having been married in 1818.

Julius Froebel in his somewhat lengthy account never mentions either Middendorf or Langethal by name, though they were altogether the most prominent teachers after the uncle. Julius evidently disliked both for a reason which he well knew, though he cannot speak of it directly. He implies that all the other teachers were servile and truckling, except three whom he mentions by name — Schönbein, Michaelis, and especially Herzog — all of whom maintained

"their critical freedom" against "the autocrat," but had to leave for that reason.

The disparaging anecdote about the lesson in Homer (p. 33) is told of Langethal doubtless, who was teacher of the classics. Julius must have been a pupil of both Middendorf and Langethal for some six years. But he will not allow their names to pass his lips — or his pen.

(26) p. 186. It ought to be stated that there is a contradiction between Lange and the Baroness in regard to the date of the death of Christian Froebel, who is alluded to on p. 184. Lange states that he died in 1851 (see his chronological list of events of Froebel's life). But the Baroness says: "I found him in the wash-cellar;" this was during her visit at Keilhau in 1853 (see her *Erinnerungen*, p. 210). Her ocular evidence will have to outweigh that of Lange, though the latter married Christian Froebel's granddaughter.

(27) p. 190. The report of Dr. Zeh is found in Lange I, p. 22. Says Lange, p. 23: "Keilhau was publicly and in secret represented as a breeding-nest of demagoguery." Lange (same page) ascribes the falling-off of pupils "from 60 down to 5 in 1829," to this cause. This helped, but there were other and deeper causes.

(28) p. 197. See *Ein Lebenslauf*, s. 39. In the same book the reader will find "the negative element" presented strongly by one who shared in it. The reader should also consult the same book for the other side (kind, sympathetic) of the character of Herzog.

Those who wish to see Froebel's view of Herzog can find an echo of it in Lange's note (I, p. 124), which makes very serious charges against Herzog's character, stating among other things that he brought a strange woman into the Keilhau families, "whom he declared to be his wife," but who, Lange implies, was not his wife. Then he, too, would not pay his debts and blamed Froebel for it, claiming money due him from Froebel.

We hold that both the friendly and unfriendly witnesses have presented the two opposite sides of one personality, and that the facts of both can be accepted and united into one character, in the case of Herzog.

(29) p. 205. We have already noticed that Julius Froebel will not mention by name his old teachers, Middendorf and Langethal, doubtless regarding them (especially Langethal) as the prime instigators of the wrong done his mother, or of what he deems her wrong.

(30) p. 210. There is no attempt in this section to give anything like a complete account of the *Education of Man*. This would require a long dissertation, which would interrupt too much the movement of the narrative. Still, the book deserves a thorough-going critique, which would put it into its right place in the development of Froebel's life, and correct many misunderstandings. It may be added here that the author has elaborated such a critique, and hopes to print it in the near future.

(31) p. 215. See the Krause Letter, dated Keilhau, March 24th, 1828, Lange, I, 125, for the allusion to the withdrawal of his nephews. There is no English translation as far as we know, of the first and most important part of the Krause Letter — the "Fate-compelling" part. The translators of the Autobiography (Michaelis and Moore) have strangely omitted that portion.

(32) p. 221. Lange's note to the Krause Letter, I, 124.

(33) p. 226. The prefatory note to the Krause Letter by Lange, I, 119.

(34) p. 232. This "loftier dignity" is an expression that puzzled Lange and the members of the Keilhau circle, as he says (I, 126, note). Yet to us the context gives a very distinct meaning. Undoubtedly the whole letter is difficult (especially the first part of it), unless the reader penetrates to the distressed soul of Froebel hiding its woes from a vulgar stare in their very expression.

(35) p. 240. The appearance of Froebel and Middendorf at Göttingen is described by Hanschmann, *Froebel's Leben*, p. 152, from the account of an eye-witness.

(36) p. 244. The documents pertaining to the institute at Helba are given by Lange, I, 399–417. They consist of a prospectus and a program of studies. Both are worthy of study by the educator, as they show that many ideas sup-

posed to be bran-new in these days had already been thought out by Froebel, and some of them transcended.

(37) p. 251. The announcement of the Institute at Wartensee is printed by Lange, I, 423, and signed by both Froebel and Schnyder. See also Hanschmann's *Leben, Achter Abschnitt.*

(38) p. 260. See Barop's account, given in Lange, I, 8.

(39) p. 262. These facts are told by Juluis Froebel in his book, *Ein Lebenslauf.*

(40) p. 283. For the development of the Second or Originative Play-gift, as well as its place in his system and in his life's unfolding, see our *Psychology of Froebel's Play-gifts,* beginning on p. 49. For the historical development specially see p. 92. The details there given we cannot repeat here.

(41) p. 285. Says Wichard Lange, editor of Froebel's Works, in reference to this essay on *Lebenserneuerung:* "It was not written for publication originally, but was intended to be imparted to the members of his educational circle through the manuscript. In my opinion it ought not to be left out of his works, as its content is characteristic in spite of many peculiarities of form. It is known in Froebel's family why he designated the beginning of the year, 1836, as the starting-point of a new epoch. After mature deliberation, however, I must decline to publish the motive which hovered before his mind."

Thus Lange implies that a personal motive lay behind this piece of writing, which motive does not appear on the surface. Some family secret seems alluded to, which Lange, being connected with the Froebel circle both by friendship and by marriage, declares himself unwilling to divulge.

Still one cannot help observing that Lange takes the best method of rousing the reader's curiosity in the foregoing passage, which is printed prominently in the preface (*Band II, Erste Abtheilung*) to the volume containing Froebel's *Education of Man,* in Lange's edition of Froebel's Works. Lange certainly intended the reader to conjecture what that secret was, otherwise he would have kept silent. Moreover it is manifest that Lange considered the matter not in the

light of idle gossip, but as a powerful "motive" which stirred Froebel to a new activity in life.

There are three printed documents pertaining to this Burgdorf period. As they bear a common stamp in style and in thought we note them separately.

1. The essay entitled *Life's Renewal* (*Lebenserneuerung*) which is printed in Lange's edition of Froebel's Works, Part I, Vol. II. As far as we are aware, there is no English translation.

The first sentence declares "the annunciation of a new spring time of Life and of Humanity which is now sounding loud and distinct" in and through all the events of Froebel's days.

"It is thou, *Renewal and Rejuvenation of all Life*, who art speaking so clearly and definitely to my spirit." Note this form of address in the second person, which is very common in the present essay. "Thou, Time, in which Divinity blossoms out of Humanity, as the perfect woman shines forth from the Maria of a Raphael." Moreover, this is "a Time of Lilies." Thus he connects this period and its event with the Mother and Child Divine.

Froebel next proceeds to a kind of glorification or deification of the Family, which is the means whereby man becomes conscious of the Divine. Moreover the Family is a harmonious trinity in unity — three yet one — father, mother, child. Through the earliest portions of the essay runs an exalted, tender, mystical view of motherhood. Herein the student will see one inspiring cause of the Mother Play-songs. The latter part of the essay drops down in tone when the author passes to other matters, as law, people, state, emigration.

2. Another production composed in a very similar vein and during this period is a letter of Froebel to Adolph Frankenberg, written at the midnight hour when the old year, 1835, was passing into the new year, 1836, which fact is made symbolic of birth and renewal. Froebel speaks of this past year (1835) "as a remarkable year in the history of my most intimate personal life," then he adds, "and possibly in the history of the universal life of humanity." He seems to be

conscious of the importance and the greatness of the seed-thought which has appeared during the year, and he prophetically looks forward to "the harvest of the sowing of 1835." Yet all this seems to be coupled with another event. "I have seen the year 1836 approaching full of hope for a good while; just why, think you? Because the inner development of life demands necessarily an outer, because everything in God's world unfolds according to fixed laws so that it must necessarily appear at a certain time in accord with these laws." And so on, with other significant allusions in the same letter, which is printed by Hanschmann in his *Froebel's Leben*, pp. 262–8.

3. Another very important document for showing the mood and thought of the Burgdorf period, is the cyclus of seven "Mother-songs" prefixed to the book of Mother Play-songs. The first one has as its theme "the mother in the feeling of her life's unification with her child," in whom she sees manifested "Faith, Love, Hope," or the three celestial virtues of the medieval Church (see Dante's Paradiso, *passim*). As the Christ-child "rays out" these virtues to the Madonna, so the human child now reveals them to its mother (and father too, perchance). Thus the child has become a kind of mediator between God and man, revealing the Divine in the human and to the human.

The second of these "mother-songs" sets forth "the emotions of the mother on contemplating her first-born." She is chosen "for the highest human dignity," having given birth to "an angelic child (*Engelskind*)," who is the great bond of Love between husband and wife, man and fellow-man, God and man.

Plainly Froebel has taken up the medieval conception of the Mother and Child, and transformed it into the basis for a new adoration, or a new kind of cult, which is secular, and means the complete education of both. A deeply religious, but not much of a theological element is here; no virginity, no immaculate conception, no special divine sonship; the latter is now universal, every child is the son of God, and the Holy Family is every family.

Still it is worth while to notice the connection with the old

conception of Mariolatry out of which the new Madonna and Child have evolved themselves — an evolution which bears the strongest traces of its origin.

In all this Froebel shows his kinship with medieval German mysticism (Tauler, Eckart), which is so deeply grounded in the Teutonic spirit. Even Italian Bonaventura we have to think of also, in his ecstatic description of the Blessed Virgin (*Vita Beatæ Virginis*). Nor can we forget Dante's exalted hymn to the same at the end of the *Divina Commedia*.

These *Mutterlieder* (mother-songs) were probably written during the Burgdorf period, though not printed till seven or eight years later, with the Book of Mother Play-songs, whose primal germ and impulse they manifest. It is also our opinion that they show or at least suggest the first form which the Mother Play-song took in Froebel's soul, under the immediate stress of his emotion.

4. To the three foregoing printed documents from Froebel's pen, we shall add the following translation from Barop who knew all the circumstances of the Burgdorf period: "His (Froebel's) experiences had convinced him that education in the school lacked all right foundation without a reform of education in the family. * * * The necessity of training the mother advanced into the foreground of the soul. * * * The *Mothers' Book* (Pestalozzi's) he proposed to replace by a new hand-book for women. An external circumstance intervened to urge him forwards. His wife took sick in the most alarming way, and, her illness continuing, the doctors advised a complete change from the keen mountain air of Switzerland. Then he resolved to go back to Berlin."

Madam Henriette Froebel never fully recovered from her Burgdorf illness, but died some three years afterwards at Blankenburg. (The above account of Barop's is printed in Lange's edition of Froebel's Works, I, 1, p. 12.)

(42) p. 293. We may state here that there is no intention of giving a full exposition of the Play-gift and the Play-song in this Life of Froebel. Those who desire to know the author's detailed view on these two subjects are referred to

his two special works: *The Commentary on Froebel's Mother Play-songs*, and *The Psychology of Froebel's Play-gifts.*

After Froebel's departure from Burgdorf, his place was taken by Langethal, into whose family came Sidonia, daughter of the philosopher Krause, betrothed to young Von Leonhardi, who was seeking to engraft the Krause philosophy on the Froebelian circle. Krause himself had died at Munich in 1832. Langethal will later go to Berne as principal of a Young Ladies' School, much to Froebel's disgust.

(43) p. 306. The original passage in which this famous incident is recounted is found in Lange I, 13. Barop gives no date for the incident, but it probably occurred in the year 1839, certainly some time before the Festival of 1840, one purpose of which was to bring this name into general use.

(44) p. 312. George Ebers in his *History of my Life* has celebrated the teaching power of Langethal, after the latter's return to Keilhau in the early Fifties. As to the Blankenburg Festival a very full account is published by Lange, II, 415. It is worthy of study, as it shows everywhere an educative purpose, though this is not so distinct and pure as in the later Altenstein Festival in 1850, which had no financial scheme playing into its educational object. Then the latter Festival has the advantage of being described by both Froebel and by the Baroness, the latter being a participant also.

(45) p. 318. The documents pertaining to this Blankenburg bond-scheme are given in Lange, II, 456. See translation in Poesche's *Letters of Froebel*, p. 165. In the same collection of Letters are numerous allusions to the Festival and its consequences.

(46) p. 327. An interesting account of Unger is given by George Ebers in his *History of my Life.* Unger was still instructor in drawing at Keilhau in Ebers' time, some ten years after the period of the Book of Mother Play-songs. Many detached traits of Unger are scattered in essays, articles, reminiscences, etc., pertaining to Keilhau and Froebel.

(47) p. 330. For a more detailed and connected account of the total evolution of Froebel's Mother Play-songs, the

reader is referred to the *History and Genesis of the Play-song* printed as an introduction to the author's Commentary on Froebel's Mother Play-songs (new edition of 1900).

The church scene in No. 48, of the Book of Mother Play-songs may be a reproduction of the second part (the religious part) of this Blankenburg Festival. The artist Unger was doubtless present. The other church scene (in No. 22) in which the two grandmothers have a leading place, is probably taken from the experience of early Keilhau with its two old women. (See preceding, Book II, Chap. II, pp. 150, 157, 163, etc.)

In a letter dated Dec. 9th, 1842 (Poesche, *Froebel's Letters*, p. 123, Eng. Trans.), Froebel writes: "I hope that it (the Book of Mother Play-songs) will be handed down from mother to children's children as the book of the family." One day a young lady of German extraction, a pupil of the Kindergarden College in Chicago, brought to the author (her teacher) and showed to him the treasure which she deemed the most precious heirloom of her family. It was a fine copy of the original edition of Froebel's Mother Play-songs, which had descended to her from her mother's mother. A striking instance of the realization of Froebel's words, on the other side of the ocean, in a city which did not exist in his time.

In the same letter we catch glimpses of Froebel in his workshop, as in the following: "From the new year (1843) onwards I shall devote myself with increased power to the working-out and development of the collected materials before me." * * * "The ball-games are nearly ready for the press." * * * "The lithographers have finished the drawings for the Sixth Gift." * * * "The Book of Mother Play-songs we hope to have out by the end of next summer (1843) but you know what artists are (Unger), how they delay, etc." * * * "I labor unceasingly at perfecting *the whole system*."

(48) p. 350. These wanderings of Froebel, as given in this section, are put together quite fully by Hanschmann, *Froebel's Leben, Zehnter Abschnitt*. See also Poesche, *Froebel's Letters* for the same period.

A document which attests Froebel's occupation with Men's Unions at this time, is printed by Lange, II, 484. It contains a prospectus (dated Feb., 1845), and by-laws for such a Union.

(49) p. 353. See Julius Froebel's *Ein Lebenslauf*, I, s. 236. From Vienna he came on a railroad train to Dresden while his uncle was there lecturing, but the two kept aloof from each other, and may not have known of each other's presence in that city. Julius Froebel soon went to Frankfort and delivered to the National Assembly a report of the occurrences at Vienna. This report was printed and circulated far and wide, helping still further to give to the name Froebel a revolutionary distinction.

(50) p. 366. The story of Luise Levin's love for Froebel has been repeatedly told by herself in letter and conversation. The English reader can find an account emanating from her in Heinemann's edition of Froebel's Letters.

(51) p. 386. The preceding account is drawn from the Baroness' *Erinnerungen an Frederick Froebel*, a book well known in the English translation of Mrs. Mann (*Reminiscences of Froebel*, Boston: Lee and Shepherd). The Baroness has here produced her best book; in fact, it is the best literary book which the German Kindergarden has yet sent forth. They are the Reminiscences of Froebel, but even more deeply the Reminiscences of herself, though not intended to be so. Her object was to erect a monument to Froebel, but an equally great monument she has erected to herself.

From now on we shall use this book without much special citation. It should always be remembered, however, by the student that these *Reminiscences* embrace only the last three years of Froebel's life, he being 67 years old when he first met the Baroness.

(52) p. 395. The story of Froebel at Hamburg has been the subject of a good deal of literature and also of tradition. Both sides have not failed to express themselves. The various Lives of Froebel have narrated it, Hanschmann quite fully, Goldammer more briefly.

(53) p. 411. See the *Erinnerungen*, s. 39 and 41, as well as the whole section in the same book.

(54) p. 420. This Altenstein festival has the advantage of being described very fully by both the Baroness and by Froebel (Lange, II, 527). That of the Baroness is translated in the *Reminiscences;* Froebel's account, as far as we are aware, is untranslated. We must repeat that for us it is a very significant piece of work, whose purport is by no means yet realized. The popular festival, like the play of children, can also be made educative.

On p. 428, the extract from the edict is derived from Hanschmann, *Froebel's Leben*, s. 422. The part of the Baroness at this eventful time is taken from her oft-cited book. Scattered allusions in Julius Froebel's *Ein Lebenslauf* hint his view of the decree and its cause. This Von Raumer is not the well-known author of the *History of Pedagogy*.

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